THE

FREE-THINKER:

OR,

ESSAYS

OF

WIT and HUMOUR.

Written by

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THE FREE-THINKER.

N° 106. *Friday*, March 27. 1719.

——O miseri, quæ tanta insania, Cives!
Creditis avectos Hostes? Aut ulla putatis
Dona carere dolis Danaum? Sic notus Ulysses?
VIRG.

THE Design of the *Free-Thinker* is, not only to inspire Men with those great and manly Notions, which may seem new, or little known; but also to recover several antient, laudable Sentiments, which are in a manner lost, or visibly decaying amongst us. Of the Latter Sort is that just Indignation against Popery with which my Protestant Countrymen were formerly fired universally; and which now is in many grown languid, and in some quite extinguished: And (what is most amazing) too great a Number of Those, who should approve themselves the Best

Friends, and who affect to be thought the most Zealous Champions of our Religion, are so monstrously reconciled to the *Church of Rome*, (notwithstanding their Sacred Engagements) that they seem only to wait for an Opportunity to deliver up both our Liberties and our Worship into the Hands of a *Popish Usurper*.

THIS Week I received the Pleasure of a Visit from a Friend, who quitted *Spain* upon the present Posture of Affairs. He was always a good Protestant, and a True Lover of his Country; but, by living in a Nation, where an Inquisition makes Slavery and Superstition pass for the Rights and Religion of Mankind, his former Abhorrence of Tyranny of every sort was nobly improved. He expressed an uncommon Surprise at the Favourable Opinion of Popery, which he found prevailing at home. His Conversation warmed my Heart; and put me upon enquiring whence these growing Prejudices, in favour of that once-exploded Religion, should proceed; and made me likewise thoroughly sensible, how necessary it is for every Honest *Briton*, to assist in putting a stop to the spreading of so malignant and ruinous a Contagion.

As soon as it was found, That the *Pretender* would not turn Protestant; his Agents thought the best Expedient to remove that Obstacle, and to smooth his Passage to the Throne, would be to cool the Nation's Aversion to Popery. This, for some Years past, has been gradually managed with great Art, and a Success now too manifest to be disregarded. To promote this Design, several dormant Opinions of those Authours, who in the Reign of King *Charles* I. were willing to advance, as near as Protestants could, towards Popery, were revived and improved. To soften the Absurdity of Transubstantiation, a Sacrifice in the Eucharist is asserted:

ferted: To flatter the Ambitious amongſt the Clergy, the Power of the Church has been carry'd to extravagant Heights; Hopes were to be given them, that they ſhould be a Body independent of the State; Auricular Confeſſion is urged as a neceſſary Part of Chriſtian Diſcipline: And, to make them overlook the Real Dangers the Church is in from the Papiſts, they have been alarmed with Imaginary Fears of the Diſſenters. Hence the Diſſenters have been painted in the moſt odious Colours; while ſuch favourable Repreſentations have been made of the Papiſts, that it is a receiv'd Maxim amongſt the Populace, *That it is better to be a Papiſt, than a Presbyterian*; notwithſtanding the Former is a Superſtitious Idolater, and the Latter owns all the Eſſentials of Chriſtianity, differing from us only in ſome outward Forms and Modes.

SEVERAL accidental Cauſes have likewiſe conſpired to facilitate theſe Deſigns of our Enemies: As *Firſt*; a notorious Corruption of Manners; which inclines the Looſe of both Sexes to look towards Popery, as the faireſt Twig to catch at, to ſave their ſinking Conſciences. In the next Place; Party-Reſentment is ſo ſtrong in many, that to gratify their Revenge, they would riſque the Ruin of themſelves and of the whole Conſtitution, in hopes to overthrow their imaginary Adverſaries. *Thirdly*; Popery does not appear Bare-faced in *England*; the Terrours of it are veiled; and it is under ſuch Reſtrictions by our Laws, and repreſented ſo harmleſs through the Cunning of the Enemies to the Proteſtant Succeſſion; that the Inconſiderate are put off their Guard, and inſenſibly learn to play with their Danger, and at laſt, even to court their Ruin.

Laſtly; There is ſuch a Diſtance of Time from the Reign of King *James* II. when the Deſigns

and Practices of the Papists, were open and notorious, that few of the present Generation have been Eye-Witnesses to them; and therefore they retain but faint, traditional Impressions of the Odiousness of Popery: And (which I am sorry to mention) those Watch-Men, who should, from Time to Time, have refreshed the Memory of those Days, and have kept alive in the Minds of Protestants the audacious Attempts upon our Religion and Liberties, have either carelessly or wilfully neglected to continue the Alarm.

It is therefore high Time to awaken my Countrymen from this prevailing, fatal Lethargy: It is high Time to cry aloud to them, that Popery is an absurd, superstitious, enthusiastick, idolatrous, cruel Institution: That it darkens the Understanding, and enslaves the Consciences, of its Votaries; and is as much an Enemy to Vertue as to Truth: That it breaks asunder all the relative Ties of Men one to another; that it utterly subverts all the Advantages of Society; and does effectually (what the first Christians were falsly accused of) turn the World upside down.

I would have my Protestant Countrymen farther convinced, that Popery is as restless now to contrive, and as powerful to effect, our Ruin, as it was formerly; that all her specious Pretences of Moderation and of Friendship are insidious: And, to think of setting a Popish Prince over a Protestant People, is as strong an Instance of Infatuation, as it would be to commit the Sheep to the keeping of the Wolf.

These Considerations are so evident and glaring, that I need not here enlarge upon them. I shall therefore, at present, only endeavour to renew in my Fellow-Subjects their wonted Aversion to Popery, by a lively and fine Allusion, which terms Idolatry a *Spiritual Whoredom*. And if we look upon the

the *Romiſh Church* in this Light, a general Horrour of Popery in a Proteſtant Country (to purſue the ſame Alluſion) is a *National Modeſty*, neceſſary to preſerve its Purity: It is ſome Degree of Proſtitution in Proteſtants to hear Popery favourably named, without a Bluſh, and manifeſt Tokens of Indignation: Not to ſtartle, is to comply; not to condemn, is to approve of, and encourage, the mercileſs Raviſher of our Liberty and our Religion.

N° 107. *Monday*, March, 30. 1719.

Et quos, ô lauri, carpam, & te, proxima myrte;
Sic poſitæ quoniam ſuaves miſcetis odores.

VIRG.

AT laſt, through the Contributions of my Friends, I have gathered ſuch a Variety of Materials, as will make a Patch-work Paper; which may be peruſed, to advantage, with little Attention; and may pleaſe, from its Novelty, more than an Uniform Piece. I give it to the Publick (in the Holidays) as a *Half-ſheet Miſcellany*, in which every Reader may find ſomething to pleaſe his Fancy.

THE Firſt Performance is a very Familiar Off-hand Epiſtle, dated the Twenty-ſixth of *January* laſt, from a young Gentleman to his Friend, who had written to him in Verſe: And I am of opinion, it will be reliſhed by the ſprightly young Fellows, who drink *Champagne*.

DEAR Tom, *thy motly Lines discover*
At once the Poet and the Lover;
Titles, all Pretty Fellows *drive at,*
And very Few, or None, arrive at:
For, Hearts, that prove sincerely True,
And Heads that dictate Something New,
Are Talents, Nature grants to Few.
And yet, when Beaus *at Beauty nibble,*
They all turn Wits, and needs must scribble.

But you (forgive so just a Praise)
Have won the Myrtle *and the* Bays:
The Myrtle *with the* Bays *entwin'd*
(A double Wreath) your Brows shall bind.
The One soft Sapphicks *shall inspire,*
And tune to Love the moving Lyre:
The Other make you ridicule
The Knave, the Pert, the tawdry Fool;
In Comedy or Satire shine,
As gently Keen in every Line,
As when fair Amoret *is seen,*
Half in Good Humour, half in Spleen.

Poets, 'tis true, in Ancient Times,
Did to their Subjects set their Chimes:
Hence Satire in Iambick *bites;*
And Praise attempts Pindarick *Flights:*
Smart Epigram, *as Fancy runs,*
May sport in Quibbles or in Puns;
While Love, and Grief, and every Pain,
In mournful Elegy *complain.*

Now, of all These you make a Mixture
Might prove (you think) a Love-Elixir.
But if, alas, it should not cure
Your Heart's relentless Calenture,

Take

Take my Advice; Leave it to Time;
Try any Remedy, but Rhime:
For, the Muſes, *Imps of* Jove,
Are wanton Wenches, Pimps to Love;
And Helicon, *that quackiſh Liquor,*
Makes the Fools, who drink it, ſicker.

I can no more: Dear Tom, *Adieu;*
And think on him that thinks on You.

THE Lover, to whom I gave my Advice on the Twenty-Third of *February*, has ſent me a very obliging Letter of Thanks; in which he encloſes the following Verſes, deſiring the *Free-Thinker* to convey them to his Fair Acquaintance, being at preſent unfortunately ſeparated from her.

1.

The Bird, that hears her Neſtlings cry,
And flies abroad for Food,
Returns, impatient, through the Sky,
To nurſe the callow Brood.

2.

The tender Mother knows no Joy,
But bodes a thouſand Harms,
And ſickens for the Darling Boy,
While abſent from her Arms.

3.

Such Fondneſs, with Impatience join'd,
My faithful Boſom fires,
Now forc'd to leave my Fair behind;
The Queen of my Deſires!

4.

The Powers of Verſe too languid prove,
All Similes are vain,
To ſhew how ardently I love,
Or to relieve my Pain.

5.

The Saint, with fervent Zeal inſpir'd
For Heaven and Joys Divine,
The Saint is not with Raptures fir'd
More pure, more warm than mine.

6.

I take what Liberty I dare;
'Twere impious to ſay more:
Convey my Longings to the Fair,
The Goddeſs, I adore.

THE next Piece is a Thought elegantly wrought out from a *Greek Epigram*, by a Gentleman of *Oxford*; and is a Genteel Reprimand to all the beautiful Coquettes in the Nation.

1.

Charming is your Shape and Air,
And your Face as Morning fair!
Coral Lip, and Neck of Snow;
Cheeks, where opening Roſes blow!
When you ſpeak, or ſmile, or move,
All is Rapture, All is Love.

2.

But theſe Eyes, Alas, I hate!
Eyes, that heedleſs of my Fate,
Shine with undiſcerning Rays;
On the Faſhion idly gaze,

Watch

Watch the Glances of the Vain;
Meeting mine with cold Diſdain.

I recommend the ſucceeding Little *Ode* to thoſe of my own Sex, who have waſted their whole Time from their Youth in accumulating Wealth; and may ſtand in need, in their latter days of a Wife; in hopes to cloſe the laſt Scene of Life as agreeably, as they paſſed their more vigorous Time laborioufly. It is the Courtſhip of an old Man to a young Virgin, imitated from *Anacreon*; and may inſpire a hail Citizen with many witty Conceits in making Love.

And why ſo Coy, my blooming Maid?
Is Innocence of Age afraid?
Thy Cheek may with the Roſe compare;
My Head is, as the Lilly fair:
What lovely Garlands Maids compoſe,
Who weave the Lilly with the Roſe!

To conclude my Collection, I have a ſhort Original *Epigram*; written in Good Humour: And yet, I foreſee, it will not make ſome of my Readers laugh, though their Spirits are brisker, and their Hearts more jocund now, than they have been ſince the Defeat of the *Spaniſh* Fleet in the *Mediterranean*.

GEORGE *came to the Crown without ſtriking a Blow:*
Ah, quoth the Pretender, *would I could do ſo!*

N° 108. *Friday*, April, 3. 1719.

Indoctus quid enim ſaperet liberque laborum;
Ruſticus urbano confuſus, turpis honeſto?

HOR.

To the FREE-THINKER.

SIR, *Eaſter Monday*, 1718.

"IT muſt be confeſſed, you are the moſt uſe-
"ful, as well as the moſt reaſonable, *Engliſh*
"Philoſopher, our Age has produced: But never-
"theleſs, I can aſſure you, that for one Diſciple
"you have amongſt the Fair Sex, the *Swiſs-Sage*
"may count an Hundred: And yet, I dare ſay,
"your Perſon is to the full engaging as his. In ſpight
"of your ſeaſonable Animadverſions on * Maſ-
"querades, I find the Iniquity of them is to be re-
"newed. On *Thurſday* next, between the Hours
"of Ten and Twelve at Night, will begin
"another publick Sale by Inch of Candle,
"at the Great Petticoat-Warehouſe in the *Hay-*
"*Market*, for the Benefit of Mr. *Heidegger*; the
"Auction to continue till Sun-riſing; and the
"Conditions of Sale, as uſual: Neither do I be-
"lieve, this Collection of Figures will be the Laſt,
"to be expoſed this Seaſon.

"FOR

* N° 68.

"FOR my part, Mr. *Free-Thinker*, I shall never "forgive the Ingenuity of this *Switzer*; since "his Inventions have deprived me of the "greatest Happiness, I proposed in Life. You "must know, Sir, I had made my Addresses to "*Imoinda* with all the Success, a Lover could wish "for: The Day of Marriage was appointed; "and the Father had consented to give me Five "Thousand Pounds with his favourite Daughter. "In the mean time, it happened, that (without her "Knowledge) I discovered her, Three Rendez-"vousing Nights successively, at the Haunted "House, when the Crowing of the Cock had "warned the Spectres to retire: The first time, "she appeared as a Sultan; the next Night, she "walk'd as a Milk-Maid, till Five in the Morning; "and the third time, I found her tripping after a "Lord, in the Habit of a Running Footman. "Hereupon, I demanded Five Thousand Pounds "more of the Father, for *Masquerade* Money: "He was pleased (with Tears in his Eyes) to think "my Demand reasonable, considering how one "Extravagance makes way for another: But, his "Circumstances not enabling him to advance Half "the Sum; I was forced in common Prudence, "to renounce the intended Marriage, much against "my Inclinations.

"SUCH of our Gentry as have a Genius for "Intriguing, and others, who are only disposed "to be innocently Merry, may certainly contrive "to gratify their Humours at a cheaper Rate, than "by suffering Mr. *Heidegger* to tax their Pleasures. "I own, I am so dull of Apprehension, that I can "discover no Ingenuity, no Advantage or Improve-"ment, in all this Expensive, Publick Folly; unless "it be, that some Families may be blest with an

"Heir,

" Heir without the Trouble of ſending their Ladies
" ſo far as the *Bath*, this Summer. I am,

SIR,

Your True Diſciple,

URBANUS.

THE Extravagancy, complained of in this Letter, is grown too Faſhionable to be diſcountenanced by Ridicule; and too Notorious, not to deſerve the moſt Publick Reproofs of every Good Man. The Infection ſpreads like a Peſtilence, in ſuch a vaſt populous City as this is; eſpecially where the People of every Rank are ſo Free, that no one, who can procure a Ticket for Love of Money, can be denied Admittance; and where likewiſe the Diverſion is ſo New, that their very Curioſity excites Hundreds to croud to it. Upon this account, I have all along wondred, how Perſons of Quality could be brought to think, there can be any Politeneſs or Decency in an Amuſement, wherein they debaſe Themſelves to mix, at unſeaſonable Hours, in Diſguiſe with the vile and the profligate of both Sexes.

I have, long ſince, repreſented the evil Conſequences of * Luxury in a Nation: And (I believe) I need not prove, that Publick Maſquerading is not only a new, additional Branch of Luxury among us; but likewiſe, that it tends more immediately to corrupt the Sobriety and Chaſteneſs of the People's Morals, than any other Folly heretofore introduced: And, as for the Elegance of this Popiſh Paſtime, it is at beſt but a Corruption of *Blind Man's Buff.*

THERE

* N° 42.

THERE is a Libertiniſm and a Wantonneſs imply'd in the very Deſign of Maſquerades: And, if the Company met in their ſtrange Habits with no other Intention, but to ſpeak and act as they do upon other Occaſions in Publick; the ſame Perſon would hardly be twice at the Trouble and Expence, which is well known to Mrs. *Long*. I cannot help obſerving to my Country-Women, that there is ſomething Hardy and Manniſh in blending frankly with a Multitude of borrowed Faces: This alone (to ſuppoſe nothing worſe) does by degrees wear out that Female Shyneſs and Timidity, and the Delicacy of that natural Modeſty, which is the ſecureſt Guard of a Lady's Innocence and Vertue. The Diſtinction of Sexes is confounded: A Counteſs liſtens to the Gallantry of a Chamber-Maid; and a Lord is fired with the Coquettry of a Page. Husbands make unconſcious Love to their Wives, and Wives ſeduce their Husbands; a Brother dies for his Siſter, and a Father has been known to tempt his Daughter: In a word, ſuch Diſcoveries are made in this Love-Lottery, as create a mutual Diſſatisfaction: And the natural Conſequence of all this blind Liberty, is Jealouſies, Breaches, Saparations and Divorces, in Families, which might have preſerv'd their Quiet, their Reputation, their Fortunes, had the Theatre in the *Hay-Market* never been perverted to wrong Purpoſes.

To ſhew how this Extravagancy ſlackens the Induſtry, and breaks in upon the Frugality of young Merchants and Tradeſmen; I ſhall recollect an Inſtance, I remember ſince laſt Year. About this time twelve-month, as I came from the *Exchange*; by *Stocks-Market* (between Ten and Eleven in the Morning) I met a Cardinal in his Scarlet Robes, in a Hackney Chair, with the Glaſſes down, and his Face uncovered. He looked very pale and fatigued;

tigued; so that, in the midst of my Surprize at so astonishing a Sight in the City, I began to pity the poor Man; till I bethought myself, that his Eminency came from the Duties of the concluding Masquerade for that Year. Upon Enquiry, I am informed, he was never known, from that Day forward, to appear upon the *Exchange* amongst his Fellow-Citizens.

London, March 21, 1718.

Dear FREE-THINKER,

" I Am pleased, you have assured my Lovers, " that my * First Letter was not feigned; " and I desire you to make my Compliments to " all the Gentlemen, who toast me so affectio- " nately. I intend soon to reveal myself to the " Batchelour Candidates, in a proper Manner; " and shall not be long in determining my Choice: " In the mean time, I do not forbid the Addresses " of any of the Persons, you mention, excepting " *Bob Smart*. I thank Mr. *R. L.* for his excellent " Verses dedicated to me; and upon examining " my Heart, I can with Modesty pretend to the " Vertues, he requires in a Wife. I am,

SIR,

Your much obliged Pupil,

MIRANDA.

" *P. S.* I desire to know, whether Mr. *Free-* " *Thinker* be a Batchelour.

I

* N° 95, 103.

I MUST inform the Reader, that both the Epiſtles from *Miranda* are in the ſame Character, and not written in a Man's Hand. In breaking open the Second Letter, I obſerved, it was ſealed with a Thimble, the Coat of Arms of a Houſewife. The Queſtion, ſhe is pleaſed to put to me in the Poſtſcript, may probably raiſe a Jealouſy in her Admirers, and make ſeveral of my Diſciples envy the Happineſs of their Teacher: Nevertheleſs, I muſt acquaint my Ward, that I am a Batchelour (as ſhe is a Spinſter) through the Inſufficiency of Love-Promiſes: But then, I do not come within the Limitation of Years determined by *Miranda*; though I muſt add, for the Credit of my Profeſſion, That many a fine Gentleman of the Town is not ſo Youthful at Five and Twenty, as a ſound Philoſopher is at Forty. But then again, I am ſo wholly taken up with my Concern for the Publick, that I am not at leiſure to attend to the endearing Cares of a Family, and the engaging Amuſements of Wedlock.

N° 109. *Monday*, April 6. 1719.

There's Joy, when to wild Will you Laws prescribe;
When you bid Fortune carry back her Bribe:
A Joy, which None, but greatest Minds can taste;
A Fame, which will to endless Ages last.

DRYDEN.

THE Long Nights are passed; and, in a few Days, the Fire-side will not be the Scene of Conversation: Therefore, I shall dismiss my* Winter-Evening Tales for this Season, with the following Story; which (through the Length of it) I shall not be able to conclude in one Paper. And here I must signify to my Readers, that I study never to amuse them with a Tale, which does not convey a Moral, and some useful Knowledge of Life; that young Minds may be improved, while they are delighted, as the Body is agreeably strengthned by gentle Exercises.

THERE was a yong Man of extraordinary Beauty whose Name was *Florio*; who was as remarkable for his Vertue and Ingenuity, as his Elder Brother *Braminto* was noted for Deformity, and a brutal, wicked Disposition. The Mother, who doated upon her second Son, looked on the other

* N° 80, 84, 92.

other with Horrour. The Eldeſt, ſtung with Jealouſy and Envy, deviſed a monſtrous Calumny to ruin his Brother. He made his Father believe, that *Florio* went often by ſtealth to a Neighbour's, who was his avowed Enemy; that he informed him of all the Family-Concerns, and had entered into Meaſures with him to poiſon his Father. Hereupon the Father, in his fury, beat his Innocent Son moſt cruelly; impriſoned him in a damp Dungeon, three days; and then baniſhed him from his Houſe, with Menaces to kill him if ever he returned. The afflicted Mother was terrified; though ſhe did not dare to vent her Anguiſh, but in ſecret Sighs. The unhappy Youth went from his Father's Houſe, not knowing which way to direct his wandering Steps. He journey'd onward, as the Country lay before him; and towards Evening, he paſſed through a dark Foreſt. The Night overtook him, as he came under ſhelter of a great Rock; there he laid himſelf down, at the Entrance of a Cave, on a Bed of Moſs, near which ran a Rill of pure Water; and he ſoon fell into a Sleep, through the Laſſitude of his Spirits, notwithſtanding his Sorrow.

WHEN he waked to the early Muſick of the Birds, he ſaw a beautiful Woman mounted on a Milk-white Steed with Trappings of Gold, who ſeemed to follow the Chace. Have you not ſeen (ſaid ſhe) a Stag paſs this way; purſued by Hounds? Neither Stag nor Hounds have I ſeen, reply'd the Youth. You ſeem (ſaid the Lady then) to be greatly afflicted: What is your Diſtreſs? Be comforted, young Man; and take this Ring, which will make you the moſt happy and the moſt powerful Mortal, provided you never abuſe my Gift. When you turn the Diamond inward, you will become Inviſible; when you turn it outward, you will be Viſible: When you ſhall put the Ring upon your little

little Finger, you will be taken for the Son of the King, and be attended by a magnificent Train of Courtiers, and if you ſhift it to your fourth Finger, you will appear in your natural Figure. She ſaid no more; but in an inſtant, plunged out of ſight into the Wood: When, the young Man ſoon apprehended, that the Lady, who ſpoke thus to him, was a *Fairy*.

TRANSPORTED with his good Fortune, *Florio* reſolved to return to his Father's-Houſe; impatient to make trial of his Ring. He ſaw and he heard every thing he deſired, without being diſcovered; and had it in his Power to avenge himſelf of his Brother, without being expoſed to any Danger. Nevertheleſs, he could not refrain from diſcloſing himſelf to his diſconſolate Mother; whom he entruſted with his ſtrange Adventure. This done, he removed his enchanted Ring to his little Finger, and at once appeared entring the Houſe like the Prince, the Son of the King, attended by a Number of Officers, richly cloathed, with an Hundred Led-Horſes in his Train.

HIS Father was aſtoniſhed to ſee the King's Son in his little Houſe; and was at a loſs to know how he might behave himſelf towards him, with proper Reſpect. *Florio* demanded of him, how many Sons he had? To which he anſwered, Two. I deſire to ſee them; bring them inſtantly before me: I have a mind to carry them both to the Court, and make their Fortunes, continued he. The Father, heſitating through his Guilt, ſaid: This is my Eldeſt, whom I now preſent to you. Where then is the youngeſt? I muſt ſee him likewiſe, reply'd *Florio*. He is not at home, ſaid the Father: I chaſtiſed him for a Fault; and he is run away. But, anſwered *Florio*; you ſhould have endeavoured to amend him by your Inſtructions, and not have driven him from

from your House. Nevertheless, give me the Eldest; and let him follow me: And do you (speaking to his Father) go along with two of my Guards, who will conduct you to the Place I shall appoint. Immediately two of the Guards took the Father under their Care: And now the Fairy already mentioned, coming up to him in a Forest, smote him on the Shoulder with a golden Wand, and compelled him to go down into a deep dark Cavern; where he remained under the Enchantment. Abide there (said she) till your Son comes to deliver you.

In the mean time, *Florio* went to the King's Court; when, the young Prince was embarked with Troops, to carry on a War in a distant Island. He had been driven by the Winds on a strange Coast; where suffering Shipwreck, he was detained a Captive, amongst a barbarous People. *Florio* made his Appearance in the Court, as if he was the very Prince, whose Loss was universally lamented. He said, he should never have seen his own Country again, had he not been assisted by some Merchants. He was the publick Joy: The King received him with Fatherly Transports, which appeared in the Silence of his close and eager Embraces: The Queen felt all the tender Raptures of a fond Mother: And publick Rejoycings and Festivals were ordered, throughout the Kingdom.

One day, this young Man, who passed for the Prince, said to his own Brother, *Braminto*, you see I have brought you from a Village to the Court, in order to make you a Great Man; but I know, you are a Lyar; and that, by your Calumnies, you have brought Misery upon your Brother *Florio*. Nevertheless, he now lies concealed in the Palace; and I will have you speak with him, and give him an Opportunity to make you sensible of your wicked

ted Practices. *Braminto* trembling, caſt himſelf at his Feet, and confeſſed his Fault. But this (ſays *Florio*) does not ſatisfy me; I muſt have you ſpeak to your Brother, and ask his Pardon. He muſt be very Generous to forgive you; for, you do not deſerve it. He is in my Cloſet; where you ſhall ſee him preſently: In the mean time, I will remove into the next Apartment, to leave you more at liberty with him.

HEREUPON, *Florio* withdrew into the adjoining Room, and ſhifting his Ring, paſſed by a Back-door into the Cloſet, in his natural Shape; when *Braminto* (after a Pauſe ariſing from his Guilt) ventured to open the Cloſet Door, that lay before him; and was ſtruck with Shame and Confuſion at the Sight of his Brother. He asked his Pardon, and promiſed to amend all his Faults. *Florio* embraced him with Tears of Tenderneſs; aſſured him of a hearty Forgiveneſs; and ſaid, I am in high favour with the Prince: I can, if I pleaſe, have you put to death, or have you impriſoned for Life: But, I will approve myſelf as indulgent to you, as you have ſhewn yourſelf unkind to me. *Braminto*, abaſhed and confounded at ſuch Goodneſs, expreſſed the utmoſt Submiſſion; not daring to lift up his Eyes, nor to call him Brother.

THE Day after this Interview, *Florio* pretended, that he muſt abſent himſelf from the Court, and make a Journey ſecretly to marry a Princeſs of a neighbouring Kingdom. But under this Pretence, he went to viſit his Mother; to whom he related what he had done at Court; and he ſupply'd her, at the ſame time, with a convenient Sum of Money, knowing ſhe ſtood in need of it. For the King allowed him to demand of his Treaſurer what Silver and Gold he pleaſed: But, his Demands were always very moderate.

Nº

N° 110. *Friday*, April 10, 1719.

The Continuation of the Tale.

IN the mean time, a War broke out between the King and a neighbouring Potentate, who was an unjuſt, Truce-breaking Prince. *Florio* went to the Court of this faithleſs Monarch; and, remaining inviſible by means of his Ring, he diſcovered all his moſt ſecret Counſels. When he was throughly appriſed of all the Deſigns of the Enemy, he entered upon proper Meaſures to diſconcert them. He commanded the Army of his own King; entirely defeated his Enemies in a bloody Battle; and concluded a glorious Peace upon equitable Conditions.

THE King was now determined to marry him to a Princeſs, who was the Heireſs of an adjoining Kingdom; and whoſe Beauty was admired by all the Princes of the *Eaſt*. It happened, one day, that *Florio* went out to hunt in the Foreſt, where he was firſt benighted in his Troubles. When, by his eager Purſuit of a Stag, he was ſeparated from the Company; the Fairy preſented her ſelf to him again, and ſaid: I warn you not to think of marrying, as if you were the Prince: Remember, you are to deceive no Man: It is juſt, that the Prince, whom you perſonate, ſhould return and ſucceed to the King his Father. I enjoin you therefore to find

find him out in an Island, whether the Winds shall convey your Ship by my Influence; make no delay to perform this Service, due to your Master; and then resolve to return like an honest Man into your proper Condition, without listening to the Flattery of Ambition. Should you neglect your Duty on this Occasion, you will be dishonest, and prove, in the end, Unhappy: for, I shall abandon you to your former Miseries. Having spoke thus with an Air of Severity, she disappeared; and her sage Advice sunk deep into the young Man's Heart.

He demanded the King's Permission to go alone upon a secret Negotiation, which (he said) he had a mind to transact with a powerful State, for the Advantage of the Kingdom. Under this Pretext, he embarked privately in a small Ship; and the Winds bore him directly to the Island, where the Fairy told him he should find the King's Son. Accordingly, he found the Prince, a Captive in a barbarous Nation; where he was employed to tend Sheep. *Florio* went invisible to the solitary Valley, where he tended the Flocks; and throwing his own invisible Cloak over him, he delivered him from the savage People. They embarked together; and the Fairy sent favourable Winds to bear them home. They landed privately; went directly to the Court; and entred the King's Apartment together: When *Florio* advancing up to the King, said; You have believed me to be your Son; and yet I am not: But now, I present him to you; behold your Son indeed.

The King, greatly astonished, addressed himself to the true Prince, saying; Is it not you, my Son, who have vanquished my Enemies in Battle, and who have concluded for me a glorious Peace? Or rather, is it true, that you have suffered Shipwreck; that you were in Captivity; and that *Florio* has

delivered

delivered you? Even so, my Father, replies the Prince: *Florio* came into the Country, where I was detained in Bondage: To him I owe my Deliverance; to him I owe the Satisfaction of seeing you again: And it is to *Florio*, not to Me, you stand indebted for your Victory, and your Peace. The Amazement, which was manifest in the Countenance of the King, shewed that he believed not what he heard: Whereupon, *Florio* shifting his Ring, appeared in the Likeness of the Prince; and the King, yet more amazed for a while, saw at once two Persons, each seemingly his Son.

THE King, at last fully satisfy'd, offered immense Riches to *Florio* for his great Services; which he modestly refused; and only requested of the King, the Favour of permitting his Brother *Braminto* to continue in the Employment, he held in his Court. As for Himself, he was apprehensive of the Inconstancy of Fortune, of the Envy of Mankind, and of his own Weaknesses: And therefore he desired, he might have leave to retire to his native Village, and live with his Mother; where he apply'd himself to till the Ground.

As he was labouring in the Fields, the Fairy came to him again: She shewed him the Cavern, where his Father lay confined; and taught him certain Words which he should pronounce to break the Enchantment, and deliver him. He pronounced the Words with a sensible Pleasure; he delivered his Father, whom he had long wished to set Free, with the utmost Impatience: Moreover, he gave him wherewithal to pass his Old Age comfortably. He was likewise kind to all his Relations; and had the Pleasure of shewing himself a Benefactor to every Man, who had endeavoured to injure him.

NOT-

NOTWITHSTANDING *Florio* had performed the most signal Services for the Court, he petitioned for no other Recompence, but the Liberty to live a Stranger to its Vices and Corruptions. And, as the most extraordinary Instance of his Wisdom, he was afraid left his Ring should tempt him to quit his Privacy, and engage him again in Publick Affairs. Under this Uneasiness he return'd to the Wood, where the Fairy had appeared so favourable to him; in hopes to find her, he went Day after Day to the Cave, where he first saw her, in the Morning. At last, she presented herself to him; and he gave back the Enchanted Ring to her. I return you (said he) your Gift, which is as dangerous, as it is valuable; a Gift, which (I fear) it is impossible not to abuse. I shall never think my Happiness secured, while I wear a Temptation to quit my Solitude, with so ample a Power to gratify all my Passions.

IN the mean time *Braminto*, whose wicked Disposition was not changed, abandoned himself to the Malice of his Heart; and used every Artifice to engage the young Prince (who now was King) to persecute *Florio* in his Retirement. The Fairy, knowing his Practices, said, Your incorrigible Brother studies to render you suspected to the new King, and to work your Ruin. He deserves to be punished; and he shall perish in his Wickedness. I will give him the Ring which you return to me. *Florio* bewailed the Iniquity of his Brother; and said to the Fairy: How do you propose to punish him, when you give him so miraculous a Present? He will abuse it, answered the Fairy: He will employ the Vertues of it to distress all good Men, and to acquire unlimited Power. The Gifts (continued she) which are a Blessing to some, prove a Curse to others: Prosperity is the Source of Misfortunes

to

to the Vicious: The moſt effectual Means to puniſh an Unjuſt Man ſeverely, and to haſten his Deſtruction, is to raiſe him to an eminent Degree of Power.

THE Fairy went inſtantly to the Palace; where ſhe found *Braminto*, meditating Miſchief, in his Cloſet. She diſcloſed her ſelf to him under the Appearance of an old Woman, poorly habited; and ſaid to him: I have convey'd away from your Brother the Miraculous Ring I lent him, with which he performed ſuch Wonders, and acquired ſo much Glory: I beſtow it on you; and adviſe you to make a proper Uſe of it. *Braminto* reply'd with a Smile; I ſhall not abuſe your Gift, like my Brother, who fooliſhly employ'd it to reſtore the Prince, when he might have reigned in his place.

Braminto, now in Poſſeſſion of the Ring, apply'd himſelf to diſcover the Secrets of Families, to perpetrate Treaſons, Murders, Villanies; to over-hear the Counſels of the King, and to defraud private Perſons of their Treaſures. His inviſible Crimes aſtoniſhed the whole Nation. The King perceiving all his Secrets diſcovered, was at a loſs to know how to remedy the Inconveniency: But, the ſurpriſing Affluence, and the uncontrollable Inſolence, of *Braminto*, made him ſuſpect, that he had his Brother's Enchanted Ring. He, therefore, employed a Foreigner of a Hoſtile Nation to detect him; whom he encouraged with a conſiderable Bribe. This Man came to *Braminto* by Night; he offered him immenſe Riches, and the higheſt Honours in the Enemy's Country, if he would employ proper Spies to betray the Counſels of the King.

Braminto readily aſſented to the Propoſal; and was carried privately to a Merchant (employ'd for the Purpoſe) who advanced him an

Hundred Thouſand Pieces of Gold, for his intended Treaſons. *Braminto*, to convince them of the Services he was able to perform, boaſted that he had a Ring, which rendered him Inviſible, when he pleaſed. The next Morning, the King ſent for him; and, as ſoon as he came into his Preſence, ordered him to be ſeized. The Ring was immediately taken from him; and Papers found upon him, that proved many of his Crimes. *Florio* came to the Court to intercede for his Brother's Pardon; but could not prevail. *Braminto* was put to death: ſo that the Ring proved more fatal to him than it had been advantegeous to his Brother.

THE King, thinking to comfort *Florio* for the Juſtice executed on his wicked Brother, reſtored the Ring to him, as the moſt ineſtimable Preſent he could make him: The afflicted *Florio* judged otherwiſe; and went again to ſeek after the Fairy in the Foreſt. Receive (ſaid he) your Ring: The Fate of my Brother has fully explained to me what I did not ſo clearly comprehend from your Words. Keep for ever from me the deteſtable Inſtrument of my Brother's Ruin. Alas! he might ſtill have lived; he would not have over-whelmed his Father and his Mother with Sorrow and Diſgrace in their old Age; he might perhaps, in time, have grown a wiſe and a happy Man; had he never had it in his Power to gratify his unreaſonable Deſires. How dangerous a Truſt is unbounded Power! Take back your Ring: Wretched are they, on whom you ſhall beſtow it! One Favour only I earneſtly requeſt; never give it to any of my Friends.

N° 111. *Monday*, April 13. 1719.

Quid enumerem Artium multitudinem, ſine quibus vita omnino nulla eſſe potuiſſet? Quis enim ægris ſubveniſſet, quæ eſſet oblectatio valentium, qui victus aut cultus; niſi tam multæ nobis artes miniſtrarentur? Quibus rebus exculta hominum vita tantum deſtitit à cultu & victu beſtiarum.

CICER. de Off. l. 2.

I Have, in four of my * *Supplemental Lectures*, attempted to vindicate Knowledge and Learning, in general, from the moſt remarkable Diſcouragements and Miſrepreſentations, under which they labour very undeſervedly: But, I ſhould be wanting to my Subject, as well as deficient in the Care of my young, hopeful Diſciples, if I did not proceed to conſider the Objections perpetually urged, by the Ignorant, againſt ſeveral particular Branches of Knowledge. Therefore, I ſhall in this Paper purſue my Deſign, already more than half compleated.

I have obſerved, that one of the moſt prevailing Objections againſt Knowledge in general is, that it proves of little or no profit to the Poſſeſſor of it: But this is an Imputation, which falls much heavier on ſome parts of Learning, than it can juſtly be ſaid to fall upon others.

* N°. 85, 87, 89, 91.

IT cannot be ſaid, for inſtance, that Divinity, Law, or Phyſick (which are the three great learned Profeſſions) want Encouragement, in this Nation: Though, it muſt be acknowledged, the greateſt Dignities and Preferments, as well as the greateſt Gains, attending theſe Profeſſions, do not always fall to the ſhare of the moſt deſerving. But then, there are ſtill Opportunities for a ſober, induſtrious Man, to maintain himſelf and his Family comfortably, by teaching the Rudiments of Learning: or by perfecting Gentlemen in particular Arts and Sciences. Beyond this, I confeſs, the Lucre ariſing from Learning is very precarious; and, in all appearance very inconſiderable. The Profit generally accruing from the Labour of writing the moſt commendable and uſeful Books (the Time and Pains conſidered) is hardly worth mentioning here; ſince many a learned Compoſition, which has proved the Admiration of Poſterity, has not procured twenty Pounds to the living Authour. But, if a Scholar by an unwearied Application of Mind ſhould be able to acquire a ſcanty Subſiſtance by his repeated Productions; yet, what a diſheartening Conſideration muſt it be to a Man of Worth and Capacity, to find himſelf neceſſitated to drudge daily for his Bread; and to have, in ſpight of all his Knowledge and Ingenuity, the Diſadvantage in this point, of a Writing-Clerk; whoſe Head holds no Communication with his Hand?

THERE is no doubt, but this Diſcouragement has deprived the World of the Advantage of many an Extraordinary Genius, and reduced Perſons of great Abilities and Accompliſhments to ſordid Methods of Gain; who, had it been their good Fortune to meet with a generous Patronage, would have obliged Mankind with ſuch noble Diſcoveries,

ries, and such valuable Writings, as would have been lasting Monuments of Glory to themselves, their Patriots and their Country.

It is therefore to be wished, for the common Benefit of Mankind, that either by the care of the Government, or by the Favour and Liberality of the Powerful and the Wealthy, proper Encouragements were settled to recompence the Persons, who in any way distinguish themselves by their learned Performances; whether by bringing new Truths to light, or by facilitating and recommending Truths already known, or by contributing in any wise to perfect or refine either the useful Improvements, or the innocent Diversions of Life: That it may no longer (in a flourishing Nation) fare with many Men of excellent Literature, as it has fared with the first Projectors of the most useful Inventions; who have been reduced to Poverty by the Expence of discovering and promoting such Designs, as have afterwards proved an Advantage, as well as an Ornament to the Publick.

Another Discouragement, several Branches of Knowledge labour under, is a fashonable Contempt fixed upon them, by our gay *Readers of Men.* The Unlearned, for the most part, look on all Sciences conversant about abstracted Subjects, or Speculations remote from common Life, to be matters of mere Curiosity, or vain, unprofitable Enquiries; which, indeed, in an Instance or two may be true: Then they are apt to consider all rudimental Knowlede, as mean, trifling, and useless. Whereas, to one, who understands those sublime Truths, and comprehends at a View the long Chain of Reasoning, by which some abstruse Propositions are made evident; it is Matter of Admiration that the Capacity of Human Nature should be able to extend itself to such lengths of pro-

gressive Deductions. Neither, ought any Rudiments to be despised, or accounted mean and trifling, or useless, without the Assistance of which we can never climb up to the superior Heights of Knowledge.

If the self-sufficient Contemners of Knowledge were less conceited in their Ignorance, a little modest Reflection would incline them to think, they should not rashly judge any Part of Learning to be superfluous, because they may not know the usefulness of it; any more than they would think it reasonable for a Person, who is no Artist, to pronounce some of the various Tools of a great Artificer to be unnecessary, because he is not able to guess to what use they are to be apply'd.

To a Plowman no Occupation can seem more insignificant, than when he sees a Scholar employing his Time early and late in contemplating Lines and Figures; And yet, most of the Instruments and Engines, that serve to our Necessities and our Pleasures, are the Result of *Geometry*. To these seemingly idle Speculations we owe the Art of Surveying, of Gauging, of Gunnery, of Fortification, Architecture, and many other Improvements; without which we should be accounted barbarous amongst the *European* Nations, and unable to defend our selves against their Attempts upon us. *Astronomy*, though immediately conversant only about the Motions of the heavenly Bodies, has manifestly contributed to enlarge our Trade and Navigation. From this single Proposition, seemingly of no Consequence, *That Water will rise almost to the Height of the Fountain-Head in a crooked Tube*, have we learnt so easily to supply the Houses of this vast and populous City plentifully with Water; and know, that a whole River can now be convey'd thro' Pipes, cross any Valley; which the

Romans

Romans and other Nations could not perform without the immenſe Expence of building *Aqueducts*, and raiſing Arches upon Arches.

BESIDES, it has happened, that ſome Truths have been known many Ages, before they have been apply'd to any practical Uſe. Thus, many Properties of the Loadſtone were long diſcover'd, before the Mariner's Compaſs was invented; which has ſo greatly improved the Navigation of the whole World. Thus likewiſe the Skill of the Engraver had brought Seals into general Uſe, two thouſand Years before the Ingenuity of Man (at leaſt in *Europe*) not only found out Printing, but apply'd Engravery to the ſtamping of a Picture.

MOREOVER, ſo fruitful in concealed Knowledge are many Propoſitions, that it would be Raſhneſs in the moſt learned Man to be poſitive he knew all their poſſible Conſequences, Applications, and Uſes; much leſs ſhould the illiterate cenſure, may prove prolifick in advantages; and, in the mean Time, are no way detrimental to the preſent Age.

LASTLY, the accurate Knowledge of *Grammar*, however trifling and puerile the Methods of Declining and Conjugating, and the Rules of *Syntax* may be thought, is the neceſſary Foundation of Propriety and Perſpicuity of Speech, as well as of Elegancy in Writing or Speaking: Neither can the Perſon, who is deficient in theſe Rudiments, ever form a right Judgment, or acquire a true Taſte, of the Stiles of the moſt admired Authours.

N° 112. *Friday*, April 17. 1719.

—— Nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos;
Nunc frondent Sylvæ; nunc formosissimus annus.
VIRG.

HAVING lately entered upon the Project of a* POETICAL MISCELLANY for the Entertainment of my Disciples of either Sex; I purpose to continue it, at proper Intervals, as I receive fresh Supplies of Poetry. I make no question but my ingenious Correspondents, throughout the Nation, will enable me to answer a Demand of [illegible] them will ever have Reason to complain, that their Compositions are the worse, for passing through my Hands: And here I must take notice of the Candour of Mr. *R. L.* who has sent me a Letter of Thanks for the Liberty, I took with his † Verses to *Miranda*.

THE following Lines are by the *Oxford* Gentleman, whom I mentioned in my first Miscellany.

On reading her Name in a Lampoon.

I.

THE Village Lurcher *idle strays,*
At Cynthia *barking all the Night:*
While Cynthia *sheds her Silver Rays,*
And brightens at his harmless Spight.

9. *Like*

* N° 107. † N° 103.

2.

Like the fair Regent of the Skies,
The faireſt Nymph of all the Plain
The Rage of Satire may deſpiſe;
And ſweetly ſmile with calm Diſdain.

3.

My Idol, all the Graces *arm;*
Gayly avenge the dull Offence:
Shine out in each reſiſtleſs Charm;
And look the Scribbler into Senſe.

I have received an obliging ſhort Epiſtle, dated the third Inſtant, from a Lady, who ſubſcribes her ſelf *Aurelia*; in which ſhe encloſes the ſubſequent *Epigram*, deſiring it may go to the Preſs, as the Performance of a Gentleman, who is her humble Servant.

Written under the Picture of a beautiful Woman, Praying.

SUCH Piety, ſuch Beauty join'd;
So fair a Face, ſo pure a Mind!
Some Angel pictur'd here I ſee:
A Mortal, ſure, it cannot be!

THE three next occaſional Pieces are a Preſent from a Perſon, who is very much eſteemed and admired by all, who know him; and to whom the *Free-Thinker* has ſeveral Obligations.

VERSES written in a Lady's Table-Book, under a Prayer to the Virgin *Mary*.

IN the ſmooth Plane your Hand engraves,
You read your Wiſhes, and your Slave's.
You to the Saint, to You I bow;
Nor fear a ſuperſtitious Vow.

VERSES under a Lady's Picture.

THE Poet and the Painter safely dare
To form an Image of the proudest Fair:
Your brighter Charms, by lavish Nature wrought,
Transcend the Painter's Skill, and Poet's Thought.

VERSES upon presenting a Lady with a Handful of Violets.

THE willing Flowers forsake the Morning Dew,
And lavish all their purple Pride for you.
Your Bosom can the fragrant Morn supply;
And a new Spring is kindled from your Eye:
Transplanted here the Violets fresher smile,
And breathe pure Odours in the beauteous Soil.

THEY who admire the Peculiarity of Mr. *Waller*'s gallant Manner of Thinking, will read the following Lines with Satisfaction.

Lying at her FEET.

THIS Posture and these Tears, which Heaven might move,
In vain I use in favour of my Love.
While prostrate at Amelia's *Feet I lie,*
Unmov'd she stands; as Rocks, that, towering high,
Regard not those soft Murmurs, which below
The plaintive Rivulets utter as they flow.

MR. *Welsted*, who lately gave me an Opportunity to entertain the Town, with an * excellent Poem, has this Week been pleased to oblige me with another Specimen of his Abilities, not inferior (I may say) to his first Performance. It is a Piece of *Spring-Poetry*, very suitable to this Month;

* N° 98.

Month; with which I shall close this Half-Sheet. Every one, who peruses it, will be apt to take it in the particular View, in which it delighted me, when I determined to call it *the Picture of a Fine* April-*Morning*; which no Painter can express in such lively Images, through all its Changes. The Strokes in it are very masterly; and the whole Design is new.

THE Snows are melted, and the Frosts are past;
Nor do we longer dread the wintery Blast:
What Garland shall Amyntor *now design,*
What Wreath, Zelinda, *round thy Temples twine?*
For, Wreaths of every kind the Season yields;
And Garlands rise in Plenty through the Fields.

The dawning Year revives the Poet's Fire;
Soft Strains of Love returning Suns inspire:
In every Wood, behold, in every Glade,
The unsully'd Verdure, and the growing Shade!
All Nature, like a Bride, emerges bright;
And her Lap teems, luxuriant with Delight.

O'er tepid Plains the tempering Zephyrs pass,
Call forth the bursting Leaves, and spring the Grass:
Afresh the painted Pansie *rears its Head;*
The whitened Meadow starry Daisies *spread:*
The Birds sweet-warble from the sappy Boughs;
And Swains in tuneful Sighs renew their Vows.

Inspire, O blooming Maid, my artless Lay,
While I recall our first auspicious Day;
The Dawn (my Fair) when early I addrest
My tender Suit, and sigh'd upon thy Breast!
Zelinda *blush'd: A Blush the Morning wore,*
Zelinda *smil'd: Nor was it Day before.*

The

The Sun a radiant Luſtre holds a-while;
The Image of Zelinda's *gleamy Smile:*
A feeble Shine does on the Water play,
And diſappear by turns a fickle Ray.
Zelinda *wept: When ſoon the changing Skies*
Grow black with gathering Clouds, that weſtward riſe,
Thin-ſcatter'd now the Drops, like Gems, deſcend;
Now, with the frequent Shower the Lillies bend.
How calm the Air! A pleaſing Stillneſs reigns;
And the moiſt Verdure brightens through the Plains.
Soft-ſinking falls the Silver Rain: When Lo!
Athwart the Horizon ſtretch'd, the watry Bow
Swells its proud Arch, with braided Colours gay,
That ſhift their Dyes, and ſhifting ſwift, decay.
The Clouds diſperſe: The Sun purſues on high
His vaulted Courſe, and glows along the Sky:
The Linnets *in the dewy Buſhes ſing;*
And every Field is redolent with Spring.

Such was the Morn, Zelinda; *may it prove*
A happy Emblem of Amyntor's *Love;*
Begun by ſmiling Hopes, but ſoon o'ercaſt:
Our jealous Fears, like Clouds, diſpers'd at laſt.
Penſive I hung my Head, like drooping Flowers;
And Tears my Boſom dew'd, like gentle Showers:
But ſoon with ſettled Joys my Soul is bleſt;
Thy Face, my Heaven, in laſting Smiles is dreſt.
Let fond Diſtruſt no more paſt Pains renew:
While thou art kind, Amyntor *will be true.*

Nº 113. *Monday*, April 20. 1719.

Καὶ κεραμεὺς κεραμεῖ κοτέει, καὶ τέκτονι τέκτων.
HESIOD.

ON *Monday* laſt, I took notice of the Diſcouragements ſeveral Kinds of Knowledge ſuffer, chiefly from the Ignorant: I come now to conſider the unworthy Treatment Learning meets with from Men of Letters; whoſe Paſſions and Prejudices lead them to join with the Unlearned, in betraying their own Reputation and Intereſt: A Folly, I hope to make them ſenſible of, in the Compaſs of two ſhort Chapters.

I. THERE is a manifeſt Prejudice riſes, in the Minds of moſt Men, in favour of the particular Study, in which they excel: And a Collector of Shells, or a Hunter after Butterflies, thinks himſelf of the utmoſt Importance. This Partiality inclines us to diſeſteem other Knowledges, in proportion as we are fondly poſſeſt in favour of our own. This Vanity ſhews itſelf in the prevailing Contempt with which moſt Proficients in the nobler Parts of Learning regard Perſons, who are eminent in inferiour Arts or Sciences; never conſidering, that without ſuch Scaffoldings, they could not have been able to raiſe their magnificent and lofty Piles of Knowledge: And while they owe the Foundation of their Glory to the Compilers of Rudiments, they deſpiſe their Benefactors as laborious Men of moderate Capacities, inſtead of gratefully reſpecting them for their neceſſary Aſſiſtances.

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NO Perſon is more prone to ſpeak contemptibly of a *Grammarian*, a *Rhetorician*, or a *Lexicographer*, than one, who by the Exactneſs and Politeneſs of his Stile ſhews, that he has made a proper Uſe of their Writings. Neither is any Man more ready to diſcredit the Art of *Logick*, than the Authour, who, by his Accuracy in Reaſoning, and his Dexterity in diſentangling a perplexed Queſtion, diſcovers that he has, by ſtudying the Rules of *Logick*, acquire an habitual Exactitude of Judgment. Thus likewiſe, the great *Aſtronomer* deſpiſes the diligent *Obſervar*, from whoſe Labours he forms his ſurpriſing Theories: The *Natural Philoſopher* contemns the Artiſans, whoſe various Experiments enable him to know the Powers of Nature: And the learned Phyſician diſdains the meer Practitioner, notwithſtanding the Experience of the one very much enables the other to ſucceed in the Cure of Diſeaſes. Now, though the intrinſick Value of the ſeveral Arts and Sciences muſt be acknowledged to be very diſproportioned upon a juſt Computation, either as their Subjects are of greater Uſe and Dignity, or as they require a more extenſive Capacity of Mind to comprehend them; yet, is not any Part of Knowledge mean and inſignificant; and the Time and Pains, beſtowed in the Advancement of any Science for the Advantage of others, ought to be thankfully acknowledged, as an univerſal Benefit to Society.

TOGETHER with this Partiality, which Men of Letters entertain in favour of their own Province of Learning, there is another Prejudice, which frequently ariſes from the different Caſt of their Minds, no leſs detrimental to Knowledge in general. It requires (for Inſtance) a peculiar Genius to excel in any particular Part of Learning; though it may be difficult to ſay, wherein that Peculiarity

of

of Genius consists. Hence it comes to pass, that we are too apt to undervalue in others those Excellencies, which are in a manner inconsistent with our own Abilities; which Disposition proceeds either from an invidious Temper, or from our not being able to comprehend the Usefulness of an Accomplishment, for which we are naturally unqualified. And on this account, we find distinct Classes of learned Men, maintaining a mutual Contempt towards each other.

To exemplify this Observation; it seldom happens, that the same Person excels in *Metaphysicks* and in *Mathematicks*: Hence, the *Metaphysician* usually despises the *Mathematician*, as only conversant about Lines and Figures, which are the Accidents of Bodies; while he is employed in contemplating the most abstracted and immaterial Notions. The *Mathematicians* as heartily contemns the *Metaphysician*, as a romantick Philosopher, enamoured with subtle and abstruse Speculations, and bewildered in a visionary Labyrinth of Uncertainties. In the like manner, this Disciple of *Euclid* looks down with Scorn upon *Moral Philosophy*, *Politicks*, and the several Embellishments of Life, as specious Trifles, founded at best on probable Conjectures, and utterly destitute of the Cogency of Demonstration. And both these Antagonists join in decrying Oratory and Poetry, as the Sparklings of a fiery Imagination, and not the Result of a well-regulated Understanding.

On the other hand, the *Orator* and the *Poet* generally esteem *Metaphysicks* and *Mathematicks* to be dry, insipid Studies, fit Amusements only for the dull Race of Thinkers; but wholly inconsistent with a lively Spirit. The *Moralists* and the *Politicians* look on the *Metaphysicians* as employ'd on chimerical Speculations; and regard the *Mathematicians*

ticians only as a Species of whimsical Mechanicks; Whereas, they are taken up in regulating the Passions, improving the Manners of Men, and in securing and promoting the publick and private Welfare of Mankind. The Scholar, whose Talent is Memory, thinks no Man learned, who is not perfect in many Languages, punctual in Historical Facts, and able off-hand to recapitulate the various Opinions of the most eminent Philosophers and Divines, in all Ages: Whilst others, of a sound Judgment and a moderate Faculty of Reminiscence, look on a mere Memorialist as an ill-digested Commonplace Book, or at best but a walking Register, to be consulted by Men of a Superiour Genius.

THE Men of Letters, in whom Imagination is predominant, naturally apply themselves to polite Literature, and too often neglect all profound and serious Studies. Hence the Generality, of their Writings are but a Varnish of Words, without Sense; or at most, a Tissue of elegant Expressions and lively Turns of Wit, to set off the most obvious Trifles: Whereas, the noted Authours, they would be thought to rival, were as great Masters of Things as of Words; and excelled in Knowledge, as eminently as in Style. There are others, in whom the imaginative Faculty seems entirely extinguished; and on whom the Force of Metaphors has no effect. They disclaim all Harmony and Elegancy of Speech, as childish Ornaments, that rather obscure than illustrate sound Sense. But their Disdain of Eloquence is amply avenged by the Impropriety and Harshness of their Diction; which makes their Works lie neglected, though often stored with very valuable Knowledge.

II. NOTWITHSTANDING these Prepossessions, which prevail amongst learned Men of different Professions; yet, their Conduct seems to proceed

ceed only from an over-weening Fondneſs to a favourite Study. In all they ſay and do, the immediate Injury is intended only to the Science they undervalue; without any Ill-will to the Profeſſours of it. From this I come to my ſecond Conſideration, which is much more to be lamented, than the former. Perſons, who purſue the ſame Courſe of Studies, who apply themſelves to the ſame Profeſſion, and are equally conſcious of the Value and Uſefulneſs of the ſame Diſtrict of Knowledge, are nevertheleſs ſhamefully and imprudently induſtrious to diſcredit, to obſtruct, to depreſs one another. This Work they might well leave to the common Enemy: But, Men of Learning have their Failings and their Paſſions, as well as the Ignorant; and, notwithſtanding their real Intereſt ſhould incline them to unite upon all Occaſions, they chooſe rather to live at Variance, and make their own Perſons and Characters cheap in the Eſteem of the People.

AMBITION and private Intereſt works in the Scholar, as ſtrongly as in the Courtier. The Phyſician, the Lawyer, the Divine, have their Animoſities and Competitions: Several Men happen to have equal Expectations of the ſame Preferment; in which caſe, the Leſs-deſerving are apt to weaken the Competition, by endeavouring to abate the Reputation of the Man of diſtinguiſhed Merit; either by detracting from his Learning; or by loading his great Abilities with ſuch Calumnies, as may bring a popular Clamour upon him, or at leaſt render him ſuſpected to his Patron. There are others, who are very diſintereſted in their Malice, and undermine the Credit of a Brother-Scholar, only upon a Motive of pure Envy: Sometimes, dwarfing his Reputation by Parties and Cabals; and ſometimes ſinking a riſing Genius, either by with-holding his juſt Applauſe, or by detracting from it; or (if

he

he happens to ask Advice) by engaging him in a wrong Method of Studying; or by encouraging him to enter upon some Work unsuitable to his Abilities; or, lastly, by distressing him in his Circumstances; so as to force him, through Want, to quit the Study in which he began to excel. I have only hinted at the dishonourable Practices, by which every Age has lost the Pleasure and Advantage of many a growing Writer; and am heartily sorry I cannot acquit the present Age of so foul a Reproach.

No 114. *Friday*, April 24. 1719.

Οἵων φίλλων γενὴ, τοίηδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.

HOMER.

I Have been impatient for an Opportunity of returning Thanks to the ingenious Gentleman, who sent me the following serious Entertainment; which has lain by me, ever since the Nineteenth of *February*. The uncommon Cast of Invention, and the Freedom of Imagination, which shine through this amusing little Piece, will recommend it to Persons of a lively Thought: To engage their Attention yet more earnestly, I may justly say, that the Author's bold Allusion conveys an Instruction of the greatest Moment; a Lesson, the most effectual of any in the Compass of Philosophy, to humble the Vanity and Ambition of Men.

" CICE-

" CICERO, in the first Book of his *Tusculan*
" *Questions*, finely exposes the vain Judgment,
" we are apt to form of the Duration of human
" Life, compared to Eternity. In illustrating this
" Argument, he quotes a Passage of natural His-
" tory from *Aristotle*, concerning a Species of In-
" sects on the Banks of the River *Hypanis*, *that ne-*
" *ver outlive the Day, wherein they are born.*

" To pursue the Thought of this elegant Wri-
" ter; Let us suppose one of the most robust of
" these *Hypanians* (so famed in History) was in a
" manner coeval with Time itself; that he began
" to exist at the Break of Day; and that from the
" uncommon Strength of his Constitution, he has
" been able to shew himself active in Life through
" the numberless *Minutes* of ten or twelve Hours.
" Through so long a Series of *Seconds*, he must have
" acquired vast Wisdom in his way, from Obser-
" vation and Experience. He looks upon his Fel-
" low-Creatures, who died about Noon, to be happ-
" ily delivered from the many Inconveniencies of
" Old Age; and can perhaps recount to his great
" Grandson a surprising Tradition of Actions, be-
" fore any Records of their Nation were extant.
" The young Swarm, who may be advanced one
" Hour in Life, approach his Person with Respect,
" and listen to his improving Discourse. Every
" Thing he says will seem wonderful to this short-
" lived Generation. The Compass of a Day will
" be esteemed the whole Duration of Time; and
" the first Dawn of Light will, in their Chronolo-
" gy, be styled the great *Æra* of their Creation.

" LET us now suppose this venerable Insect, this
" *Nestor* of *Hypanis* should, a little before his
" Death, and about Sun-set, send for all his De-
" scendants, his Friends and his Acquaintance; out

" of

" of the Deſire he may have to impart his laſt " Thoughts to them, an to admoniſh them with " his departing Breath. They meet, perhaps, un- " der the ſpacious Shelter of a Muſhroom; and the " dying Sage addreſſes himſelf to them, after the " following Manner.

" FRIENDS and Fellow-Citizens; I perceive " the longeſt Life muſt have an End: The Period " of mine is, now, at hand: Neither, do I repine " at my Fate; ſince my great Age is become a Bur- " den; and there is nothing new, to me, under the " Sun. The Calamities and Revolutions I have " ſeen in my Country; the manifold private Mis- " fortunes to which we are all liable; and the fa- " tal Diſeaſes incident to our Race; have abun- " dantly taught me this Leſſon: That no Happi- " neſs can be ſecure nor laſting, which is placed in " Things that are out of our power. Great is the " Uncertainty of Life! A whole Brood of Infants " has periſhed in a Moment by a keen Blaſt: Shoals " of our ſtraggling Youth have been ſwept into the " Waves, by an unexpected Breeze: What waſte- " ful Deluges have we ſuffered from a ſudden " Shower? Our ſtrongeſt Holds are not proof a- " gainſt a Storm of Hail: And even a dark Cloud " makes the ſtouteſt Hearts to quail.

" I have lived in the firſt Ages, and converſed " with Inſects of a larger Size and ſtronger Make, " and (I muſt add) of greater Vertue, than any " can boaſt of, in the preſent Generation. I muſt " conjure you to give yet farther Credit to my lateſt " Words, when I aſſure you; that yonder Sun, " which now appears *Weſtward* beyond the Wa- " ter, and ſeems not to be far diſtant from the " Earth, in my Remembrance ſtood in the mid- " dle of the Sky; and ſhot his Beams directly down " upon us. The World was much more en-

" lightened

" lightened in thoſe Ages; and the Air much warm-
" er. Think it not Dotage in me, if I affirm; that
" glorious Being moves. I ſaw his firſt ſetting-out,
" in the *Eaſt*; and I began my Race of Life near
" the Time when he began his immenſe Carreer.
" He has for ſeveral Ages advanced along the Sky
" with vaſt Heat, and unparallell'd Brightneſs; but
" now, by his Declenſion, and a ſenſible Decay
" (more eſpecially of late) in his Vigour; I foreſee,
" that all Nature muſt fail in a little time; and
" that the Creation will lie buried in Darkneſs, in
" leſs than a Century of Minutes.

" ALAS, my Friends! How did I once flatter
" my ſelf with the Hopes of abiding here for ever!
" How magnificent are the Cells, which I hollowed
" out for my ſelf! What Confidence did I repoſe
" in the Firmneſs and Spring of my Joints, and
" in the Strength of my Pinions! But, I have lived
" enough to Nature; and even to Glory: Nei-
" ther will any of you, whom I leave behind, have
" equal Satisfaction in Life in the dark, declining
" Age, which I ſee is already begun."

THUS far, my unknown Correſpondent purſues his Fiction upon the Thought of *Cicero*: Neither will it ſeem extravagant to thoſe, who are acquainted with the Manner of Inſtruction practiſed by the early Teachers of Mankind. *Solomon* ſends the Sluggard to the *Ant*: And, after his Example, we may ſend the ambitious or the covetous Man, who ſeems to overlook the Shortneſs and Uncertainty of Life, to the little Animals upon the Banks of the *Hypanis*: Let him conſider their tranſitory State; and be wiſe. We, like the *Ephemeri*, have but a Day to live: The Morning, the Noon, and the Evening of Life, is the whole Portion of our Time: Many periſh in the very Dawn; and the Man (out

of

of a Million) who lingers on to the Evening Twilight, is not accounted happy.

THE right Uſe of this Reflection is, not to make Man regardleſs of Poſterity; nor to ſlacken their Diligence in the Purſuit of any kind of Knowledge, that becomes a reaſonable Mind; not yet, to abate their Induſtry, in endeavouring by honeſt Means, to acquire a comfortable Subſiſtance for themſelves and their Children: On the contrary; our very Nature prompts us to Action and Contemplation; and the indolent, liſtleſs Perſon, who delivers himſelf up to idleneſs, and whoſe whole Time is a Blank, grows tired of himſelf; and is every Hour oppreſſed with his own Lazineſs. What then are we to learn from our precarious, tranſitory Condition? The moſt important Precept of Wiſdom; the great Document of human Prudence; which we ſhould perpetually inculcate to our ſelves, from Youth to Age; and imprint it on our Hearts, as the peculiar and laſting Signature of ſound Senſe: namely, That there is no Conſideration in Life, ſufficient to tempt a wiſe Man to ſacrifice one Truth, or one Vertue, to the Folly of Avarice, or the Madneſs of Ambition.

THIS has been the ſettled Judgment of the Men moſt renowned for their Underſtanding, in all Ages: And, as it is finely expreſſed in the *Wiſdom* of *Solomon*; I cannot recommend it with greater Energy and Authority, than by giving it to the Reader in his own Words. *What hath Pride profited us? Or what good have Riches, with our vaunting, brought us? All thoſe Things are paſſed away like a Shadow, and as a Poſt, that haſted by; and as a Ship, that paſſeth over the Waves of the Water, which, when it is gone by, the Trace thereof cannot be found, neither the Path-Way of the Keel in the Waves: Or as when a Bird hath flown through the Air,*

Air, there is no token of her Way to be found; but the light Air being beaten with the Stroke of her Wings, and parted with the violent Noise and Motion of them, is passed through; and therein afterwards no Sign, where she went, is to be found: Or like as when an Arrow is shot at a Mark, it parteth the Air, which immediately cometh together again; so that a Man cannot know where it went through: Even so we, in like manner, as soon as we were born, began to draw to our End, and had no Sign of Vertue to shew; but were consumed in our own Wickedness.

N° 115. *Monday*, April 27. 1719.

Est etium illa Platonis *vera vox; omnem doctrinam harum ingenuarum & humanarum artium uno quodam societatis vinculo contineri.*

CICER. de Orat. l. 3.

LAST Week, I endeavoured to create a right Understanding between the Men of Letters in their different Capacities; by shewing the Unreasonableness of their great Partiality for any one Art or Science, to the manifest Detriment of another. And indeed, so notorious is this Prepossession; that even they, who are eminent only in some Branch of rudimental Knowledge, shall often despise Studies of a higher nature, which alone render their introductory Lessons valuable. But, that I may more effectually rescue Learning of every kind from the Malice and Perverseness of the Learned and the Unlearned; I shall proceed to consider the great

Assistance,

Assistance, which the several Parts of Knowledge afford to each other.

BEFORE I exemplify this Consideration in the more material Branches of Knowledge; I shall make some Remarks, to shew of what significancy Things, that in themselves appear Trifles, often prove in Matters of the greatest Importance.

IN order to obtain a compleat Knowledge of any Science or Profession, many trivial Notices must be taken in; as a Man, who is desirous to amass Wealth, must not neglect small Sums. To acquire a tolerable Insight into natural Causes and Effects, innumerable trite and seemingly significant Observations are requisite. And to manage any Government skilfully, the inferiour Parts of the Administration must not be overlooked.

WHAT Difficulties and Obscurities are we often perplexed with in *History*, only because an Authour has thought it needless to mention several little Circumstances or Customs, universally known to his Contemporaries: without which disregarded Knowledge, the Narration must have appeared as intricate and doubtful in some Passages to them, as it now appears to Us. Hence it is, that we are more enlighten'd in the *Roman* Antiquities, from the *Greek* Writers, than from all the *Latin* Historians; because it was natural in them to explain the Customs of the *Romans*, differing from those of *Greece*. Moreover, the Men versed in ancient Literature do very well know, that Passages which have confounded the ablest Criticks for some Ages, have at last been cleared up by a small (and otherwise inconsiderable) Fragment of Antiquity, that has escaped the Ruins of Time.

I need not, under this Head, repeat what I have explained before *; That many Truths, treated as Trifles

* N° 111.

Trifles, have in time proved of very great Uſe: Therefore, to cloſe this firſt Part of my preſent Lecture, I ſhall farther illuſtrate what I have advanced, with an Example from Hiſtory. *Xenophon* gives an account of ſeveral Accompliſhments, which *Socrates* required in a General; amongſt which he inſiſts upon a Skill in *Aſtronomy*, to be able to foreſee the ſeveral Seaſons of the Year, and to know the Age of the Moon at any convenient Diſtance of Time. I am ſatisfy'd, moſt of my Readers will immediately be apt to queſtion the good Senſe of *Socrates*, for making ſo trivial a piece of Knowledge neceſſary to a Commander of an Army. But a Scholar, who has carefully read the Hiſtories of early Ages; and has, in his reading, found ſeveral well-concerted Deſigns miſcarry, for want of rightly calculating the Riſe or Setting of the Moon; either as a ſecret March has been diſcovered by the Moon ſhining, before the Army could reach the intended Place; or as a haſty March has been cut off, by the Moon going down ſooner than was expected; ſuch a Perſon (I ſay) will readily conceive the Importance of this Advice, given by *Socrates* in an Age, when Almanacks were not yet publiſhed to the World.

LET us, in the next place, conſider the Aſſiſtances, which the ſeveral Parts of Learning lend to each other. And here, I would be underſtood to ſpeak of the Method of forming a Man of great Genius and Capacity, in any learned Profeſſion; and ſuch a Perſon was never yet formed, by the moſt accurate Study of any one Part of Knowledge.

THE Man, who aſpires to be truly great in any way, ſhould have a Largeneſs of Soul, and be as free, as it is poſſible, from Prejudices; that he may be able to judge, without reſtraint, of the Weight and Conſequence of Things. Now, this Greatneſs

of Capacity can be acquired only by giving to the Mind a Compaſs of Thought; and by turning its Attention to a Variety of Objects. The more our Views are bounded, the more limited will our Obſervations be; and our Underſtanding contracted, in proportion. Take a Man of little Learning and of a narrow Converſation; what ſcanty Notions, and what unripened Conceptions, does he betray! How ſanguinly he believes Inconſiſtencies; how paſſionately he admires Nonſenſe; and how devoutly he renounces the ſublimeſt Truths! Juſt as the Opinions of the little Clan of Men and Books of his Acquaintance happen to prepoſſeſs him. Take a Man of a more ample Extent of Knowledge and Converſation; but yet, who has neither travelled; nor read the authentick Accounts and Hiſtories of Foreign Countries; and you will find him perpetually ſurpriſed at the Strangeneſs of Events, which have from Time to Time happened, in every Age: You will likewiſe hear him condemning, as abſurd and barbarous, the Cuſtoms and the Dreſſes of other Nations, as polite perhaps as his own.

THE unhappy Cauſe of this Contraction of Mind in theſe Perſons, is their being (as it were) tied down, from their Youth, to a ſtinted Set of Thoughts and Opinions; without ever having an Opportunity given them to exert their Faculties, at large. To apply this Reflection to my Purpoſe; the like Narrowneſs of Soul will grow upon us by adhering to a certain Claſs of Books, and ſtrictly confining our Studies to one Science. By this means we impereeptibly acquire a Singularity in Thinking; we cramp the Freedom of the Mind; and gradually bring our Apprehenſion, by too cloſely attaching it to one Make of Objects, to ſee them in a diſproportionate Grandeur, in compariſon of other

other Things, towards which we have never made the leaſt Approach. When we apply our whole Force preciſely to one Study, it inſenſibly becomes the Favourite of our Underſtanding; in Time, we make it the Teſt, by which we adjudge the Value of every other Kind of Learning; eſteeming only what ſeems, in ſome degree, to correſpond with one peculiar Knowledge; and depreciating what has no relation to it. And this Selfiſhneſs prevails ſometimes ſo extravagantly, as to carry Men to reaſon from Principles of their own Science, upon Subjects of a quite different Nature. Thus, Arguments have been brought againſt the Motion of the Earth, and a Plurality of Worlds, from Theological Conſiderations; and the Cauſes of *Natural Appearances* have been ſettled conſequentially to the Speculations of Divinity. He therefore, who deſires to preſerve himſelf from this ridiculous Narrowneſs of Mind, muſt turn his Thoughts (at his Leiſure) to different Kinds of Learning.

I do not mean, that a Scholar ſhould endeavour to be compleat, in all or many Parts of Literature. *Hippocrates*, in his Time, obſerved; that the Shortneſs of Life bears no proportion to the vaſt Extent of Knowledge. The Years, and the Abilities of Man are too confined for him to hope, he may arrive to an Eminency in many Sciences. Beſides, by his Profeſſion, and the neceſſary Cares of Life, or by the particular Liking he may take to one Study; he is either obliged, or tempted, to beſtow more Time and Application in ſome one Purſuit, than will allow him diligently to proſecute another. But nevertheleſs, to prevent the Mind from taking a peculiar Ply too ſtrongly, by which our Faculties do, (as it were) contract a Stiffneſs or Lameneſs; he ought to ſet apart ſome ſpare Hours, for a general Inſight into Studies, foreign to his Profeſſion:

And the greater Compaſs he is able to take in, the freer will he be from groſs Prejudices: His Mind will be more open; and he will be enabled more impartially to judge of the various Matters, which may occaſionally come under his Conſideration.

But to go on with the Connexion there is between the ſeveral Arts and Sciences, and the mutual Aids, they afford one to the other: I have already (in the Courſe of my *Supplement*) obſerved; That Grammar and Rhetorick are abſolutely neceſſary to every Gentleman, who pretends to write or ſpeak above the Vulgar; or even to reliſh the Propriety and Elegancy of a fine Writer. After this; to grow up to a Perfection and flouriſh in almoſt any Province of Learning; the *Latin* Tongue muſt indiſpenſibly be acquired: Since the moſt full and accurate Treatiſes upon moſt (if not all) of the Sciences, are written in that Language. Then the Perſon who would enjoy the refined Pleaſure of an exquiſite Taſte for polite Compoſitions, and judge of the Abilities of a great Hiſtorian, an Oratour, or a Poet, ſhould learn the *Greek* Language; as likewiſe, that he may be able to peruſe the moſt finiſhed Models of Style and Invention; after which the beſt of the *Roman* Authours have been proud to copy; enriching their Writings with the Spoils of *Greece*.

I find, my preſent Subject will exceed the Limits of this Paper; and even fill another. In the mean time, I muſt here inſinuate, that I have not the leaſt Intention, by what has been ſaid, to diſcourage my *Engliſh* Diſciples from labouring after an Improvement in ſound Senſe and Knowledge. We have in our native Language ſo many excellent Books on ſeveral Subjects of Learning, more particularly in *Mathematicks* and *Divinity*; and ſome Performances in *Oratory* and *Poetry*, ſo good;

good; that they need not deſpair of making conſiderable Advances in Knowledge, nor of acquiring a Taſte of Elegancy: though they may not perhaps, arrive at the higheſt Perfection. For their farther Encouragement, I can aſſure them; I have converſed with Perſons, who from a good Choice of *Engliſh* Authours, with the Aſſiſtance of their own Natural Parts, reaſon and diſcourſe more pertinently on many weighty Topicks, than ſeveral pompous Scholars, who are Maſters of the learned Languages, and have read over many bulky *Folios* of Science; the Reſult of all their ill-digeſted Studies having furniſhed them with little more, than the Knowledge of what other Men think in controverted Points; and a Habit of magiſterially impoſing upon their Hearers, what they themſelves do not underſtand.

N° 116. *Friday*, May 1. 1719.

Non ignara mali, miſeris ſuccurrere diſco.

VIRG.

THE *Firſt* of *May* has been, and will be ſacred to Love in all polite Nations: Reſolving therefore, to countenance all innocent and ſocial Weakneſſes, I have ſet apart this Day from ſeverer Studies; and pronounce all philoſophy impertinent, when it pretends to riſe above Humanity, and to deſtroy thoſe Paſſions, without which,

Life has no reliſh, and Society cannot be maintained.

To the FREE-THINKER.

SIR, *March* 14, 1718.

" I Apply my ſelf to you, in behalf of a Friend; " and hope you will give him your Advice, " with your uſual Candour and Impartiality. Without farther Ceremony; I ſhall ſtate his Caſe, as " briefly as I can.

" A Gentleman, not deſpicable in his Perſon, " and of a liberal Education, falls in love with an " agreeable, beautiful young Lady, every way ac- " compliſhed to make a Man happy. There is a " ſmall Diſproportion in their Circumſtances; " the Advantage on her ſide: Yet, ſo free is the " Lady from Pride; that he has frequently the Plea- " ſure of receiving Marks of her Favour. Ne- " verthelefs, my Friend dares not venture to come " to an open Declaration, till he has prepared to " anſwer the Objections, which he apprehends ſhe " will make.

" THE Virgin, you muſt know, owes her For- " tune to an old Gentlewoman, not her Mother; " the Obligation, therefore, the greater. My Friend " has no Hopes of ever gaining the old Lady's " Conſent: And, the young Lady's Heart is ſo full " of Gratitude, that ſhe will not readily diſoblige " the Perſon, to whom ſhe ſtands indebted for her " Fortune.

" YOU ſee, Sir, here is the old Struggle be- " tween Love and Honour; in which your Arbi- " tration is earneſtly deſired; that we may know, " whether the Lady may marry againſt Conſent;

" And,

" And, I am perſuaded, the Lover will abide by " your equitable Determination.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

and Admirer,

PHILAMY.

WHETHER I pleaſe or diſpleaſe; if I ſpeak, I muſt ſpeak freely. In the preſent difficulty therefore, my Opinion (as a Caſuiſt) is, that the Gentleman ſhould not encourage the Lady in any Ingratitude (eſpecially if the Obligation was prior to his Love) towards her Benefactreſs; leſt, by the ſame Liberty of Conſcience, ſhe ſhould hereafter make no Scruple of Infidelity towards her Husband. If therefore, the Parties are perſuaded, the intended Marriage would prove an inſupportable Diſappointment to the old Lady; I adviſe them to defer it, till ſhe is above the Vexations of this World. At the ſame Time, I wiſh it were in my power to perſuade the Good Matron to recolleſt the Days of her Youth; to conſider, that Time is precious, and Love is impatient. Let her not be Generous by halves; but conſent to the Match, and make her Bounty a double Bleſſing.

THE following Letter comes from a Lover, accompanied with a Piece of Rural Poetry, very proper to be preſented on a *May-Day*, by deſpairing Shepherds, to their cruel Nymphs.

SIR, *Feb.* 26. 1718.

" THE ſhewing yourſelf a diſintereſted Patron " of the Diſtreſſed, will draw upon you more " Trouble, than you imagine. It is natural for " us, under any Uneaſineſs, to have recourſe to

" a Perſon, who is as able as he is willing, to re-
" lieve us. However, to ballance this Vexation,
" you will have the Satisfaction of reducing the
" Minds of many of your Diſciples to a ſettled
" Tranquillity, who, through the Prevalency of
" ſome Paſſion, may for a time be rendered
" wholly incapable of the Freedom of Thought.
" Amongſt others, I muſt acknowledge, you have
" a Right to my good Wiſhes; as I have receiv'd
" great Benefit from your Philoſophical Reflections:
" But, I muſt in a more particular Manner thank
" you, for the Remedies you preſcribed to the
" Love-ſick Gentleman, in your Paper of the
" twenty-third Inſtant.

" LOVE has, for ſome time, tyrannized over
" me without Controul. Fears, Jealouſies, Anxie-
" ties and extravagant Wiſhes, have interrupted my
" Purſuits after Knowledge and Truth: But, your
" Preſcriptions will (I hope) reſtore me to a Phi-
" loſophical Health of Mind: For, I find myſelf
" in the very Circumſtances ſpecified by that Gen-
" tleman, in his Letter. Aſſured, therefore, of a
" perfect Recovery (if I am not failing to myſelf)
" I ſend you, for want of a more valuable Fee, a
" *Hampſhire* Love-Ballad; that I may, in ſome
" meaſure at leaſt, teſtify my Gratitude to my
" kind Phyſician. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt obliged, and moſt humble Servant,

LYSANDER.

HOW

1.

HOW ſmoothly the Minutes, dear Celadon, *flow,*
When, calm and ſerene, no Paſſion we know!
The Morning, the Evening, its Pleaſure does bring,
If we read, or we talk; if we pipe, or we ſing.
But, when the Boy Cupid *once twangeth his Bow,*
And pierceth our Hearts with his Arrows of Woe;
We loſe all Delight, and we forfeit all Eaſe:
Nor Reading, nor Talking, nor Muſick can pleaſe.

2.

My Leiſure in fanciful Muſings I ſpent,
And looked without Pain on the Laſſes of Kent:
No Virgin with Feature, with Voice, or with Aire,
No Virgin was able my Heart to enſnare.
Ah, why did I, fooliſh, abandon thoſe Plains,
To join in the Revels of L------n *Swains!*
Where heedleſs, young Chloe, *unpractiſed in Arts,*
Entices to Love the moſt indolent Hearts.

3.

My Books were my Charmers, my Thoughts my Delight,
In the Cool of the Morn, in the Stillneſs of Night:
My Books and my Thoughts each other reliev'd;
And the Minutes, ſoft gliding, were ſweetly deceiv'd.
No Paſſion diſturb'd me; my Joys were my own:
But now I am ſo alter'd, as never was known!
My Heart from its Owner is quite gone a-ſtray;
And Chloe *torments it, by Night and by Day.*

4.

My Friend ſtill was welcome, whenever he came;
My Friend ſaw my Countenance always the ſame:
O'er a Pot of Bohea, *we grew merry and wiſe;*
And laugh'd at the Torments, fond Lovers deviſe:

But, wounded by Chloe, *I live in the Spleen:*
My Friend, with Surprise, sees a Change in my Mien;
I bid him be gone; for his Wit and his Jest,
But make him the more insupportable Guest.

5.

How once every Object a Pleasure did yield!
If I walked in the Garden, or travers'd the Field:
On beautiful Landskips, I feasted my Sight;
When the Nightingal sung, I could listen all Night.
But now, as I rove through the Valley or Glade,
The beautiful Landskips before my Eye fade:
In the Nightingal's Note, no Musick I find;
For, Nothing but Chloe *still runs in my Mind.*

6.

If my Spirits, in Solitude, wanted Relief;
With my Flute, by a Brook, I could solace my Grief:
Or, sleep to the Lullaby Noise of the Stream;
And wake to new Life from a rapturous Dream.
But now, all Endeavours in vain I apply:
Since for Chloe *I languish, for* Chloe *I die,*
To no purpose I try on my Flute every Strain;
And the Brook o'er the Pebbles, now murmurs in vain.

7.

Beware, silly Shepherds, how Love you defy;
Beware of the desperate Glance of her Eye.
In Freedom I triumph'd; and flouted the Swains,
Who sold themselves Captives, and forg'd their own Chains.
But since I beheld her, alas, I am undone!
Since first I saw Chloe, *my Freedom is gone.*
I have forg'd my own Chains; and I constantly cry,
Was ever poor Shepherd so wretched, as I!

How

8.

How, Celadon, *ſhall I my Paſſion reveal?*
Or, muſt I for ever my Torment conceal?
The Woe ſhe creates, has ſhe Pity to hear?
Ah, No! She is cruel, as charming, I fear.
Aſſiſt me, by Reaſon to ranſome my Heart;
Or teach me to gain her; Oh, teach me the Art!
Ye merciful Powers: to you I complain;
Give Love to the Nymph; or give Eaſe to the Swain.

N° 117. *Monday,* May 4. 1719.

Ubi enim perſpecta vis eſt rationis ejus, qua cauſæ rerum atque exitus cognoſcuntur, mirus quidam omnium quaſi conſenſus doctrinarum concentuſque reperitur.

CICER. de Orat. L. 3.

THIS Motto is immediately connected in *Cicero,* with the Sentence prefixed to *Monday*'s Paper: And the Reader will find as ſtrict a Connection in my Diſcourſe with what preceded; which I ſhall now bring to a Concluſion.

LOGICK, rightly underſtood, is of ſingular ſervice to teach us the Art of Reaſoning juſtly; by enabling us to diſcover the Weakneſs or Fallacy of an Argument; to diſintangle the Intricacy of a Queſtion; and to proceed, in our Enquiries after Truth, in a proper and regular Method.

And

And, though a mere *Engliſh* Reader may, perhaps, not comprehend the preciſe Signification of every Term uſed in the common *Syſtems of Logick*; and might not poſſibly, if he did comprehend them, be much the wiſer: Yet, he may be able to learn the true and general Grounds of right Reaſoning; ſo as readily, and by certain Rules, to judge of the Soundneſs of a Propoſition, or the Validity of an Argument.

THE Study of *Morality* opens to us the large Field of Knowledge, in which the common Senſe of Mankind ſhines out in its full Glory. This Science informs us, wherein human Happineſs (ſtrictly ſpeaking) conſiſts, and by what Means it may be promoted; by ſetting Bounds to the Paſſions; by determining what is abſolutely neceſſary to be done, and what to be avoided; by marking out the Blemiſhes and the Beauties of Life; what is Blameable, what Praiſe-worthy; what will ſet a Man at peace with himſelf, and recommend him to the Love and eſteem of others.

FROM the Conſideration of the Offices of a private Life; we may go on, with Succeſs, to enquire into the Nature and the End of Government: We ſhall ſee the Foundation of it laid in the Wants and Neceſſities of our Condition; and we ſhall be convinced, the only great and juſtifiable Deſign of it is to preſerve (as far as poſſible) the Welfare and the Peace of every Member of a Society, and to maintain Juſtice and Order in the World. And, could I but prevail upon many of my Countrymen to proceed thus gradually, from the plain Truths of Morality, to enquire into the Fundamental Principles of *Politicks*; they would not ſo eaſily be miſled into the Chimerical Notions of Government, that tend to endanger their own

own Property, as well as to ſubvert the ancient Liberty of their Country.

BY the Study of *Natural Philoſophy*, we become knowing in the Structure and Mechaniſm of our own Bodies; we are acquainted with what paſſes in this viſible World about us; we ſee much of the wonderful Wiſdom of Nature; and we fortify our Minds againſt the idle Fears and Superſtitions of the Vulgar, by learning, that thoſe extraordinary *Appearances*, from which they forebode the moſt dire Events, are as certain (though not as frequent) Effects in the Courſe of Things, as Eclipſes of the Sun or Moon.

METAPHYSICKS ſerve to clear up and refine the Underſtanding; to ſubtilize the Mind, by accuſtoming it to compare Intellectual Notions, as diſtinctly as if they were Material Objects; to enlarge the Comprehenſion of the Soul, and to enable it to muſter the various and numerous Kinds of particular Truths under their proper Heads, ſo as to conſider them in one General View.

IN *Mathematicks* there is ſuch an Exactitude of Reaſoning obſerved, by admitting Nothing as a Principle, which is not evidently True, and by allowing of no Concluſion, which does not plainly follow from ſomething ſelf-evident, or from Propoſitions already demonſtrated; that Perſons, of a Profeſſion very foreign to this Science, have been adviſed by very great Men to *Mathematize* a little, in order to acquire an habitual Caution in other Studies; that they might not be liable too raſhly to advance any Thing as an undoubted Principle; nor too eaſily to admit of Concluſions, as neceſſary Conſequences from the Principles they have eſtabliſhed. And, ſo ſenſible was *Plato* of this great advantage of *Mathematicks*; that he inſiſted on a Skill in *Geometry*, as a neceſſary Qualification

lification in every Scholar, who desired to attend his Lectures.

My youthful Disciples would be apt to think me tedious, and perhaps partial, if I should enumerate the various Advantages arising from the several Parts of Mathematical Learning: But, I cannot quit the Subject, before I earnestly recommend the Study of *Architecture* and *Perspective*, to as many of them as intend (in the Course of their Education) to visit foreign Countries; that they may be duly prepared to admire the masterly Performances in *Building* and *Painting*, which they will meet with in their Travels; and that their Admiration may rise from Judgment and the Principles of Science, as well as from the powerful Impressions, with which the most finished Objects usually strike the Imagination.

Some Persons despise *History*, as not conversant about Eternal Truths; and others esteem it but an idle Amusement, at best: Nevertheless, One of the great Men of Antiquity was of a different Opinion; and looked upon Those, as mere Children, who knew nothing of Affairs, which had passed in the World, before they came into it. Without question, an observing Reader may, from good Histories, be furnished with very useful Reflections for the Conduct of private Life; may acquire a more perfect Knowledge of Mankind, than his own Experience can supply him with; may precaution himself, from the Follies and Miscarriages of others; and may find Examples of Wisdom and Prudence, and of every manly Vertue, strongly recommended to his imitation. But, as Historians dwell more upon publick than private Occurrences; the Benefit to be reaped from them, by Persons in Power and high Stations, is

still

ſtill greater; which I have ſhewn in a * former Lecture.

Now, there can be little Satisfaction or Improvement in the Study of Hiſtory, nor a Poſſibility of methodizing in the Memory what we read, without the Aſſiſtances of *Chronology* and *Geography*.

CHRONOLOGY digeſts Actions and Events under their proper Years; places them in a regular Succeſſion, ſo as to give us a whole Century at a View; and marks out the great Periods of Time: It ſhews us, who were Contemporaries; who of the celebrated Men were of an earlier, who of a later Date; as likewiſe, how preceding Tranſactions were the Seeds of future Events. And indeed, without this Science, Hiſtorical Narrations are meer Tales of Things, that happened *Once upon a Time*.

As *Chronology* points out the Time, ſo *Geography* ſets before us the Place, in which an Action happened: and the Man, who reads on, without knowing either the one or the other, paſſes hoodwinked through Hiſtory. In the Relation of a War, can he comprehend the Deſign and Conſequence of each March, of an Encampment, a Battle, or a Siege, who has no Notion of the Country, which is the Scene of Action? Can he judge of the Intereſt of one Prince with reſpect to another, and of the Grounds of their Quarrels, who does not underſtand how their Dominions are ſituated, nor know the Intercourſe they may have with each other, as well as with neighbouring or diſtant States?

BUT I hope, I need not largely recommend the Study of Geography, in a Nation, whoſe extenſive Commerce and numerous Alliances make it

* N° 91.

it the Intereſt of the Subjects, at the ſame time that their great Tendency to News and Politicks will make it their Diverſion, to know what is tranſacting in the remoteſt Parts of the Earth. At leaſt, I deſire all frequenters of Coffee-Houſes to peruſe Maps, as well as News-Papers; leſt they ſhould be apt in Diſcourſe to place *Buda* on the *Rhine*, and *Quebeck* in the Neighbourhood of *Flanders*; or dream of Invaſions from *Piedmont*, and Deſcents from *Conſtantinople*.

FROM the foregoing Particulars it will be eaſy to conceive how the ſeveral Arts and Sciences caſt a Light upon each other; and that any one of them, ſtanding alone, would be dark and confuſed. For Example; The immediate Fountain of our Law is in the Books of Common Law, the Year-Books, the Reports, and the Acts of Parliament: And the Study of theſe Volumes, together with a Knowledge of the Practice of the ſeveral Courts, will make a Man properly a Lawyer. But then, it muſt be allowed, that the Man, whoſe Knowledge goes no farther, is not ſo well qualified readily to diſcern where the Streſs of a Cauſe lies, nor ſo dextrouſly to anſwer or evade the Force of his Adverſary's Arguments; as one, who, to the Peruſal of the ſame Books, has joined the Skill and Practice of *Logick*: Nor will this meer Lawyer be ſo able to know the Reaſons, the Extent, and the proper Applications of General Rules, nor the true Meaning and Latitude of a Law; neither will he ſo happily or equitably reconcile contrary Laws; as a more learned Barriſter, who (beſides a direct Skill in his Profeſſion) has ſtudied the Law of Nature and of Nations, and is knowing in the Hiſtory and Conſtitution of his own and other Countries.

IN like manner, the Writings of the *Old and New Teſtament* are the proper Source of Knowledge

ledge for a *Divine*. But ſtill the Perſon, who enters upon the Study of thoſe Books with a Skill in Languages and Criticiſm, in the Antiquities of the ancient Nations, in Morality as reſulting from the Light of Nature, and in the Art of Reaſoning; He will, by the help of theſe Auxiliaries, conquer moſt Difficulties; he will, upon all Occaſions, have a clearer Inſight into his Text; illuſtrate a Point of Doctrine more rationally, and more judiciouſly determine a Caſe of Conſcience; than a pur-blind *Scriptuarian*, who fancies Divinity wants not the Illuminations of *Prophane Learning*. And if, to the Advantages mentioned, our Divine ſhall add the Accompliſhment of a manly Eloquence, his Thoughts will ſhine out in their full Perſpicuity, and the Hearts of his Hearers ſhall burn within them, while he ſpeaks; whereas the Preacher, who is ignorant of the Elegancy and Propriety of his Language, and unacquainted with the Powers of Rhetorick, talks in a Miſt, and his Words deſcend upon the Congregation like a Froſt.

HAVING now entirely compleated the *Supplement* to my *Preliminary* Diſcourſes; I beg leave to renew upon the Minds of my Diſciples the Advice which reſults from this whole Eſſay. Let it not be thought, that Truth and Knowledge of any kind is dangerous to Society; but that Falſhood and Ignorance are the formidable Enemies of Vertue, of Religion, and all good Government. Let not the Illiterate Man of Buſineſs, nor the empty Man of Pleaſure, glory in the Faſhionableneſs of their narrow Education; and trample upon Literature, which aſſiſts the one to read tolerably and caſt Accompts, and miniſters to the Diverſions of the other. But above all, let the Learned avoid the Suſpicion of a Narrowneſs of Mind, of Conceit and Prejudice, in depreciating thoſe Arts and Sciences,

Sciences, with which they are unacquainted: Rather, let me adviſe them, by a juſt Applauſe and mutual Encouragement, to recommend one another's Perſons and Studies to the Love and Admiration of the Ignorant. And, if to this interchangeable Benevolence towards Themſelves, they would join a civil and modeſt Behaviour towards the Leſs-knowing, laying aſide all Contempt of their Capacities or Attainments, rather gently perſuading, than inſolently driving them out of their weak Opinions; They would (as a Recompence to their Candour) ſee Learning flouriſh under a more general Eſteem in the World; the Followers and the Patrons of Knowledge would daily increaſe in number; Ignorance would by degrees become unfaſhionable; and a fine Scholar would ſhine in a Circle at Court, beyond the Man who relies upon the Coſtlineſs of his Equipage and the Skill of his Embroiderer.

N° 118. *Friday*, May 8. 1719.

Strenua nos exercet inertia ——

HOR.

I Am ſorry to hear, that numbers of my Diſciples complain of late, for want of compleat Sets of my Lectures, and grow impatient for Volumes; when it is not in my power to anſwer their Deſires. Foreſeeing this Inconveniency, I gave them timely * Notice, not to loſe their Market:

* N° 23.

ket: To which Notice I refer them for ſome of the principal Reaſons which oblige me ſtill to perſiſt in my firſt Reſolution. However, if I have any Credit with my more diligent Obſervers, I adviſe them to lay up the Growth of this running Half-year, and to gather it as it riſes; ſince I ſhall (my *Supplement* being now finiſhed) ſoon open a freſh Parcel of Knowledge.

WHEN I had, in my very firſt Half-ſheet, ſhewn my ſelf a hardy Philoſopher, by attempting to vindicate the Dignity of human Nature from Abuſe on one hand, and from Contempt on the other; I proceeded, in my Second and Third Papers, to give Aſſurances to both Sexes of many *Free-Thinking Feats*, which it was, then, generally ſuſpected I never intended to perform.

IN the mean time, I have gradually proſecuted my ſettled Purpoſe with ſuch Reſolution and Impartiality, that in little more than the Space of one Year, my Readers of every Denomination are almoſt univerſally perſuaded, (many with Pleaſure, and ſome with Regret) that the *Free-Thinker* is in earneſt, as to the Extent of his Deſign; that he will neither philoſophize Trimmingly, to indulge the falſe Prudence of ſome; nor reaſon Intemperately, to countenance the Raſhneſs of others; nor yet, precipitate his Work to gratify the Impatience of a few.

IN the ſecond Paper, amongſt ſeveral Particularities in the Character of a True *Free-Thinker*, it was hinted; *It is not unlikely, that moſt Things will appear to him under a different Shape and Colour, to what they ſhew to the Generality of Mankind.* The Publick, I dare ſay, is by this time ſufficiently ſatisfied of the Notoriouſneſs of this Characteriſtick; and I ſhall, this Day, make the Mark yet more viſible, by the Singularity of the ſubſequent Paragraphs.

WE

WE may obſerve, that moſt Gentlemen beſtow more Care and Expence in punctually providing for the Amuſements and Extravagancies of Life, than they are willing to employ in Concerns of the greateſt Conſequence, either to Themſelves their Families, or their Country. Hence it is, that no Profuſion of Money is thought unreaſonable to maintain Mr. *Heidegger*'s *Puppet-ſhew*; nor any Thrift too great in promoting a publick Good: The *Shew*, it muſt be owned, is carried to a great Perfection; the Figures are as large as the Life; and the Wires, by which this Artiſt dances them, are not diſcernable, but to a very obſerving Eye: But then, after all, they are but *Puppets*; and of little or no Uſe, when *Heidegger* has done with them.

I made this and ſome other Occaſional Reflections upon Reading the underwritten Advertiſement in the *Courant* of laſt *Saturday*.

ENQUIRY FOR A SETTING-DOG.

Any Perſon, who has a Setting-Dog of a good Size and ſtrong Make, that quarters his Ground, carries his Head in a good Place, and does all other Parts of his Buſineſs very well; if he will ſhew him in any open Country this Pairing Seaſon, within Twelve Miles of London, *may ſhew the Dog, and hear of a Cuſtomer at Mr.* Evans's, *a Net-maker, in* Sheig-Lane, Picadilly.

THIS is the only Way to be well-ſerved, upon all Occaſions: Obſerve the Nicety, the Prudence and Circumſpection of this *Sportſman*. What rare natural Endowments, what acquired Knowledge and Diligence, does he require in this little Miniſter of his Pleaſures! The moſt publick Notice

is

is likewiſe given that no Choice may be wanting: Laſtly, he will not take the Abilities of the *Spaniel* upon Truſt; but will judge of them, in *an open Ground*. No Intereſt (I am perſwaded) no Recommendation, no Bribe, could prevail upon this Gentleman, to prefer an Animal to be Ranger of his Fields, who knows nothing of his Buſineſs, and to entruſt the publick Care of his Game to a giddy, ſhatter-brained Curr. An Example worthy the Imitation of all Perſons, who have the Direction of the Affairs of the Nation!

In vain is any Artificer skilful in his Trade, if he makes uſe of bad Implements, or if he works with Tools, that are not of a proper Make and Size. Mr. *Gibbons* could not have carved his Niceties with a Hatchet; neither can Mr. *Thornhill* paint the *Cupolo* of *Paul's* with a Trowel. In vain likewiſe are the Abilities of a great Miniſter, if he takes no care in the Choice of his Journey-Men, who are to manage the ſeveral Wheels and Springs of Government, that are under his Direction. Therefore, laying aſide all other Conſiderations, when a Vacancy happens in an Office or a Poſt, let proper Enquiry be made for a Perſon duly qualify'd to fill it, to this or the like Effect: *Any Perſon who knows of a true-bred Exciſe-man* (for inſtance) *that will not betray the Government he ſerves, that quarters his Ground, who carries his Head in a good Place, and does all other Parts of his Buſineſs very well; if he will ſhew him*, &c.

Another occaſional Reflection, I made, was on the Happineſs of a good Education. Suppoſe, you have a Litter of Puppies of the fineſt Breed, and the beſt natural Parts. Let them run idly about the Houſe for ſome Months, and they will be perpetually playing one unlucky Trick or another

another in the Kitchen: When they are grown up to Maturity, turn them out into the Fields; and they ſhall be good for nothing, but to deſtroy the Poultry, to drive away the Game, to worry the Sheep, and come to be hanged in the end. Whereas, if you take one of them from the Dam, and ſend him young to a careful Preceptour, who ſhall keep him to his Studies, improve his natural Talents, and give him proper Correction; how much in Value will he riſe above the illiterate Multitude and the Dunces of his Species! His Fortune is made: He ſhall be ſought after by Perſons of Diſtinction: He will become the Favourite of ſome Great Man: He will have a convenient Apartment, with clean Straw; or ſleep upon his Patron's Bed: He ſhall have a Servant to wait upon him; and ſhall want for nothing, that any reaſonable Dog can deſire: And when he dies, the whole Family ſhall be in Tears; and many a gallant Squire ſpeak honourably of his Memory.

THE laſt Reflection, which roſe in my Thoughts upon reading the aforeſaid Advertiſement, gave me a ſenſible Concern. It is indeed, a ſevere Reproach; and I wiſh it could be retorted upon me as a falſe one, when I ſay; That many of our Landed-Men take more care of the Breed and Education of a Horſe, a Dog, a Cock, or a Hawk, than they ſhew in the training up, or in the Marriage of their Children. Hence, our celebrated Animals ſtill preſerve their ancient Vigour and Spirit, through ſo many Generations; while our Gentlemen viſibly degenerate from the Manhood of their Anceſtors. But, I ſhall not here purſue this Conſideration, which I purpoſe to treat of in a particular Set of Lectures, in the proſecution of my Labours.

N°

N° 119. *Monday*, May 11. 1719.

——Lentus in umbra.
Formoſam reſonare doces Amaryllida ſylvas.
VIRG.

To the GENTLEMAN, who writes the FREE-THINKER.

SIR, *April* 27, 1719.

"AS I walked Yeſterday in the Evening in "*Kenſington* Gardens, amongſt the beautiful "Croud of Females, my Eye ſoon ſingled out "the divine *Letitia*. As ſoon as ſhe was gone "out of the Walks, my Companion, *Laertes*, "perceiving how diligently I had obſerved her "at every Turn, told me; he had the Happineſs "of being well acquainted with the Lady. Here-"upon, we retired to a Seat in the Wilderneſs; "when, to indulge my Curioſity and to heighten "my Admiration, he entertained me with her "Character, in the following manner.

"I need not dwell upon the inimitable Air, "the fine Stature and Shape, the lovely Com-"plexion, the regular Features, and the matchleſs "Eyes of *Letitia*; ſince, I believe, you have been "buſy (this Hour and more) to trace out a diſtinct "and laſting Impreſſion of her viſible Charms, "in your Mind. Nevertheleſs, I can aſſure you, "that all theſe Perfections, which, you may think,

"you

" you have fully obſerved in her Perſon, will im-
" prove upon a nearer View; and the oftner you
" approach her in every Dreſs, the more you will
" admire her unexceptionable Beauties. You find,
" ſhe wounds at a diſtance: But I can tell you,
" ſhe kills near at hand. I will not ſay, that *Leti-*
" *tia* is not conſcious of her Beauty; ſince,
" in my opinion, it would leſſen her Praiſe: She
" is conſcious, but not vain of her Charms; and
" ſhe ſets a juſt (or rather a ſevere) Value on
" Beauty, by regarding it only as the Gloſs and
" Varniſh of her Vertue. She claims the Privilege
" of her Sex, to paſs the whole Morning at her
" Toilet; but then, ſhe employs thoſe Hours
" chiefly in compoſing her Paſſions, and embel-
" liſhing her Mind: The Books, which contain
" the moſt refined Precepts of Vertue, and the
" Principles of ſound Senſe, are her Patch-Box,
" her Combs, and her Waſhes. The Perfections
" of the Body, ſhe knows muſt come from the
" Indulgence of Nature; whereas the improve-
" ments of the Soul muſt be the Reſult of Study
" and Reflection.

" THE happy Concurrence of Beauty and
" Vertue, of Youth and Diſcretion, has all along
" ſecured *Letitia* from the Envy of her own, and
" the Impertinence of our Sex. Her good-Hu-
" mour is genuine; and all her Smiles riſe from
" her Heart. When ſhe ſpeaks, her Lips deliver
" the moſt elegant Thoughts in the ſweeteſt Ac-
" cents; which gave a Friend of ours occaſion to
" ſay, That her Words are all ſet to Muſick.

" I forbear to particularize the ſeveral Female
" Qualifications and Virtues, which ſhe poſſeſſes
" in common with the moſt accompliſhed of
" her Sex. The moſt ſingular Brightneſs in *Le-*
" *titia*'s Character, is the Equality of her Mind.

" Her

"Her Life has not been entirely free from Diſtreſſes "of a ſevere Nature; tho' her Heart has been free "from Vexation: And ſhe has ſhewn her Ac- "quaintance, that a Woman may be unfortunate "without being unhappy."

"HERE ended *Laertes*. It is pity, methinks, "ſo fair a Character ſhould be loſt: Therefore, "if you will be pleas'd to perpetuate it, by re- "commending it to the Imitation of your fair "Readers, you may make *Letitia* a publick Bene- "fit; and you will in a particular manner oblige,

SIR,

Your moſt Obedient Servant,

G. B.

THIS Gentleman has fallen upon an Expedient to divulge through the whole Iſland the Praiſes of *Letitia*, which otherwiſe might have been confined to the little flowery Wilderneſs at *Kenſington*. I wiſh the generous Intention of my Correſpondent may prove of Service to our Virgins: I ſhrewdly ſuſpect the Abuſe of it. Every young Fellow, who buys the Paper, will be apt to carry it to his favourite Coquette, and ſay; Madam, the *Free-Thinker* has done Juſtice to your Character to-day. Every celebrated Toaſt will immediately take *Letitia*'s Perfections to herſelf, by conſulting her Glaſs, inſtead of reflecting inwardly on the Make of her Mind. A Hand, a Foot, a Feature, will be thought a Virtue; and two ſparkling Eyes, the brighteſt Ornaments of the Soul: Nay, a ſpreading Hoop, ſhall be preferred to Diſcretion; and a neat Shoe ſhall paſs for no mean Accompliſhment.

THE Batchelours, whoſe Turn of Wit lies to Satyr, will not ſcruple to ſay, that the Character of *Letitia* is all Fiction; and that it is a very extraordinary Circumſtance, in the Adventure of Mr. *G. B.* that, the handſomeſt Lady in the Garden, that Night, ſhould be the wiſeſt. Certain it is, that very dangerous Follies frequently lie in Ambuſh in the ſmooth Lineaments of a fine Face; and that, the Reflections of a very charming Creature is generally but Skin-deep. This brings to my Mind the Saying of an old Counteſs (who had been famous for her Beauty) upon the ſight of a Picture of herſelf at fifteen: If that was my Likeneſs (ſaid ſhe) I tremble to think of the many Dangers I have eſcaped!

BUT notwithſtanding theſe Objections, I believe many of my tender Pupils, who are ambitious to excel in true Womanhood, will think on *Letitia* in different Lights; and ſtudy to adjuſt themſelves by her, as in a Glaſs.

To the *FREE-THINKER.*

Worthy SIR, May 5, 1719.

"OUR Sex, who have no Skill in the learned "Languages, could never have hoped to ac- "quire ſuch a ſhare of Philoſophy as is needful to "make us happy, before you generouſly under- "took to inſtruct us in plain *Engliſh*. This has en- "couraged me to apply to you for Advice, in a "matter that very nearly touches my Quiet. I "had my Education in the Country, till I was "fourteen: My Parents (who were of ſome Fi- "gure) dying, when I was not yet fifteen; I ac- "cepted the Invitation of a Friend, to live with "her in this Town. She introduced me to Com- "pany, to Balls, to Plays, to Maſquerades, and "all

" all the gay Amuſements of the faſhionable " World. She is lately dead: Hereupon I re- " tired to my former Privacy in the Country, " with a Reſolution to quit the Circle of Vanity, " I had ſo often gone round, during the five laſt " Years of my Life. I hoped, that after a Satiety " of Town pleaſures, I ſhould have the better Re- " liſh for rural Enjoyments. But, alas! Sir, I " find, that the Impertinencies of Plays, Balls, " and Viſits, have given ſuch a Looſe to my " Thoughts, that my Mind is a Source of Extra- " vagancies; and all my Reflections are but a " Jumble of idle and confuſed Notions. Now, " what I requeſt of Mr. *Free-Thinker*, is, that he " would favour me with ſome of his ſage Advice, " and help me to correct this vitiated Taſte of " Life. I am,

SIR,

Your Humble Servant and Diſciple,

LAVINIA.

I think *Lavinia*'s Letter is full of Inſtruction. How many young Ladies have we in her Caſe; and yet how few deſire to be cured? A perpetual Hurry of Spirits through the courſe of five Years, will require Time and Patience, and much cool Reflection, before the Mind can recover its proper Temper. However, I fancy, if *Lavinia*, to the Precepts of Philoſophy, would add an agreeable Husband, who delights in the ſedate Pleaſures of Life, it would very much facilitate the Cure.

N° 120. *Friday*, May 15. 1719.

Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini;
Hanc Remus & frater: Sic fortis Etruria crevit,
Scilicet & rerum facta eſt pulcherrima Roma.
VIRG.

HAVING given my Countrymen * *A ſhort Account of the Civilities and Ceremonies of Politeneſs in Uſe among the* Romans; for their farther Information, I ſhall now proceed to ſhew, *How they parcelled out their Time, in the daily and ordinary Courſe of a private Life.*

UNDER their Kings, the People, as yet uncorrupted with Affluence, glory'd in Frugality; and the greateſt Simplicity of Manners was accounted moſt faſhionable: Their Time was almoſt wholly taken up in providing for the Neceſſities of Life, and in ſupporting the Fatigues of War, during the Term of above two hundred Years.

UNDER the Conſuls, as often as they had no foreign Wars to fear, they found themſelves at leiſure to foment inteſtine Broils. The Deſire of Rule amongſt the *Patricians*, and the Love of Liberty in the *Plebeians*, kept *Rome* in a perpetual Ferment, which threatned Deſtruction to the Common-wealth in its Infancy. Theſe two Orders of Citizens, tranſgreſſing alike the Bounds of Moderation, lived in a mutual Diſtruſt one of the other: So that, as ſoon as they perceived, they

* N° 25.

they were in no danger from Enemies abroad, their principal Care was to defeat the Cabals of each other.

THUS, through the Courſe of about Five hundred Years, the main Attention, the Vigour and the Vertue of the *Romans* was employed, in defending themſelves againſt the Hoſtilities of their Neighbours, and in compoſing their domeſtick Feuds. If they enjoyed any Intermiſſions from theſe Cares, they then apply'd themſelves entirely to *Agriculture*. In theſe happy Intervals of Tranquility, no Man thought it beneath him to ſet his Hand to the Plough; the *Patrician* and the *Plebeian*, whoſe Conditions and whoſe Buſineſs ſo widely differed in the City, had one Occupation in the Country; and the greateſt, in common with the meaneſt *Roman*, was not aſhamed to be ſtyled *A Labourer*.

WE have many Examples of this laudable Simplicity, not only in the early times of the Republick, when it was cuſtomary to ſend for *Conſuls* and *Dictators* from their Farms, to aſſiſt in the *arduous Affairs of Government*; but likewiſe, in the flouriſhing Ages, wherein *Rome* was Miſtreſs of *Italy*, and had made her Power reſpected beyond the Seas. I need not, therefore, mention *Quintius Cincinnatus*; who was found labouring in his Grounds, by the Perſons who were diſpatched to notify to him, that he was appointed *Dictator*. I want not for Inſtances to my Purpoſe in *Curius Dentatus*, in *Fabricius*, *Aſtilius Serranus*, *Licinius Stolo*, *Cato* the *Cenſor*, and many others; who, in much later Times, were proud to take their *Surnames* from ſome particular Branch of *Husbandry*, in which they excelled: Hence (according to the concurring Opinions of ancient Writers) came the *Aſinean*, the *Vitellian*, the

Lucullian, *Portian*, and the *Ovinian* Family; the Founders of these Families having been famous for breeding the several sorts of Animals, imply'd in their Names. Others likewise had distinguished themselves, by raising and improving particular kinds of *Pulse*; whence came the Surnames *Lentulus*, *Fabius*, *Piso*, *Cicero*, and many more.

In a word; so generally were the *Romans* addicted to the Occupations of a Country Life, that the Name of *Way-farers* (*Viatores*) was given to certain Officers, whose Business it was to go and acquaint the Senatours, that an extraordinary Session would be held on such, or such a Day: As for the ordinary Meetings of the Senate, they were fixed to the Day of the *Calends*, and the Day of the *Ides*, in every Month; and consequently did not require to be notify'd. Now, if the *Senatours* and Men of Note passed a great part of their time in the Country; what may we judge of the inferiour Citizens? Above three Parts in four of them (probably) saw the City but once in every nine Days, in time of Peace. They came thither only to buy Necessaries for their Farms; and to examine, whether they should approve or reject any new Regulations; which the Magistrates fixed upon the *Capitol*, and up in the *Forum*, three Market-Days successively, before they were offered to be confirmed. It was on these Market-Days, that (in time) the *Tribunes of the People* entertained them with the Affairs of the Government, and the Changes, that were to be made; and by their Harangues fomented the Jealousies, which agitated the different Orders of the Community, under the Republick.

LASTLY, The Practice of *Husbandry* must have been universally esteemed amongst the *Romans* for a considerable time, when *Cicero* (towards

wards the Declenſion of the Commonwealth) ſpeaks honourably of it; and does not ſcruple to affirm, that even then, the Perſons of Probity and Diſtinction gloried more in being enrolled amongſt the Country-Tribes, than in being numbred amongſt the wealthieſt of the City-Families.

I ſhall purſue this Subject in the next Half-Sheet; that I may here have room to make a few Remarks on what has been ſaid.

THIS Account of the *Romans* is not peculiar to them; but may be applied as juſtly to moſt Nations, if we look back into their ancient Manners and Cuſtoms. There was a Time, when Tillage, Paſturage, Breeding of Cattle, and Planting, were not ignoble Occupations in this Iſland: Neither is it yet half a Century, ſince moſt of our Country-Gentlemen have been bred in a compleat Ignorance of *Husbandry*, to learn the *Idleneſſes* of the Town. We can likewiſe, even to this day, ſhew perhaps a more ample Catalogue of *Rural Surnames*, than the *Romans* could ever boaſt of: Several of which are taken from Animals; as *Lamb*, *Kid*, *Colt*, *Bullock*, *Goſling*, *Cock*, *Dove*, *Partridge*, *Pheaſant*: Others from Country-Occupations; as *Shepherd*, *Cow-herd*, *Farmer*, *Plowman*, *Gardener*: Many from Grain, Trees, Plants, and Flowers; as *Wheat*, *Oats*, *Aſh*, *Birch*, *Broom*, *Ivy*, *Violet*, *Lilly*, *Primroſe*: Some from Fruits; as *Cherry*, *Strawberry*, *Nut*, *Haws*, *Sweet-apple*, *Crab*: Others from the Water; as *Lake*, *Pool*, *Ford*, *Rivers*, *Brooks*: And ſeveral from the Nature or Diſtribution of the Ground; as *Hill*, *Dale*, *Heath*, *Wood*, *Greenwood*, *Lane*, *Hedges*, *Acres*, *Meadows*.

THUS did our ancient Families diſtinguiſh themſelves by Appellations, which betokened Induſtry, Innocence and Independency; and which

bore ſome relation to either their Lands, their Seats, or their Buſineſs. If moſt of the flouriſhing modern Families, who haunt the Town, were to copy after our Predeceſſours in this reſpect; many, who might be ambitious of being dignified by their Places of Abode, would have a Right to aſſume the Surnames of *White*'s, *Tom*'s, *Will*'s *Button*'s, the *Grecian*, *Jonathan*'s, *Change-Alley*, *Groom-Porter*'s, &c. Others, who might be more deſirous to be known by the particular Arts of Life they cultivated, or might be proud of ſignifying to Poſterity, by what Induſtry they happened to thrive in the World; would not be thought to arrogate, by appropriating to themſelves the genteel Names of *Hazard*, *Picket*, *Ombre*, *Baſſet*, *Punter*, *Masker*; *Gameſter* likewiſe, and *Sharper* are no diſreputable, nor improper Titles, with an handſome Equipage: And, if any Gentleman of the *Induſtrious Tribe* ſhould have a particular Fondneſs to a Rural Denomination; he may borrow, from a Country-Animal, the Surname of *Setter*.

N° 121. *Monday*, May 18. 1719.

Ubi pro labore deſidia, pro continentia & æquitate lubido atque ſuperbia invaſere; fortuna ſimul cum moribus immutatur.

SALLUST.

TO carry on the Eſſay which was begun laſt *Friday*: About the five hundred and ſeventieth Year of the City (after the *ſecond Punick War*) the *Romans* were invited into *Greece*, by the *Ætolians* and the *Athenians*: And when they had ſubdued *Philip* King of *Macedon*, and his Son *Perſes*; flushed with Succeſs, they extended their Conqueſts into the *Leſſer Aſia*, and into *Syria*. Hence their own Writers date the viſible Declenſion of their former Simplicity. Their Victories turned to their prejudice; for, with the Arts, they adopted the Vices of the People, they had ſubjected to their Empire.

THERE was a ſudden Change in *Rome:* New Arts and Sciences were ſtudied; the Houſes were new-modelled and enlarged; ſumptuous Furniture and coſtly Apparel were coveted; and their Diet was poiſoned with the Wantonneſs of Cookery. The Mounds of their ancient Diſcipline, overborn by the Inundation of foreign Luxuries; they refined their Manners into Exceſſes of every kind. In vain, did the *Cenſor* now remind his Fellow-

Citizens of the Severity of their Anceſtours: Example was grown too powerful for his Authority: Pleaſure and Idleneſs became liberal, Labour and Induſtry, ſervile Diſtinctions. The Corruption, which began among the Quality, inſenſibly infected the People to ſuch a degree; that, at laſt, the moſt uſeleſs Citizen was accounted the moſt honourable. In this polite State of Degeneracy, their Time (which before was uſually employed to ſome laudable Purpoſe) was now wholly divided between Amuſements, Ceremonies, the Tasks of Ambition, Feaſtings, and immoderate Sleep: Which brings me to what I propoſed, in the beginning of my preceding Paper.

DURING the firſt four hundred and ſixty Years, the *Romans* knew no other Diviſion of the Day, but into the *Morning*, the *Noon*, and the *Evening*: And, in the Law of the *Twelve Tables*, there is no mention made, but of the Riſing and Setting of the Sun; neither was it till ſome Years after, that the Common Crier proclaimed the *Noon*, with a loud Voice.

Pliny ſays, that the firſt Inſtrument, which the *Romans* ever had to diſtinguiſh the Hours, was a *Sun-Dial*, placed by the *Cenſor Papyrius Curſor* in the Court of the Temple of *Quirinus*, ten Years before the *Tarentine* War: And *Marcus Varro* informs us, that the firſt Curioſity of this kind (which was expoſed in publick near the *Roſtrums*) was fixed upon a little Pillar; and that it was brought from *Sicily* by *Valerius Meſſala*, in the four hundred and ſeventy ſeventh Year of *Rome*. How imperfect ſoever this *Dial* might be, they continued to regulate their Time by it, about ninety-nine Years; till *Martius Philippus* (who was Cenſor with *Paulus Æmilius*) gave them one more compleat: and *Pliny* adds, That he gained more

more Reputation by this Preſent to the Publick, than by all his other Actions, during his *Cenſorſhip*.

BUT, notwithſtanding theſe Helps the *Romans* were ſtill at a loſs to know the time of the Day, and to proportion their Hours, as often as the Sky was over-caſt; till *Scipio Naſica*, in the Year five hundred and ninety-five, ſet up an Invention to meaſure the Hours, by the dropping of Water out of one Veſſel into another; as we (on ſome Occaſions) now meaſure them, by the running of Sand. They counted twelve Hours in the Day; which were longer or ſhorter, according to the length and ſhortneſs of the Days. The firſt ſix Hours were from *Sun-riſing* till Noon; and the other ſix, from *Noon* to the *Going-down* of the Sun: And, that every Maſter of a Family might know, at home, how the Time paſſed; there was commonly a Slave kept in every Houſe, whoſe whole Employment was to run to and fro to obſerve the Hours, and ſignify them to the Family. Of this we have ſeveral Traces in the *Latin* Poets: And *Pliny*, ſpeaking of ſudden Deaths, ſays, that *Babius*, who had been *Prætor* of *Bithynia*, died inſtantly, when he had enquired of his Servant, the Hour of the Day.

HERE again, I am obliged to ſtop my Carreer, in the ſecond Stage of my Subject, by ſome Reflections, that merit Attention.

WE have ſeen the *Romans* fall from the Sobriety of their Manners, by the Acquiſition of Power; and decline in Vertue, as they grew in Affluence and Politeneſs: Which, at laſt, ended in the total Subverſion firſt of their Liberties, and then of their Empire. This has been the Fate of almoſt all flouriſhing Nations: And I fear *England*, without timely Care, will in a few Years furniſh Hiſtory with

with one pregnant Example more of this kind This Obſervation makes me inclinable to believe, that the celebrated Vertues of any Community have been owing more to Neceſſity than Choice; ſince we find, that moſt Countries have admitted of as many Extravagancies, as their Circumſtances could ſupport. We have indeed many glorious Inſtances of particular Perſons who have enjoyed the moſt ample Fortunes with the greateſt Moderation: But, I know of no powerful and flouriſhing State, that was ever able to maintain their ancient, neceſſary Vertues, and to diſtinguiſh themſelves by a National Heroiſm.

FROM the Account of the *Roman* Diviſion of the Day, we may obſerve how very ſlow the Progreſs of the moſt ſeemingly obvious Arts and Sciences muſt have been in all Nations, at the Beginning. When the *Romans* were at laſt able to parcel out the Day into twelve Hours; yet even then, it muſt have been a new and a tedious Study, to come to an Exactneſs of dividing thoſe Hours into Minutes, and ſubdividing the Minutes into Seconds: And yet, trifling as this Knowledge may ſeem (which our Clock-makers have broughr to a ſurprizing Nicety) it would be endleſs to enumerate the Uſes of it.

SINCE our time is reduced to a Standard, and the Bullion of the Day is minted out into Hours; the Induſtrious know how to employ every piece of Time to a real advantage, in their different Profeſſions: And he, that is prodigal of his Hours, is (in effect) a Squanderer of Money. I remember to have heard of a notable Woman, who was thoroughly ſenſible of the intrinſick Value of Time. Her Husband was a Shoe-maker, and an excellent Crafts-man; but never minded how the Minutes paſſed. In vain did his Wife inculcate to him,

That

That *Time is Money*: He had too much Wit to apprehend her; and he curſed the Pariſh-Clock, every Night; which at laſt brought him to his Ruin. One Night, when the poor Woman ſent the Prentice to call him home from the Ale-Houſe; he asked, what a-clock it was? *Twelve*, anſwers the Boy: Go then (ſays the Maſter) and bid my Wife be eaſy, *it can never be more*. After an Hour's Patience, ſhe ſent again: What a-clock now, Child? *One*, Sir. That's a good Boy; once more, go and deſire my Wife to be comforted; *it can never be leſs*.

N° 122. *Friday*, May 22. 1719.

Ἐξ ὧραι μόχθοις ἱκανωτάται, αἱ δὲ μετ' αὐτὰς
Γράμμασι δεικνύμεναι, Ζῆθι λέγουσι βροτοῖς.

LUCIAN.

WHILE the Day was all of a piece at *Rome*, the Manners of the People were ſimple, and their Occupations ſuch only as Neceſſity required. No ſooner had they learnt to tell out their Time into Hours, than they contrived Methods to multiply the Buſineſs of the Day; allotting, to almoſt every Hour, a different Care. If then, we conſider the *Romans* in this Condition; they generally parcelled out the Day, in their ordinary Courſe of Living, after the following manner.

THEY had their Morning Devotions; with which they uſually began the Day; going from Temple

Temple to Temple to recommend themſelves, every Man to as many Gods, as he thought he might ſtand in need of. Thoſe, who were not at leiſure, or perhaps not diſpoſed to go abroad, acquitted themſelves of this Duty at home; the Rich by Sacrifices, or Offerings, and the Poor only by Vows and Prayers. They had, likewiſe, their Evening Adorations; with this Diſtinction, That their *Matins* were for the *Celeſtial*, and their *Veſpers* for the *Infernal* Deities. But, the Prime of the Day was not wholly appropriated to the Gods: They found it highly neceſſary not to be tardy in paying their Reſpects to their own Species: they were aſſiduous and early in their *Lewee-Salutations*; the inferiour People paid their Morning-Court to the Magiſtrates; and the Magiſtrates went abroad betimes to worſhip the *Grandees* of the City.

THUS, were the firſt and the ſecond Hours of the Sun ordinarily employ'd by the *Roman* Citizens; if we except the ſevere Students, the Men of Buſineſs, the Merchants, the Tradeſmen and Artificers; who preferred Induſtry to Servility, and were not at leiſure to be faſhionable.

THE third Hour ſummoned the People to the Courts of Judicature; excepting on Holy-Days, or when ſome more important Affairs of Government interrupted the Buſineſs of the *Bar*. Beſide the Judges, the Lawyers, the Solicitors, and the Parties concerned, there was always a vaſt Concourſe in the *Forum*; who came thither, partly to enquire after News, and partly to hear the Pleadings; and who, during the Republick, took upon them to approve or to condemn the Deciſions, that were made. For this reaſon it is, that *Cicero*, in the *Peroration* of his Accuſation againſt *Verres*, threatens the Judges with the Cenſure of the *Roman* People, who heard him ſpeak, if they ſhould ſuffer

ſuffer the heinous Crimes of *Verres* to eſcape the Rigour of the Laws.

THIS Attention took up the Generality of the Citizens (who were not obliged to be abſent upon other Concerns) during the third, the fourth, and the fifth Hours. In the mean time, the reſt (who were engaged in more urgent Buſineſs) employ'd theſe Hours according to their different Callings, their Rank, and their ſeparate Views. The *Knights* ſat as Judges, and regiſtred Treaties and legal Contracts: And the *Candidates* for Employments, or Honours, went about the City with their Friends and Relations, to procure Votes.

AT laſt, came the ſixth Hour of the Day; the *Noon-Tide*: at which Time, every Man retired to his Home; made a ſlender Dinner; and took a moderate, refreſhing Nap.

THE firſt Hours in the Afternoon were uſually allotted to Bodily Exerciſes; as walking, riding in a Coach, or playing at Mall: And the Youth of Faſhion, whoſe Ambition prompted them to improve their Agility and Strength, went into the *Field of Mars* to practiſe ſuch Feats of Activity, as were moſt proper to fit them for the Diſcipline and Fatigues of War.

As the Riches, and conſequently the Luxury, of the *Romans* encreaſed, they had their publick Walks, as likewiſe private Gardens of great Magnificence: and, in time, Marble Cloiſters, and Galleries of an incredible Length. In theſe cool places did the Perſons, who loved ſedate Amuſements, paſs two or three Hours of the Afternoon, in diſcourſing gravely or pleaſantly, according to their different Humours. The Poets took this favourable Opportunity to come thither, to recite their Verſes to ſuch as were inclinable to hear them.

FROM

FROM theſe ſeveral Recreations, they flocked to the publick Baths, which were opened at a ſtated Time; in the Winter at the eighth, in the Summer at the ninth Hour of the Day: which was ſignify'd by the Sound of a Bell. Thoſe, who had private Baths, made uſe of them earlier, or later, as they pleaſed: But, *Alexander Severus* firſt permitted the publick Baths to be kept open all the Night, in the intenſe Heats of the Summer. The Poets, likewiſe, came to the Baths to repeat their Compoſitions; where they never failed of a numerous Audience.

AFTER Bathing, was the Time of uſing Oils and ſweet Ointments; with which they ſuppled their Limbs: And then, ſucceeded the Time of Supper; which began, the ninth or tenth Hour of the Day. This was their principal Meal; and (in Proceſs of Time) from a ſhort, moderate Repaſt, grew to the Exceſs of being prolonged till after Midnight.

MY Readers will ſee by this Account, that the *Romans* divided the Action of every Day into two diſtinct Scenes; the one for Studies or Buſineſs, the other for Exerciſes and Amuſements; the proper Means for preſerving the Mind, and the Body, in full Vigour. As it was not reputable to waſte any Portion of the *Forenoon* in Pleaſures; ſo likewiſe, it was not cuſtomary to let any Affairs break in upon the Leiſure of the *Afternoon*. Nevertheleſs, ſo ſevere was the Application of ſome Men of Note, that they gave their Minds no Relaxation, before the tenth Hour. Thus *Seneca* ſays, *We remember the great Oratour* Aſinius Pollio, *who would not attend to the leaſt Buſineſs, nor ſo much as read a Letter, after the tenth Hour: leſt the Contents of it ſhould oblige him to ſome new Care: And in the two remaining Hours, he refreſhed himſelf, and threw off*

off the Fatigue of the whole Day. But, this Severity was not required in a Perſon of the moſt ſerious Character: *Plutarch* ſays, that *Cato* went regularly after Dinner to exerciſe himſelf at *Ball*, in the *Campus Martius*; and that he diverted himſelf as uſual with this Exerciſe, that very Day, the People had refuſed to chooſe him *Conſul*.

AFTER what has been ſaid, let us a little conſider a *London-Day*; and ſee what Account we can give of our Hours, for the Information of future Ages, when we may be no longer a free People.

BE it known then to my Readers in Futurity (if they happen to underſtand *Engliſh*) that formerly our Day, as in other ancient Nations, began with the riſing of the Sun: But, about the latter End of the *ſixteenth Century*, the wiſe Men obſerved a viſible Change in our Time, which has ever ſince gone on, for the worſe; inſomuch that, of late Years we have altered our manner of computing ſo far, that our Morning begins preciſely at the Noon of our Anceſtours; and our Noon correſponds with the Evening of thoſe plain Folks, who lived by the Light of Nature, and ſaved Fire and Candle. In other Words; let us ſuppoſe an *Hour-Kalendar*, and then, our *New-Style* will be found to differ juſt ſix Hours from the *Old*.

WE perform our Exerciſes (ſuch as they are) moſtly by Candle-light: Sedentary Sports are moſt faſhionable; ſuch as enfeeble the Body, and render it liſtleſs and delicate in all its Motions. We have indeed a few robuſt, clowniſh Gentlemen; but in general they are thought diſqualify'd for any conſiderable Poſts, whether Civil or Military; and they are ſeldom, or never, promoted to any Titles of Honour, above Knighthood. The only Exerciſe now practiſed, that ſeems to require ſome Force of Arm, and a lively Spring in the Wriſt, is the violent

lent rattling of two little square Bones in a [illegible] Cylindrical Box, about five Inches deep, and [illegible] and a half Diameter.

[illegible]

N° 123. *Monday*, May 25. 1719.

Onerat discentem turba, non instruit: Multoque satius est paucis te auctoribus tradere, quam errare per multos. SENEC. de Tranquill. Anim.

London, May 11. 1719.

Mr. FREE-THINKER,

"PURSUANT to my * Promise, I purpose "to disclose my self to the Batchelour-Can- "didates; but first desire to know, whether you "have received any more Proposals, since your last. "In this respect I am an arrant Woman; I am de- "sirous of many Suiters: The fuller the Market, "the better the Choice; and the Person, I shall "cull out of a Thousand, will think himself more "obliged, than if I chose him out of a scanty "Number.

"As soon as I receive your Answer, I shall en- "trust you with my final Resolutions; that you "may make them publick. I am,

SIR,

Your sincerely obliged

MIRANDA.

I have

* N° 108.

I have been surprised at Mirabella's late Proceedings: She might have been happy, if she had pleased, these two Months ago. However, she has not yet lost her Opportunity; for, several of my Correspondents continue to complain after her with Impatience; and will, this Day, be transported to see, that she has not altered her Mind. All I can say to her at present is, that I long to see the Affair consummated; and that she needs not doubt of having a numerous Band of Suiters, when they shall know where to address themselves. In the mean time, I wish she had thought of making a proper Use of the *Whitsuntide*-Holydays, when every Candidate would have been entirely at leisure to attend her Resolutions.

To the FREE-THINKER.

SIR, *May* 8. 1719.

"IF a Sensibility of my Weakness, and an earnest "Desire to have it redressed, be proper Motives to engage your Philosophical Compassion; "I question not, but my Case will claim your "most serious Consideration. The Infirmity, for "the Cure of which I apply to you, is an Instabi-"lity of Mind, a volatil Thought, and a treache-"rous Memory; all which prevent the Improve-"ment of my Understanding, by the Use of Books: "So that, getting little Advantage by Reading, I "take as little Delight in it.

"I find it extremely difficult to fix my atten-"tion to any serious Subject: I cannot retain a "Number of Facts, with their several Circum-"stances of Time and Place, and Occasion: I can "give no distinct and particular Account, in the "Evening, of what I read in the Morning: and "in a few Days, the faint Traces leave not the "least Impression on my Mind. I have often

"won-

" wondered to hear a Gentleman say, *That he ne-*
" *ver read a Book, which he did not make his own.*
" What would I not give for ſo happy a Retен-
" tion! I fear, I labour under an incurable Evil.
" You beſt can reſolve my Doubts, or redreſs my
" Misfortune; and your Advice, which-ever way
" it turns, is expected with Impatience by,

SIR,

Your very humble Servant,

E. W.

IT is plain, the Gentleman, who is able to repreſent his Caſe ſo much like a Man of Senſe, is not under an Incapacity of improving his Underſtanding by the Uſe of Books. The beſt conſtituted Mind may, from ſeveral Accidents, contract the Infirmities he complains of; and yet may, through a timely Care, recover its natural Abilities.

INSTABILITY of Mind may proceed from unſettled Views in Life. The Perſon, whoſe Purpoſes are fluctuating, and who has not as yet determined what Scheme of Thought he ſhall purſue, but riſes every Day to ſome new Project; or who rambles perpetually in his Reading, and almoſt every Hour changes his Authour, or his Subject; muſt not expect, while he indulges himſelf in the Rovings of his Imagination, to make a tolerable Progreſs in any Knowledge or Profeſſion: And, let his natural Capacity be never ſo good, a long Habit of this kind will enervate his Attention, and render his Thoughts volatil: his Head will become a Thorough-Fare for a Succeſſion of fleeting Ideas, where none will abide, any more than Paſſengers in an Inn. The eaſieſt Remedy for this Waſte of Thought, is to habituate the Mind by degrees to Attention, by keeping it moderately

to

to the same Pursuit, Day after Day: and by choosing to relax it with Conversation, or any other Recreations, rather than to busy it to no purpose with a Variety of Studies, and a desultory Method of Reading.

THE Attention may likewise be dissipated by Multiplicity of Business, by Intemperance, by Pleasures, by Cares, or by strong Passions of any kind. While any one or more of these Avocations prevail, in vain does a Man of the best Parts endeavour to attend effectually to his Studies; and he accuses his Capacity wrongfully. His Soul is prepossest; his whole Thought is employ'd; and must be disingaged from the powerful Call of any urgent Affection, before he can listen to the less importunate Sollicitations of Arts and Sciences, which always require a Free Mind.

I come now to consider my Correspondent's *treacherous Memory*; which probably he accuses, not without some Injustice. I must observe to him that this Faculty operates different Ways in different Persons; that it is in general more or less retentive, as the Object is more or less interesting or agreeable to it; and likewise, that every Man's Memory is unfaithful, in proportion as his Attention is negligent. Let me farther observe, that there is no Man of Thought and Reflection, but he must have a considerable Power of Reminiscence; to which he is indebted for all his Observations, and his Judgment of Things: this Power, indeed, exerts it self variously; some it enables to recollect a vast Number of Particulars; and it gives to others the Advantage of retaining a great many general Conclusions, which are (as it were) the *Sum-Total* of a long List of Particulars: But, both these Advantages do not often concur in the same Person. I forbear to treat this Subject fully, at present,

present, for the Reason hinted in the beginning of my Seventy-second Paper. In the mean time; for the Relief of Mr. *E. W.* let him be assured, that (with Application and Method) an ordinary Force of Memory will carry a Student far into Knowledge; provided, he does not distract his Mind by too great a Variety of Studies. Neither let him be disheartened, because he cannot repeat an Authour's Words, nor perhaps recollect many Passages in a Book, he may have read with diligence: He may, nevertheless, *make an Authour his own*; which is more the Work of Judgment, than of Memory. I have known many a Gentleman, who could say *Virgil* by heart, write like *Bavius*: And, a Man may learn to think in the Spirit of a fine Writer, though he does not remember one entire Period of his Works.

N° 124. *Friday*, May 29. 1719.

Si potes archaicis conviva recumbere lectis,
Nec modica cænare times olus omne patella,
Supremo te sole domi, Torquate, manebo.

HOR.

OF all the Amusements and Pleasures of Life, Conversation has always been esteemed not only the most rational, but likewise the most agreeable, Method of unbending the Mind. It is an Entertainment, which suits every Age, and every Condition; and we still recur to it with fresh Delight.

Balls, of Plays, or of Opera's; which are ſtudied, artificial Refreſhments: Whereas, Converſation is the natural Junket of the Mind; and moſt Men have an Appetite to it, once in the day at leaſt: The Perſon, likewiſe, who ſecludes himſelf from Company, will as naturally impair the Vigour of his Underſtanding, as he would diminiſh the Strength of his Body by too abſtemious a Courſe of Diet.

There is a time for all things; and Converſation has its proper Seaſon. In the Morning, it diſſipates the Spirits; unſettles the Head for any ſerious Application; and intoxicates like Wine: In the Evening, it ſoftens every preceding Care; relieves every Fatigue; and deſcends, like a refreſhing Dew, upon the Thought, parched with the Buſineſs of the Day. Happy therefore is the Man, who when he has employ'd the Day in laudable Purſuits, has a choſen Band of Friends to converſe with, in the Evening: His Sleep is ſweet to him; and his Labour is not irkſome: On the other hand, his Condition is to be pity'd, who is the perpetual Slave of Buſineſs, or of Idleneſs; ſince either Courſe of Life is equally unnatural, and conſequently inconſiſtent with human Happineſs, in a well-conſtituted Mind.

It is fit this Evening Converſation (which, within due Bounds, I recommend to all my Diſciples, who are Men of Application whether to Buſineſs or Studies) ſhould be invigorated with a moderate Repaſt, and a cheerful Bottle; that the whole Man may be refreſhed. In the mean time, I forbid the Superfluities of Meats and Wines to all, but Miniſters of State, who employ them with great Efficacy in the Diſpatch of Buſineſs; impairing their Health, for the Service of the Publick.

Men

MEN of refined Spirits know the Luxury of a ſimple Banquet; and make the Variety of the Table conſiſt in ſhifting the Diſcourſe, ſo as to give the Judgment and the Imagination their play, by turns. In this reſpect, the Elegancy of Converſation is enjoy'd in greater perfection in this Nation, by the middling Gentry of a liberal Education, than by Perſons in great Stations and of ample Fortunes: Their Rank and Power checks the Eaſe and Freedom of Diſcourſe, both in themſelves and others: All Inequality breeds Conſtraint: And it is the Misfortune of the Great, to have many Gueſts, and no Companions. Beſides, all Meetings over ſumptuous Tables are apt to degenerate into meer Eating-Matches; and, by that time the Gueſts have exerciſed the ſeveral Diſhes through, the Man of the ſtrongeſt Digeſtion will, generally, be able to ſpeak moſt like a Man of Wit and Senſe.

IN all Ages, the Pleaſure of converſing cheerfully and freely has been the Evening Recreation of the moſt accompliſhed Men; of which, the *Greek* and *Roman* Writers furniſh us with ſeveral Examples, in Perſons of extraordinary Genius; Philoſophers, as well as Poets: and it is requiſite, that every Man, who employs his Thought much in the Day, ſhould ſacrifice a few Hours to Cheerfulneſs, at Night.

I have an Opportunity of cloſing theſe Reflections, very much to my Satisfaction, with a kind Preſent, ſent me by Mr. *Welſted*. It is an elegant Invitation, in Verſe, to a few Friends, to celebrate the King's Birth-Day with him; in Imitation of an Epiſtle in *Horace*; the Beginning of which, I have taken for my Motto. This has, indeed, been attempted in *Engliſh* before; but, with ſuch indifferent Succeſs, as ſhews it to be one of thoſe ſeemingly eaſy Pieces of Writing, which all hope to imitate;

infinite; and which none but an excellent Master, can express.

FREEMAN, *I treat this Night; and treat your Friends:*
If, happily, from Care your Thought unbends:
If Lucy *rules not with her jealous Sway;*
Let me bespeak you, at the Close of Day.

I give you the sound, manly Grape, that grows
In Tuscan *Vales, or where the* Tagus *flows;*
Or, if the Gallick *Vine delight you more,*
Of Hermitage, *I have a hidden Store.*
This is my Wealth: If you have better Wine,
Make me your Guest; if not, I claim you mine.

Already is my little Side-Board graced;
The Glasses marshall'd; the Decanters placed:
The Room is cool; the Summer-Hearth is gay
With Greens and Flowers, the Luxuries of May.

Snatch the blest Moments, this bright Season brings;
Omit minuter Hopes, and joyless Things;
Let Fame and Riches wait: This happy Morn,
With Brunswick, *Peace and Liberty were born!*
'Tis fit, my Friend, we consecrate to Mirth
The Day, which gave the Illustrious Monarch Birth.
When the Sun sets, we'll launch into Delight,
And give to gay Festivity the Night.

Of what avail is Fortune unenjoy'd?
Or what is Life, in anxious Hours employ'd?
Let the dull Miser pine with niggard Care,
And brood o'er Gold, devoted to his Heir:
While we, in honest Mirth, send Time away,
Regardless what severer Sages say.

In cheerful Minds, ſpontaneous Joys ariſe;
And well-tim'd Levities become the Wiſe.

What Vertue does not generous Wine impart?
It gives a winning Frankneſs to the Heart;
With lively Hopes, the drooping Spirit warms;
Awakens Love, and brightens Beauty's Charms.
High, florid Thoughts the inſpiring Juices breed;
Spleen they diſpel, and clear the Brow of Need.

Expect ſuperfluous Splendour from the Great;
Ragouſts, and coſtly Follies, ſerv'd in Plate;
And Ortelans, from diſtant Regions brought,
In foreign Arts of Luxury untaught.
I give you only Lamb from Uxbridge *Fields,*
And add the choiceſt Herb, the Garden yields;
Sileſian *Lettice, with ſoft* Lucca *Oil,*
Delicious Bleſſings, of a different Soil!

None do our Band of Fellowſhip compoſe,
But know the Chaſteneſs of the Banquet-Roſe.
Belmour *is ours;* Loveleſs, *with Humour ſtor'd;*
And careleſs Florio, *if he keeps his Word.*
I ſhould exceed your Rule, were more allow'd:
There's leſs of Mirth, than Tumult, in a Crowd.

Remember, Time poſts on with ſubtle Haſte:
Now, as I write, the number'd Minutes waſte.
Then, Freeman, *let us ſeize the preſent Hour,*
And husband the ſwift Moments in our Pow'r.
Good Humour bring along; and baniſh Care,
You know your Friends; you know your Bill of Fare.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

N° 125. *Monday*, June 1. 1719.

Admiranda tibi levium ſpectacula rerum,
Magnanimoſque duces ; totiuſque ordine gentis
Mores, & ſtudia, & populos, & prælia dicam.

VIRG.

I Was agreeably entertained, the other Day, with a Variety of Experiments, performed by the means of Optical Glaſſes, and other curious Contrivances of the like nature. The artful Deceptions of the Eye by many unheeded Stratagems, which give Laws to Painting and Perſpective, and extend the Sight to very minute, or diſtant Objects, opening new Fields of Obſervation to the Naturaliſt, and the Aſtronomer, with other more ludicrous Subtilties of this Science, give an elegant Satisfaction to the skilful Obſerver ; and ſtrike the moſt ignorant Beholder with a pleaſing Admiration. The various Deluſions I ſaw, left an agreeable Impreſſion on my Imagination, and, at length threw me into a kind of Philoſophical Trance.

WHILE my Fancy was full of the gay Philoſophy of Light and Colours, which I had newly ſeen diſplayed ; methought, I was afreſh engag'd in an Aſſembly of the *Virtuoſo*'s, who firſt cultivated this agreeable Part of Knowledge. The Beauty of their Diſcoveries, and the glorious Object of Light they were employ'd on, made me

look on these ancient Sages with a secret Pleasure, and Veneration. But, their noblest Improvements were decried by their Contemporaries, in that Age of Ignorance; and their most curious Inventions were beheld with Horrour, and condemned as Magical Enchantments. After they had (for a Time) been made the Sport and Scorn of the barbarous Multitude, a Prince (who was a Lover of Arts) took these distressed Philosophers into his Protection; and entertained great Numbers of them, for the Instruction of his Subjects. A spacious Academy, adorned with solemn Groves and stately Buildings, was prepared for their Reception; and Crouds of Disciples attended them in a magnificent Theatre, hung round with a variety of Glasses, designed for the Improvement of human Sight.

THE new Professours began, at first, to explain to their Pupils the Rudiments of their Art: and, with great Diligence, informed them of the true Design and Use of the several Instruments, they put into their Hands: But observing that their Inclinations were little turned to these uncommon Enquiries; they soon gave over the Thoughts of instructing them in Matters, so different from their former manner of thinking. At the same time, being unwilling to part with an Audience so gainful to them, they proposed to engage their Attention with little Tricks and Curiosities of their Art; which, by raising a greater Admiration, might turn to better Account to themselves; though they would not prove of any Advantage to their Hearers.

AFTER this prudent Resolution was taken, no serious Lectures were heard in these Schools of Idleness; no useful Figures were traced in the learned Dust: The several pieces of Mathemati-

cal

ral Furniture (designed by the first Inventers as Instruments of Instruction) were considered, by their wiser Followers, as Artifices of Amusement; and the *Telescopes*, framed for the Observation of the Stars and Heavens, were levelled at inferiour Objects.

THESE skilful Oculists delivered to every one of their Auditors, at his first Entrance into the Theatre, a different kind of Optical Instrument; recommending it, as fit to supply the Imperfections, and correct the Errours, of the Sight. Every one was commanded to persevere in the constant Use of that particular Glass, which happened first to be recommended to him; and taught, to believe the strange Representations made by it: But, was strictly cautioned, to suspect all the Machines of a different make from his own, as Instruments of Delusion. The Assembly being thus furnished with new Organs of Sight, were much divided in their Judgments about the Shape and Proportion of Bodies; and received very different Sensations, according to the Nature of the several Glasses, through which they surveyed them.

SOME, by the help of *Microscopes*, discovered infinite Charms and Perfections in the minutest Objects; to which they were closely attached; But, could not discern any thing great, or beautiful, at a distance. Those, who had been favoured with the inestimable Present of one of these Glasses, were always successful in the Pursuit of Riches and Honours, and all that is commonly esteemed desirable amongst Men, from a more intense Application to their present Interests; which alone, they judged to be of any Importance: While others, by a right Use of *Telescopes*, were enabled with more certainty to discern, and secure to themselves future Advantages, of far greater Moment. But

this noble Inſtrument, if held in an unskilful Poſture, diſcovered the Proſpect of Futurity more remote and confuſed, than it would have appeared to the naked Eye; and made thoſe Scenes of Time, which were juſt approaching, ſeem ſtill at an immenſe Diſtance.

IT were endleſs to recount the various Engines, by which the Appearances of things were diverſified. Some were armed with Multiplying-Glaſſes; very advantageous for obſerving the Faults of others: But, the Generality regulated their Affections by an odd kind of Mirrours; which (by diſtorting the Figures repreſented in them, and deforming the moſt beautiful Objects) had a ſingular Vertue to efface the fond Impreſſions of Love and Amity; and to create mutual Horrour and Averſion. A late Tyrant, taking a Review of two or three Millions of his harmleſs Subjects in the Concave of one of theſe enormous Glaſſes, was ſo terrified at their monſtrous Form, that he inſtantly cauſed them to be extirpated out of his Dominions.

MULTITUDES were charmed with the ſhifting Stains of Light in a Glaſs, that reflected an Artificial Rain bow; and their Thoughts were as variable, as the Colours it repreſented. One, of greater Subtilty, than the reſt of this wavering Tribe, was obſerved to be often ſpying through a long Tube; to which, at every Look, he ſtill added a new Glaſs; contrary, to the former, in its Effect: Theſe Glaſſes were alternately apply'd in ſuch a manner, that one inverted every Object, and the next rectify'd the Errour: As he ſtill went on, encreaſing the number of Glaſſes; it was uncertain, whether his Speculations were like to terminate in Truth, or Falſhood.

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A Set of gloomy Visionaries, who had renounced the Light of the Sun for the sake of Improveing their Sight, were retired to a dark Cell, which admitted a few Rays only, at a narrow Entrance. Their Speculations were confined to the dusky Images painted on the Walls of this limited Observatory; which gave a faint Reflection of the neighbouring Landskips, and counterfeited a dim Face of Nature; where every thing was, preposterously, inverted. The Roof was green with Fields and Lawns; the Pavement purpled over with Skies and Clouds, that darted their Showers and Sunshine from beneath; the pendant Groves took Root upwards; and the headlong Streams and the Rocks threatned a shadowy Ruin.

THE numerous Members of the Academy were ranged into opposite Factions, by the different kinds of Glasses assigned to them: Every one doated on the Crystal Enchantment, he was happily possessed of; and looked, with Contempt and Horrour, on the Delusions of others. The Teachers of these different Schools of Optics were all ambitious of gaining the greatest Number of Followers: Each drew into his own Faction as many as he could prevail with (by Force or Persuasion) to accept the particular Machines, that were in his Disposal.

AT length; a Powerful Party arose, who subdued all the unarmed Sects, by the help of Burning-Glasses. The new Martyrs, thus scorched with Flames from Heaven, exclaimed loudly against this mischievous Piece of Artillery: But, after having experienced the Force of so excellent an Invention, which conveyed Heat with a dazling Light; every Sect made their advantage of it, and turned it against their Adversaries. Thus, a Fiery War was waged, with various Fortune; the Beamy

Engines was mounted on every side, and hostile Rays were darted from the flashing Orbs, with redoubled Rage.

THE whole Academy was, now, in the utmost Confusion: Every one lamented the Mischiefs, that sprung from the various Opinions concerning Visible Objects; and proposed to redress this Evil, by obliging others to submit to the Use of his Favourite Glass. This impracticable Remedy, by the mutual Jealousies it inspired, more encreased the Disorder; while the Combatants eagerly contended only for different Errours of Sight: All which would have vanished at once, and things would have again appeared in their natural Colours and Proportions; if they would have consented to see with their own Eyes, and to apply those excellent Instruments which were become so pernicious by the Abuse of them, to the Uses for which they were at first designed.

N° 126. *Friday*, June 5. 1719.

Bella per Emathios plus quam civilia campos,
Jusque datum sceleri, canimus; populumque potentem,
In sua victrici conversum viscera dextra.

LUCAN.

IT is now almost a Year, since I laid down * *the Rules of Controversy*; in hopes of moderating the Animosities of the Men of Letters: And, very

* N° 26.

very lately, * I endeavoured to recommend to them a mutual Candour towards each other. In the mean time, I obſerve their inhumanity increaſes; and the Hoſtilities of the Pen grow, every Day, more outrageous. If they reſolve to perſiſt in exerciſing the Cruelties of Wit and Dulneſs, every Man, according to his Abilities; all Perſons of Vertue and Honour will, at laſt, be apt to eſteem profeſt Scholars as the moſt Illiberal, Ungentlemanlike, Members of Society.

WHAT a bleſſed Age do we live in for the Advancement of Knowledge; when Perſons of Note in the ſeveral learned Profeſſions ſeem to take a delight in expoſing one another, in their Writings; and when, no Man is allow'd to divulge an uncommon Notion (eſpecially if it happens to be true) without incurring the Scurrility of the Preſs! This ungenerous Practice paſſes, like a Blaſt, over Arts and Sciences, killing all the tender Bloſſoms of Knowledge; while it ſuffers the Weeds of Ignorance to thrive.

THE Divines of the Church of *England* have ſufficiently gratify'd the Diſſenters by their Intemperate Zeal; and now, the Diſſenting Miniſters have undertaken (in their Turn) to ſhew the Churchmen a little Sport; and to let the Nation ſee, that an *Aſſembly* differs not in Eſſentials from a *Convocation*. It is greatly to be feared, that this Theological Method of quickening Controverſy, by pointing a blunt Argument with Calumny, will in a little time be univerſally received amongſt the Learned of every Denomination. Plain Reaſon will be rejected, as inſipid; and, to render Logick more palatable, it will be thought requiſite to cook up every Syllogiſm with the Poignancy of Scandal: By this Means, we ſhall at laſt grow

grow ſo delicate, as to ſit down with Appetite to no Entertainment from the Preſs, unleſs there be more Sauce than Meat; a Courſe of Diet for the Underſtanding, which will give it much Wantonneſs with little Strength; and reduce our Students to an Impotency of Mind.

I am more apprehenſive of theſe fatal Conſequences; ſince I find, the Phyſicians give mightily, of late, into this wicked Practice. There is a Spirit of Orthodoxy begins to riſe amongſt theſe Gentlemen; and they, whoſe good Fortune it is to be eſtabliſhed in the Vogue of the Town, will allow no Member of the Faculty to diſſent (though it were to ſave a Life) from the Catholick Practice, under the Penalty of Perſecution. This Infallibility, in the Doctrines of Health, tends to ſubject us Lay-Patients to the Danger of periſhing implicitely: And, if timely Care be not taken to put a ſtop to all Popery, in adminiſtring of Medicines; a Man may be ſucceſsfully diſpatched in a Wafer, or a Julep: While, all the Comfort the Relations of the Deceaſed can expect, is to be told; that the Patient made a good regular End; and died, according to Form.

CERTAINLY, all Errours may be refuted, and all Truths explained (in any Parts of Learning) without the Comment of Perſonal Reflections: And, when we ſee Controverſialiſts deſcend to theſe mean Artifices; we may conclude, the Diſingenuity of their Hearts exceeds the Soundneſs of their Underſtandings, Scoffings and Revilings are the Strong-holds of Ignorance; whereas, Knowledge is eſtabliſhed by Candour. The Skill of an able Phyſician is beſt manifeſted by his Cures; while Empiricks are neceſſitated to ſupport their Reputation by Railing.

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THE *Free-Thinker* is an abſolute Stranger to the Parties engaged in the preſent Warfare: Neither would he have thought, theſe Commotions demanded his Notice; were the Hoſtilities carried on, without a very notorious Violation of the univerſal Laws of Humanity, and good Manners. The Outrage of Controverſy, on this Occaſion, has ſurpaſſed every Inſtance of learned Malignity, in our Memory, within this Nation: And, it will hereafter be hardly believed, that Perſons of a liberal Profeſſion ſhould, when they had ſeemingly gratify'd their Spleen by the Licentiouſneſs of the Preſs, indulge their Reſentments ſo far, as to encourage the exhibiting of an aukward Piece of Malice publickly, on the Stage.

THIS Method of delivering Perſons over to the the Theatre, when we happen to differ from them in our Sentiments, or to take a Diſlike to their Conduct, is erecting the Play-Houſe into an Inquiſition: And, as no Man is entirely free from Enemies, none can be ſecure from this unmanly kind of Revenge. It is introducing of Cruelty into our Diverſions, in as barbarous a Manner, as was practiſed by the *Heathens*; when they expoſed Men, in their *Amphitheatres*, to fight with Wild Beaſts, for the Entertainment of the Vulgar.

IN the mean time, it is a Satisfaction to every generous Spirit to obſerve; that the diſintereſted and ſenſible Part of the Town have unanimouſly reſented this Innovation, with ſuch a becoming Freedom of Speech, as (it is to be hoped) will prevent the introducing of the Licentiouſneſs of the Old *Greek* Comedy, on the *Britiſh* Stage: For which Reaſon, I at preſent forbear to expreſs the Fulneſs of my Heart on this Occaſion; not queſtioning, but the Comedians in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*

Fields will, for the future, employ the Ingenuity, they hold by Patent, to more innocent Purpoſes.

I have no other Intention in this and the preceding Lectures, which fall in with my preſent Diſcourſe, but to meditate a General Peace in the learned World; or, at leaſt, to incline Scholars, as often as any Diſputes riſe amongſt them, to compromiſe their Differences amicably; that the Dignity of Arts and Sciences may not ſuffer, through the Peeviſhneſs of the Profeſſours, who are entruſted with the Care of them.

SOME Gentlemen of the *Faculty* may, perhaps, not read this Paper with that Candour, with which it is preſented to their Peruſal. Therefore, I have thought it proper to diſmiſs them with a manifeſt Token of my Benevolence to the whole College, by deſiring them, for their own Intereſt, to conſider; That they cannot (as ſome Profeſſions may) treat one another harſhly, with Impunity. The Laws have not provided for the Support of their Studies, by Donations and Lucrative Preferments: they are not upon a national Eſtabliſhment; their Emoluments are precarious; and they are to ſubſiſt wholly by their Skill, their Induſtry, their Reputation, and the Good-Will of the People. Therefore, it highly behoves them, not only to be tender of bringing their Faculty into Contempt; but likewiſe, to encourage the Improvement of Knowledge, by allowing every one of their Members to ſtrike out new Lights: For, if Free-Thinking be diſcountenanced in Phyſick, Ignorance will enſue; few Cures will be performed; and Fees will abate, in proportion: So that, they will be reduced from Chariots to a dappled Horſe, or a Chaiſe and Trumpet; and the good old Women will recover their Practice.

N°

N° 127. *Monday*, June 8. 1719.

Vertue now, nor noble Blood,
Nor Wit, by Love is underſtood:
Gold alone does Paſſion move;
Gold monopolizes Love.

COWLEY.

To the FREE-THINKER.

SIR, *May* 26. 1719.

"AS you are the avowed Patron of the Diſtreſſed, and more eſpecially of unfortunate "Lovers; I preſume to beg the Aſſiſtance of your "Pen. I love to diſtraction; I cannot live without *Belinda*; and yet, of myſelf, I know not "how to ſurmount the Difficulties, that ſtand between me and my Happineſs.

"IT was my Fate (whether Good or Ill, I "cannot yet determine) to live in the Houſe where "*Belinda* came to board; ſhe then, but twelve "Years of Age, and I, advanced only ſix in Life, "beyond her. With what Pleaſure did I, from "Day to Day, obſerve her growing Charms! "How did I watch every Opportunity, to recommend myſelf to her innocent Affections! And, "in what an engaging Manner, did ſhe delight in "my officious Cares to pleaſe her!

"WHEN

" WHEN I had compleated about twelve " Months, in this happy Condition; I was obliged " to go to Sea: But with what Reluctancy did I " leave the tender, blooming *Belinda*! No sooner " was I parted from her, but I found her lovely " Idea, always present to my waking and my sleep- " ing Thoughts; and, what I mistook in myself " for Good-Nature and Complaisance, was ripened " into Love. Neither Distance nor Absence abated " my Desires: My Passion grew daily; and the " farther the Winds bore me from her, the more " did my Longings encrease.

" AT my Return, after the Expiration of two " tedious Years, I ventured to tell the little Idol " of my Soul, that I loved her beyond expression; " and that, all my Felicity was placed in her alone. " By improving every Occasion, I (at last) con- " vinced *Belinda* of my Sincerity; and she was " pleased to answer my Passion in the kindest man- " ner. Thus far, am I made happy; only (I fear) " to be more wretched, in the End.

" ALAS, Sir; *Belinda* has a Father, who is in- " sensible to all my Sufferings, notwithstanding his " Daughter suffers with me! and yet, *Belinda* is " an only Child; and yet, the Father is sufficiently " wealthy, to make us happy, without the least " Inconveniency to himself. Why was it not my " Destiny to inherit an Estate? That, alone, is " my Misfortune; this Deficiency is the only Ob- " jection, urged against my Pretensions. My For- " tune, indeed, bears no proportion to my Love: " And yet, while the one encreases daily, I have a " fair Prospect of advancing the other.

" WHAT should I do, in these perplexing Cir- " cumstances? Sometimes, in the Distraction of " my Soul, I am tempted to persuade my Char- " mer to run the risque of marrying, without

" Consent:

" Conſent: But then, my deſperate Reſolutions " are checked by a thouſand fond Fears for her " future Quiet. Dear Sir, undertake to plead my " Cauſe: Your Eloquence may ſoften the Father's " obdurate Heart, and incline him to pity two " Perſons, who cannot be happy, but in each o- " ther. In hopes of your ſpeedy Compliance, I " am,

Your impatient humble Servant,

CONSTANCIO.

" *P. S.* That you may ſee, I have carried my " Conſtancy up to a reaſonable Maturity; I muſt " inform you, I am now twenty-ſix. If we ſuc- " ceed, *Belinda* promiſes you a Pair of Gloves and " a Favour: And, as I queſtion not, but you have " a good Aim in throwing the Stocking, I ſhall be " proud of a lucky Caſt from you, in hopes of a " young *Free-Thinker* for my Heir.

FROM the tender Regard, I have all along ſhewn to the Afflictions of Lovers, my Diſciples, Male and Female, will be apt to conclude (and not without Reaſon) that my Heart is no Stranger to the Severity of their Sufferings. I know no Grief, equal to the Anxiety of a diſappointed Love; and, conſequently, no Diſtreſs can merit more Compaſſion. For this Reaſon, I am troubled for *Conſtancio* and *Belinda*; and would fain relieve not only Them, but All, who labour under the like Difficulties.

PARENTS have a Right to arbitrate in Matters, that nearly concern the Welfare of their Children; to check the Raſhneſs, and to preſide over the Inexperience, of Youth: But then, they are to judge with Impartiality; and rather incline

to

to Indulgence, than Severity. The Indulgence likewiſe ought to be the greater, as the Object of it is more excuſable. Now, of all the Deſires, that over-rule the Conduct of young People, a vertuous Love is perhaps the only one, that is entirely blameleſs. Moreover, as it is not only a natural, but a neceſſary Paſſion; it is by no means reaſonable, that it ſhould be ſacrificed to either Ambition or Avarice.

THE Happineſs of a marry'd State is not to be ſupported without Money: But, if there be a Competency on either ſide, it is ſufficient to juſtify the Prudence of a Match: and the preſent Age ſtands in need of ſuch Examples, for the Encouragement of Vertue. A gallant, honeſt Husband is the moſt valuable Purchaſe, a wealthy Father can make for his Daughter: Therefore, if there be no Objection to the Character of *Conſtancio*; let Prejudice and Cuſtom be laid aſide, and the Laws of Nature take place.

THERE is a Merit in Conſtancy, which claims any Reward: It ſhews a Sublimity, a Manlineſs, a Reſolution, a Sincerity of Mind: And my Client (it ſeems) has approved his Fidelity, through the Courſe of eight Years; while above half the young Fellows, in the Town, have changed as often as the Moon. I will farther obſerve, to the Honour of the few refined Spirits, who have a Genius for Love; that they generally diſtinguiſh themſelves in the other Vertues of Life, beyond either the Indolent, or the Rovers.

THESE generous Sentiments, I fear, will not be much reliſhed by Men advanced in Years and Wealth: Therefore, I ſhall conclude my Pleading with a Conſideration more ſuitable to Age, as it is founded in Self-Love. A Father, who (by his plentiful Circumſtances) has it in his power to beſtow

sow his only Daughter on a brave Man, whose Fortune does not answer to her Inheritance, at once makes his Daughter happy, and adopts a Son, who will consider him as his Parent. By this means, he is blest with two Children; whom he endears by the most Fatherly Indulgence. Whereas, when he puts his Daughter off, at the Market-Price; perhaps, he renders her miserable, for Life; and, having conferred no Obligation, he can claim no extraordinary Duty nor Affection, from her Husband.

N° 128. *Friday*, June 12. 1719.

Fidem qui perdit, nihil pateſt ultra perdere.
Bona opinio homini tutior pecunia eſt.

PUBL. SYR.

SIX Months ago, I ventured on a Lecture, to shew the Wisdom *, of Honesty; at which time, I had some Thoughts of pursuing that Argument; and purposed to carry my general Observations into a Paradox, by attempting to demonstrate, that Honesty is the best Policy, even in a Court. But, upon cooler Reflection, notwithstanding I am my self convinced of the Truth of this seemingly extravagant Position, I think it proper to defer my Intention, till I have let my Countrymen a little farther into my Scheme of Politicks; in which, I shall proceed, within a few days. It is

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is by no means adviſeable to precipitate aſtoniſhing Truths; and it would be an unpardonable Raſhneſs in a Philoſopher, (as many have experienced) to revive an Opinion, which has been exploded Time out of Mind, by the univerſal Practice of Men in Power; till he has firſt, in more familiar Inſtances, given repeated Proofs to the Perſons more immediately concerned in his Doctrines, that his Notions are not chimerical.

SINCE there is hardly a Poſſibility of removing Prejudices, that are rivetted upon the Mind; I do not flatter my ſelf with the vain Hopes of changing the Judgments of Perſons, who are mature in Errours. The main Tendency of my Labours is to give a right Turn to the Hearts and Underſtandings of young People; and to breed a future Race of *Free-Thinkers*. Therefore, in ſome degree to renew the antiquated Vertue, I have mentioned; I ſhall (at preſent) only illuſtrate the Value of Integrity in a Courtier, by an Example, which carries Inſtruction without Offence.

LET my youthful Diſciples then, who aſpire to Employments in the State, peruſe the following curious Piece of *Perſian* Hiſtory; which I ſhall finiſh in my next Paper. But firſt, that it may make the deeper Impreſſion, I muſt obſerve to them; That Honeſty is much more ſecure, and has a fairer Game to play, in a Free Country, than where it is ſubjected to the Will of an abſolute Prince.

The Hiſtory of ALIBEZ.

CHA-ABBAS, King of *Perſia*, making a Progreſs through his Dominions, withdrew himſelf one day from his Court; led by his Curioſity to ſee the ſimple, natural Life of the Peaſants: taking with him, only one of his Courtiers. I have never yet had an opportunity (ſays the King

King to him) to obſerve the Manners of Men in a true Light: What I have hitherto ſeen, has been all Diſguiſe; the Simplicity of Nature has been hidden from me: Therefore, I have reſolved to look into the Country; and to conſider thoſe People, whom we deſpiſe; notwithſtanding, they are the Foundation and Support of Society. I am weary of being perpetually ſurrounded by Courtiers, who watch my Looks and my Words, to enſnare me with Flattery. Be not ſurprized then, that I have determined to lay aſide the King, for a Time; that I may converſe, freely and unknown, with Husbandmen and Shepherds.

HE paſſed through ſeveral Villages, with his Confident; and in every Place, as he paſſed, he found the People dancing. His Heart was raviſhed with delight, upon diſcovering the cheap, innocent, peaceable Pleaſures, which are not to be found but at a diſtance from Courts. He went into a Hut, to refreſh himſelf; and, as through Faſting and Exerciſe his Appetite was keen, he made a delicious Repaſt; and reliſhed the coarſe Fare, that was laid before him, beyond the Delicacies of his own Table.

FROM the little green Hut, *Cha-Abbas* wandered on, with his Companion; till he came to a Meadow richly embroidered with Flowers, and ſhaded on every ſide, with ſpreading Trees. He had not entered far into this luxuriant Scene, when he heard the Murmur of a Brook: And, advancing forward, he perceived a young Shepherd, ſitting on the Bank of the Stream, under the cool Shade of a Beach-Tree, and playing on his Pipe; while his Flock fed, along the freſh Margin. The King came up to him; and, attentively eyeing him, was ſurpriſed at the Sweetneſs and Ingenuity of his Countenance, tempered with a graceful Simplicity.

city. The mean Apparel of the Youth did not abate his Comelineſs: And the King took him for ſome young Nobleman, in Diſguiſe. Hereupon, the Shepherd informed him, that his Father and his Mother lived in the next Village; and that his Name was *Alibez*.

THE more *Cha-Abbas* diſcourſed with him, the more he admired the Modeſty and the Juſtneſs of his Anſwers. His Eyes were lively, without the leaſt Fiereeneſs; his Voice was ſweet and inſinuating: And his Features were neither harſh or vulgar; nor yet ſoft and effeminate. The Shepherd, who was not above ſixteen Years of Age, was unconſcious of his own advantageous Form; and ſuſpected not that his Perſon, his Speech and his Thoughts, were extraordinary, or peculiar more to him, than to all the other Swains of the Village. But, Nature had been liberal to him; and had implanted that Force of Reaſon in his Mind, which others acquire by Education.

THE King was charmed with converſing familiarly with him; and often ſmiled at the natural Expreſſions of the Youth, whoſe Anſwers were unconſtrained, his Lips ſpeaking the Language of his Heart; a Style of Converſation, which (till then) the King had never heard. Wherefore, he made a Sign to the Courtier, his Companion, not to diſcover him; fearing that *Alibez* would immediately loſe all his Frankneſs, and his natural Graces, if he knew before whom he ſpoke.

AFTER a long Converſation; I am at laſt convinced (ſaid the Prince to his Confident) that the Perfections of Nature are not confined to Birth and Grandeur; and that the Monarch is not always ſuperiour to the Peaſant. Never was the Son of a King better born, than this young Shepherd. I ſhould think myſelf happy in a Son, whoſe

whose Beauty, whose Sense, and whose Virtues, were equal to the rare Endowments, I have observed in this Youth. If I judge aright, he would excel in any Condition of Life; and if proper Care be taken of his Education, he will undoubtedly one day prove an extraordinary Man. Therefore, I am determined to rescue him from Obscurity, and to educate him in my Court.

HEREUPON the King disclosed himself to *Alibez*; whose countenance was agreeably varied with Confusion, with Surprise, and with Joy. His Parents consenting, *Cha-Abbas* took the lovely Youth into his Care; and returned to his Palace. *Alibez* was taught to read and to write, to dance and to sing; and had Masters appointed to instruct him in all the Arts and Sciences, which embellish and improve the Understanding. He was, at first, dazled with the Splendour of the Court; and the great Change in his Fortune made some small Alteration in his Mind. His Youth and his Beauty both conspired to incline his Heart, a little, to Vanity. The Sheep-hook, the Pipe, and the Shepherd's Garb, were laid aside; he was now clothed in a Purple Robe, and a Turban sparkling with Jewels; and his Beauty was the Admiration of the Court. Nevertheless, he wanted not Diligence and Application to render himself capable of the most serious Affairs. As he grew into Years and Experience, he merited the Confidence of his Master; who observing his Genius admirably turned for the Splendour and Magnificence of a Court, made him Keeper of all his Jewels and costly Furniture; a Post of great Honour and Trust, in *Persia*.

N° 129. *Monday*, June 15. 1719.

The Continuation of the History of ALIBEZ.

WHILE the great *Cha-Abbas* lived, *Alibez* grew daily in the Favour of his Master. As his Years encreased, and his Judgment ripened, he often called to mind his former Condition, with a sensible Regret. O, blessed Days! would he say to himself; Days of Innocence; Days, in which I relished uninterrupted Joys, not mixed with Fears: O, Days, such as I have never since enjoy'd! And, am I, never, to see the like again? The Monarch, who has deprived me of my peaceable Hours, by delivering me over to Riches and Honours, has robbed me of my whole Store of Happiness! He grew impatient to revisit his native Village: And his Heart beat with Emotions of Tenderness, as he viewed the Places, where (in his Youth) he used to dance, to pipe, and to sing, with his Companions. He was liberal in Bounties to his Parents, his Relations, and all his Acquaintance: But, he earnestly entreated them, as they tendred their own Felicity, never to quit the Tranquillity of the Country-Life; nor ever once to think of experiencing the flattering Miseries of a Court.

THESE Miseries did he feel in the utmost Severity, after the Death of his kind Master, *Cha-Abbas*; who was succeeded by his Son, *Cha-Sephi*. A Cabal of Courtiers, full of Envy and Artifice,

Artifice, concerted Measures to prejudice the Prince against *Alibez*. He has abused (said they) the Confidence of the late King: He has amassed immense Treasures; and has converted to his own Use, the most valuable Jewels of the Crown, which were committed to his Care.

Cha-Sephi was young; and, at the same time, he was a Monarch: Either of which Circumstances was alone, sufficient to render him credulous, inadvertent, and averse to Business. He had the Vanity to pride himself upon reforming all his Father's Regulations; and he called the old King's Wisdom in question, upon all Occasions, to magnify his own. That he might have a Pretext to remove *Alibez* from his high Post; he ordered him (by the Advice of his wicked Counsellours) to produce immediately the great Scimeter, studded with Diamonds of an inestimable Value; which the King, his Grand-Father, used in Combats. *Cha-Abbas* it seems had formerly taken all the valuable Diamonds off from this Scimeter; and *Alibez* proved, by unquestionable Witnesses, that the Stones had been disposed of by the late King, before he was appointed Keeper of the Jewels.

When the Enemies of *Alibez* found, that they could not ruin him by this Pretence; they advised *Cha-Sephi* to command him to make a particular Inventory, within fifteen Days, of all the Jewels and valuable Furniture, entrusted to his Care. The fifteen Days expired, *Cha-Sephi* demanded he might view all the Particulars specified in the Inventory. *Alibez* set open all the Doors, and shewed him every Thing, committed to his keeping. There was nothing wanting; every Thing was ranged in exact Order, and preserved with great Care. The King was again disappointed, and greatly surprised, when he saw the Regularity observed in the Dis-

position

position of all his Treasures. So that, he began to entertain a favourable Opinion of *Alibez*; when casting his Eye through a long Gallery, full of rich Furniture, he discovered, at the End of it, an Iron Door, strongly barred with three great Locks. Thereupon, the invidious Courtiers, observing the Curiosity of the King, whispered to him; It is there, *Alibez* has treasured up all the Riches, of which he has defrauded you.

HEREUPON, the King again grew jealous of *Alibez*; and with a loud Voice cryed out in a Rage, I will instantly see what lies concealed within that strong Place; take off the Locks, and clear your self from my Suspicions, without delay. At these Words, *Alibez* threw himself prostrate at the Feet of his Prince; conjuring him, in the most solemn manner, not to take from him the only valuable Treasure he had, upon Earth. It is not equitable (said he) that I should be at once deprived of my whole Substance, my sole Resource; on which alone I have depended, as my Recompence for the Services of many Years, under the King, your Father. Take every thing else, if you please, from me: But, let me preserve what I have treasured, here. The King, now, made no doubt of the Iniquity of his Minister; and, raising his Voice with greater Vehemence, gave an absolute Command to have the Iron Door set open. When *Alibez* saw it was not safe, longer to resist the Will of his Prince; he produced the Keys, and took off the Locks himself from the Door.

THE King, immediately, entered the strong Place: And all the Wealth he found there, was a Sheep-Hook, a Pipe, and a Shepherd's Habit, which *Alibez* had worn; all which, he often took a pleasure in visiting privately, to remind him of his former Condition. Behold (said he) Great King,

King, the precious Remains of my former Happiness! Neither Fortune, nor your Power have, as yet, been able to deprive me of them. Behold my Treasure; the Wealth, I have hoarded against the Day, when it shall please you to make me poor again. Take from me every thing else: but let me enjoy these dear Pledges of my first State of Life. Behold my substantial Riches; which will never fail! Look upon these simple, these innocent Possessions; always sufficient for those, who do not covet the Superfluities of Life. Freedom, Ease, and Security are the Blessings, that flow from them. To me, their Value is inestimable, as they never gave me a Moment's Anxiety. O, endearing Remembrances of true Felicity! On you, are my whole desires fixed; to you, I dedicate the Remainder of my Days! Why was it my Destiny to be obliged to give up the Quiet of my Life, in exchange for other Riches? Those Riches, great Monarch, do I restore to you; the fatal Tokens of your Father's Liberality. I carry nothing away; save what I possessed, when the King, your Father, first made me wretched by his Favours.

THE Heart of the King was touched with the Speech of *Alibez*, whose Looks and Words were free from Confusion; and his Integrity and Innocence shone out, in their full Lustre. The King perceived (with Indignation) the Malice of the Courtiers, who had studied the Ruin of *Alibez*; and he banished them all, from his Presence. After this, he raised *Alibez* to be his Prime Vizier; and committed the whole Affairs of the Kingdom to his Care. Nevertheless; *Alibez* continued still to visit his Sheep-Hook, his Pipe, and his ancient Garb; and he still kept them under the Security of the Iron Door; with a Resolution to re-

tire to his Paſtoral Life, when the Inconſtancy, or the Artifices of a Court ſhould deprive him of his Maſter's Favour. He lived to a good Old Age; and never attempted to inflict any Puniſhment upon his Enemies, nor to amaſs Riches to himſelf: And, when he died, he left to his Family no greater Wealth, than was ſufficient to enable them to live at Eaſe in the Condition of Shepherds; which to the laſt, he eſteemed the moſt deſirable State of Life.

N° 130. *Friday*, June 19. 1719.

Præſtat, tamen, ingenio alius alium: Concedo; ſed ut plus efficiat, aut minus: Nemo tamen reperitur, qui ſit ſtudio nihil conſecutus.

QUINTIL.

To the FREE-THINKER.

Dear SIR, *June* 4, 1719.

" I Should be afraid to trouble you with a ſecond " Letter, after the obliging Notice you have " taken * of my firſt, in beſtowing almoſt a whole " Paper upon it; had I not reaſon to imagine, " that my Caſe is not ſingular; and that, you " will inſtruct Numbers, while you apply your " ſelf particularly to me.

" GIVE

" GIVE me leave, therefore, to addreſs you " once more; and, in the firſt place to aſſure " you, that my Heart ſwells with Gratitude, for " the Favour already ſhewn me. In your ſecond " Paragraph, ſubſequent to my Letter, you have " ſo accurately deſcribed my Method, or rather " my want of Method, that your Penetration in- " to the various Intricacies of my Thoughts, and " the Wandrings of my Imagination, has been " matter of Surpriſe to me, ever ſince.

" IT may perfect the Cure, you have ſo gene- " rouſly undertaken, if I give you a ſhort Sketch " of my Life, from my Childhood. When I was " but eight Years old, I was ſent to a private " Grammar-School; where I acquired a conſider- " able Share of *Latin* and *Greek*, with ſome " Knowledge in *Logick*, and other Academical " Learning. My Father ſent for me Home, in " my eighteenth Year, before I was ſufficiently " grounded in my Studies; which is now, near " four Years ago: Since that time, I have made " little Progreſs in the Purſuit of Knowledge; " though, I have not been wholly idle. This Un- " happineſs I, now, chiefly attribute to the Reaſons, " you have ſuggeſted to me; the frequent ſhift- " ing of my Subject in Reading, and the perpetual " Rambling of my Fancy. To theſe Reaſons, I " may add the Hurry in which I generally peruſe " an Author, eſpecially a grave Writer; as like- " wiſe, a conſtant Impatience to go on, before I " take the full Senſe of a Paſſage, if it requires " more Attention than ordinary.

" THIS is the Sum of what I can aſſign, for " my Non-Proficiency; and, I believe, the whole " may take its riſe from the Levity of my Mind " (which makes a regular Scheme of Thought " painful to me) together with *my unſettled Views*

" *of Life.* You must know, Sir, at the same time,
" that I am an only Son, and Heir to a good E-
" state; and am, therefore, in no Care about
" making my Fortune by my Studies. I am like-
" wise, far gone in the Pleasures of a Country-
" Life; which (by the by) may make me a suc-
" cessful Suiter * to *Lavinia.*

" To conclude; I propose no other End in
" laying up a Stock of Knowledge, but to make
" my Retirement, one Day, easy and graceful.
" Ignorance and Solitude are by no means agree-
" able Companions; and the Man, who secludes
" himself from the busy World, will find many
" considerable Blanks in his Time, which will make
" his Recess very irksome, if he has no Relish of
" Books.

" I have disclosed myself with great Frankness
" to you; and earnestly desire the Favour of your
" final Instructions. I am,

SIR,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

E. W.

THE Good Sense, the Gratitude and Frankness, of this Gentleman, have engaged my Attention once more: And I comply with his Request with the greater Pleasure, because (as I am a Servant of the Publick) Numbers, as he insinuates, may thereby receive some Benefit.

HIS Education and his Circumstances very naturally account for his waste of Time, and his vague, unprofitable Studies. This merits the Consideration of Parents, who think they have amply provided for a Son, by leaving him a plentiful Estate; never considering, that a volatil, roving Mind is a heavier Encumbrance upon Land, than the severest

* N° 119.

Seventh Tax ever raiſed by Parliament, on the moſt preſſing Occaſions. This is generally the Conſequence of taking Youths too early from their Studies, and ſerving them up amongſt Men, before they are in Seaſon. This alone has prov'd the Ruin of many young Gentlemen of excellent natural Parts; and the ſeveral unhappy Inſtances, I have known, of this kind, make me look with Compaſſion upon every ſpruce young Fellow, from fifteen to twenty, who loiters away his Time in Drawing-Rooms, in Aſſemblies, in Chocolate-Houſes, and other diſſipating Amuſements of the Town; when he ſhould be intent only on his Books and manly Exerciſes. The effect of this Precipitation is, that moſt of our young Gentlemen bloſſom early in Youth, and wither in their Manhood.

BUT, as I have ſet apart a proper Time to treat of Education in the Courſe of my Lectures, I ſhall not here anticipate my Purpoſe: Neither, would the diſcloſing of my Thoughts on this Subject be of any Uſe to Mr. *E. W.* The compleating of his Cure will entirely depend on his Reſolution to confine himſelf to a Method: This alone will improve his Memory, ſtrengthen his Judgment, and fix his Attention. As he is engaged in rural Diverſions, let him appropriate three or four Mornings in the Week to ſome particular Study, and proceed in it gradually from Principle to Principle; repeating the ſame Round of Knowledge, till it becomes ſo familiar to his Thoughts, that (upon Recollection) he is able to write out the whole Syſtem diſtinctly, without recurring to his Author. And, in the Choice of his Study, I would adviſe him to begin with ſome Branch of Learning, that employs the Judgment, without awakening the Imagination. But, I am apt to ſuſpect his

Resolution, till his Heart is set at ease with reference to *Lavinia*.

THERE are mercurial Persons, who (through a bad Habit) perpetually shift their Posture, and cannot keep their Limbs one Moment in the same Attitude: In the like manner, several (through Negligence) acquire an habitual Instability of Mind which, by indulgence, grows every day more prevalent; till at last, they have it not in their power to fix their Attention to any Subject. My Correspondent cannot bestow too much Pains in checking this Propensity to fleet from one Thought to another, to as little purpose as Children employ their Activity, when they hunt Butterflies in a wide Field.

INATTENTION will render the best Abilities useless; while, on the other hand, a Man of slow Parts, with Patience, shall, by a methodical Application, advance far into Knowledge. Let my Friend beware of the Vain-Glory of being accounted a keen, experienced Sportsman; since an eager Attention to Trifles will make him less intent upon more important Accomplishments. When the Soul is earnestly bent on any Pursuit, we shall be often mindful of it, even in our Dreams. About two Months since, I received (in a Letter) a very remarkable Instance to my Purpose, from a Gentleman, who is Tutor to a rural Squire. My young Master (who, it seems, is a great Gunner) came home, one Evening, very much tired from his Sport; and went to Bed, earlier than ordinary. His Governour, coming into his Chamber about ten a-Clock, found his Pupil fast asleep, with one Eye shut, and the other broad open, taking Aim (no doubt) at an imaginary Partridge, or a Pheasant. Now, there are but small Hopes of this

Youth's

Youth's Proficiency in Learning, unleſs he can bring himſelf to ſleep with both Eyes cloſed.

Nº 131. *Monday*, June 22. 1719.

Sic dulcis amicis
Occurram.

HOR.

THE Gentleman, I am obliged to for the following Letter, I hope will let me hear from him as often as his Leiſure will permit. I pretend to give a good Gueſs at my Correſpondent: But, granting I ſhould be miſtaken; I perceive ſuch manifeſt Tokens of his Capacity, in this Specimen, that I would fain engage him to collect his Thoughts into little Eſſays from Time to Time, for the Inſtruction of his Countrymen: And (if that may be any Inducement to him) I freely own, as I am buſied about many Things, that his Aſſiſtance will very much relieve my Fatigues.

To the Authour of the FREE-THINKER.

SIR, *June* 5. 1719.

"YOU have thrown together ſome Reflections "upon Converſation, after ſo new a Manner, "in your Paper for the Twenty-Ninth of *May*; "that I read it (as I do every thing that comes

" from your Pen) with a Pleaſure I ſeldom re-
" ceive, but from your Lectures. The juſt, tho'
" uncommon Lights, into which you have caſt
" that Subject, renew in me ſome Thoughts, I
" have occaſionally entertained on the ſame To-
" pick: and which I take the liberty to ſend you,
" without farther Introduction.

" GOOD Breeding ſupports the Decency of
" Converſation; Candour and Frankneſs of Mind
" preſerve its Freedom; while Wit and Humour
" give Spirit and Variety to it: But, to make the
" Harmony of it compleat, the whole Deſcant
" ought to accord with the Ground or Thorough-
" Baſs of ſound Senſe. And yet, even where theſe
" great Eſſentials are not wanting, Converſation
" may ſuffer very much from certain Redundan-
" cies, that take off from the Delight of it. It
" may, therefore, be of uſe to animadvert a little
" upon ſome Abuſes, incident to Good-Fellow-
" ſhip; which, perhaps, do not flow ſo much
" from any Vice in the Heart, as from an over-
" weening Attempt to exert ſome Excellency.

" AN unſeaſonable, or unguarded, Uſe of Ral-
" lery may be accounted one Error of this kind.
" Rallery, conducted with Diſcretion, and tem-
" pered with Good-Nature, has its Merit in a ſe-
" lect Company, diſpoſed to receive it, and to
" make it circulate, as proper Hints are ſuggeſted.
" While it offers nothing ſhocking to the Perſon,
" who fairly gives Scope for it; as when the Sub-
" ject of it ariſes out of ſome diverting Oddneſs
" of Temper, ſome careleſs Particularity of Be-
" haviour, or ſome Singularity of Thought or
" Expreſſion; and not from the guiltleſs Infirmi-
" ties or Diſtreſſes of human Nature; it may be
" allowed amongſt Friends to have free Play;
" and to wanton (as it were) in the Fondneſs of
" Mirth.

" Mirth. For the moſt part, this ſort of Plea-
" ſantry is apt to run riot: Either, the Occaſion
" for it is improperly choſen; or, it is unſeaſona-
" bly introduced; or, it is purſued too far. A no-
" ted Rallier generally delights in galling the Inof-
" fenſive; and triumphs in the Uneaſineſs of Mo-
" deſty. It is a cruel Gratification of our Vanity,
" to take a pleaſure in aggravating the Defects of
" a Companion or a Friend: The Applauſes, riſing
" hence, are dearly earned; and repeated Victories
" of this nature tend, at laſt, to overthrow the Con-
" queror, in the Eſteem of wiſe Men. And yet, ſo
" common is this Arrogance amongſt Men of lively
" Imaginations, that we may obſerve; Perſons,
" who are not conſcious of Nature's Liberality
" to them in this reſpect, are generally alarmed,
" and put themſelves upon their Guard, in the
" Company of reputed Wits; and, not without
" reaſon, diſcover a Fear of falling under their
" Chaſtiſement.

" It is this prevailing Inſolence, that makes
" Men of fine Parts in general (notwithſtanding
" many are free from the Imputation) obnoxious
" to the reſt of Mankind; and encreaſes that En-
" vy, which uſually perſecutes all Perſons of a di-
" ſtinguiſhed Genius. Perhaps, it might very much
" contribute to the taming of this Savageneſs of
" Wit, if the Offenders would conſider; that there
" is more of Malice, than Ingenuity, in the Un-
" luckineſs of Rallery. In the mean time; it muſt
" be acknowledged, ſuch a Reformation would
" leſſen the Characters of many celebrated Mo-
" derns; and diſqualify Numbers, who ſet up for
" Maſters in the Art of joking. *Cinna* would,
" no longer, be reputed a Man of Wit: Among
" Perſons of ſuperiour Talents, he makes no ex-
" traordinary Figure: But, give him a Man of

" egregious Simplicity, to play upon, and he im-
" mediately exercises his whole Tyranny of Ridi-
" cule; and brightens over his Prey. It is *Ventoso*'s
" Dulness, that is the Cause of *Cinna*'s Wit: *Cinna*
" is not intrinsically bright; he owes his Lustre
" to the Cloudiness of others; and (like the Glow-
" Worm) shines only in the Dark.

" NEXT to an intemperate, or an unskilful
" Use of Rallery, nothing spoils Conversation
" more, than too earnest an Endeavour to be wit-
" ty upon all Occasions. Wit, like Wealth, ought
" to be husbanded: As a boundless Liberality de-
" generates into prodigality, so the Profusion of
" Wit, dwindles into Impertinence: Besides, in
" good Manners, a Man should not be ambitious
" to contribute beyond his Proportion: nor think,
" because he abounds, that he has a Right to treat
" the whole Company. The Talent, I am speaking
" of, indulged with Moderation, enlivens; but,
" when exercised too ambitiously, it teazes Conver-
" sation. The perpetual Flashings of a sparkling
" Brain, create a Storm of Pleasantry, which fa-
" tigues the Mind more, than the Damps of Non-
" sense. Therefore, Sir, I entreat you, who pre-
" side over our polite Amusements, to check the
" insupportable Exuberancies of *Philintes*: Not,
" that he has too much Wit; but, is too sedulous
" in shewing it. His Invention is always upon the
" Rack, to strike out something extraordinary;
" and he thinks it a Crime to speak plain, sober
" Sense. He is always pumping up Jests and ex-
" travagant Conceits; and grows irksome, by his
" Affectation to please.

" I shall conclude by observing; that it is
" owing in a great measure to the wrong Notions
" of the Vulgar, that Men of bright Imaginations
" are frequently guilty of the Mistake, I have last

men-

" mentioned. The Multitude ignorantly imagine, " that nothing ſhould come from a Man of Parts, " which does not reliſh of the high Seaſoning of " Repartee, or which is not pointed with a ſur- " priſing Acuteneſs: And, when a Companion of " this ſtamp finds himſelf diſappointed, by hear- " ing a celebrated Perſon talk reaſonably, and, " perhaps, ſparing of Speech; he gravely avers, " the Gentleman is like other Men; wonders, how " he ever acquired his mighty Reputation; and " judges his Writings to be ſpurious. Whereas, " a Judgment of any Man's Capacity cannot be " formed from accidental Circumſtances, and a " mixt, general Converſation; but, muſt be col- " lected from the perpetual Tenour of his Diſ- " courſe; from the familiar Openings of his Mind " to his Intimates; or from particular Occaſions " given to him to diſtinguiſh himſelf more pub- " lickly.

" SIR; If theſe Reflections, or any other, I may " hereafter ſuggeſt, ſhould be of uſe to you; I " am amply recompenſed for the pains of com- " mitting them to Writing. Your Labours en- " title you to the Services and kind Wiſhes of all " good Men; in the proſecution of which, I hear- " tily wiſh you Succeſs; and am, with the greateſt " Eſteem, Sir,

Yours, &c.

N° 132. *Friday*, June 26. 1719.

———*Sit pro ratione voluntas.*

JUVEN.

NOtwithſtanding I have, for three Months, diſcontinued my political Lectures; my attentive Diſciples may remember, that I have, in ſome of them, hinted at ſeveral ſeemingly unaccountable, and almoſt fatal, Miſtakes in the Adminiſtration of our publick Affairs, during the laſt Century. I conſider every Promiſe, I make, as a Debt; for which, I ſtand accountable to my Readers: Therefore, in performance of a promiſſory Hint, towards the Cloſe of my Hundred and fourth Lecture; I ſhall now endeavour to lay open ſome at leaſt of the principal Cauſes, to which moſt of our political Miſmanagements may very probably be aſcribed.

IT is much eaſier to point out Errours in the Conduct of Men, than either to aſſign the particular Cauſes from whence they ſpring, or to propoſe expedient Remedies for paſt Miſchiefs, or even to preſcribe proper Methods to prevent the like Evils, for the future. In private Life, this Obſervation is evident to every Man; and, upon Reflection, it will be found yet more manifeſt, in regard to the Actions of Miniſters of State. There is a ſtrange Infatuation in the generality of Men, that inclines them to make the leaſt Uſe of their Reaſon, in proportion as the Neceſſity and Difficulty

culty of their Affairs require, they ſhould exert it to the utmoſt. The important Conſequences, which attend the Actions of a Perſon, who is at the Head of Affairs, are apt to alarm him with Fears, and to render him incapable of forming a Reſolution. His Mind, unſettled by Doubts, is in a perpetual Fluctuation: And, when the Point, of Time approaches, in which he muſt come to ſome Determination, what he finally reſolves, is not becauſe he judges it reaſonable; but, becauſe he is neceſſitated to do ſomething. Hence it is, that Perſons, who manage their domeſtick Affairs, and the minute Occurrences of Life, with the exacteſt Prudence, often act like Madmen, in the Adminiſtration of the great Concerns of a Kingdom.

IT is hardly poſſible for thoſe, who are out of publick Buſineſs, to give a true Account of Tranſactions of State: And, it is equally difficult for weak Miniſters to aſſign the Reaſons of their own Actions. Their whole Scheme ſeldom extends farther than to maintain their preſent Power, and to ſecure their Employments: Therefore, wiſely conſidering their Conditions as uncertain, and that new Difficulties may riſe with every Sun, they ſubſiſt upon daily Expedients. Thus, there is not the leaſt Connection between the Reſolutions of one Day, and thoſe of another; and their whole Counſels are a Rope of Sand. It is, therefore, impoſſible to analyze the Actions of ſuch Men, by Reaſon; ſince Reaſon is a Stranger to all their Thoughts.

BUT, the Difficulty there is in accounting for the Actions of Stateſmen, does not ariſe only from their Weakneſs and Irreſolution: For, though they may have Underſtanding enough to perceive what is right, and ſufficient Courage to reſolve upon proper Meaſures; yet, their Paſſions mingle in all their

their Counsels; and the gratifying of their Love, their Revenge, their Avarice, or their Ambition, shall determine their Conduct, against all the Arguments, that can be urged from the most weighty Reasons of State. To write the History of most Ministers, it is much more necessary to be acquainted with the Intrigues and Cabals of a Court, than to know the Debates at the Council-Board. They consider the stale Topick of the publick Good, as a meer Chimera; and will labour more vehemently to obtain a Mistress, or to disable an Adversary, than to save a Nation from Ruin. However, it is not absolutely impossible to have a true Account of the Springs, that influence the Transactions of such Ministers; for though another cannot pretend to give the secret Reason for any of their Proceedings, they themselves are able (were they but willing) to explain their own Conduct.

FEW Men would desire Power, were it not for the Pleasure they take in making others sensible, that they are possessed of it. This likewise is another Reason, which encreases the Difficulty of accounting for the Actions of Statesmen. Their Pleasure and Satisfaction rises in proportion to the Proofs, they give of their uncontroulable Authority; and, most of them fall into the Lust of manifesting it, in the most preposterous manner. To act regularly, to provide for the Welfare of the Community, and to adhere to the cool Dictates of Reason, is a Method of proceeding, in which all Ministers may be allowed to gratify themselves; but then, it does not shew their Power to be more considerable, than what the best of their Predecessours exercised. The highest Enjoyment of Power (in their Opinion) is the Abuse of it; since the Bulk of Mankind conceive a much greater Idea

of

of the Miſchiefs, than of the Benefits, they receive from its Influence. This Species of Politicians are, therefore, equally unaccountable with the forementioned: Since there is no Reaſoning, with any Certainty, upon the Actions of a Man, who chooſes to do the moſt unreaſonable Things, only to let the World ſee, that his Power is above all Controul. It happened, during the late War, when the Trenches of the Enemy were to be attacked, that a certain great General was informed, in the Heat of the Action, by a ſubaltern Officer, that he had obſerved a Quarter of the Enemy that was more practicable, than the Place, in which the Aſſault was begun: The General, angry that any Man under his Command ſhould preſume to point out an Advantage to him, bid the Officer mind his own Buſineſs; adding, that he might imagine, he was not blind. After this, he abſolutely threw away the Lives of two or three thouſand Men, purely to ſhew, that he had them at his Diſpoſal; and at laſt, condeſcended to carry the Day, by following the Gentleman's Advice, when he thought, it might look like a Motion of his own Will.

LET any one ſeriouſly reflect upon the various Paſſions, which are all ſo many Springs of Action in the Mind of Man; and he may reaſonably conclude, that if the ſecret Cauſes of the great Events, which aſtoniſh the World, were known, Invention could not form any thing ſo ridiculous, as the true Hiſtory of Courts. The ſpeculative Men in Politicks, and the grave Authours, who write Hiſtories of Courts, in which they were never verſed, deviate into Reaſons drawn from the publick Good, and the claſhing Intereſts of Princes; when, perhaps, the true Original of what they imagine to be undertaken with

with the profoundeſt Skill in Politicks, is purely owing to the Deſire of obtaining Succeſs, or to the Reſentment of being diſappointed, in an Amour. An inſatiable Thirſt of Power is the Vice, to which Princes are moſtly addicted: It is, therefore, with great Shew of Reaſon, that the Overthrow of the Liberties of *France*, and the Eſtabliſhment of the Abſolute Power (or rather Tyranny) of the *French* Kings, is aſcribed to this Paſſion. And yet, upon reading the Memoirs of the Cardinal *De Retz*, I have been tempted to think, that this fatal Event was owing to a more minute Original.

DURING the Minority of the late King of *France*, the Government was under the Direction of the Queen-Mother; a Woman, who was not ſuppoſed averſe to Gallantries. It is well known, the famous Cardinal *Mazarin* was her Favourite; who (for ſome Years) managed her and governed the Kingdom, as he pleaſed. *Mazarin*, as he was a Foreigner, hated by the People, and ignorant of their Conſtitution, had no Intereſt to ſupport him, but the Prerogative of the Crown; which he, therefore, ſtudied by all Methods to eſtabliſh and to enlarge. His Rival, the Cardinal *De Retz*, being a Native, and well beloved, eſpecially by the Citizens of *Paris*, took juſt the contrary Meaſures. Doubtleſs, his Aim was at the Poſt of prime Miniſter; but then, he was at the Head of that Party, which was for reſtoring and ſtrengthening the Authority of the States, and of the Parliament: And, had he carried the Point of being firſt Miniſter, in all probability the Liberties of *France* would not have been reduced to the Condition, they are in at preſent. *De Retz* wanted only the Favour of the Queen: While *Mazarin* was baniſhed out of *France*, one of the chief Women about the Queen informed *De Retz*; that her Ma-

wholly, through Time and Absence, began to forget *Mazarin*: She likewise told him, that the Queen was of a very amorous Complexion, and advised him to act Love to her; letting him know besides, that she was exceedingly vain of the Beauty of her Hands. The Cardinal took the Hint; and he played his Part to Perfection, demanding frequent Audiences, for no other Purpose, than to sigh over her Hands, and to lay hold on every slight Pretence to kiss them. The Queen (in return) began to like the Cardinal; and, on all Occasions, insisted much on the Whiteness of his Teeth, and pronounced him a handsome Man; though his Person was more robust, than comely. At the same time, *De Retz* had a much younger Mistress; who growing jealous of the Queen, refused him her Favours: The Cardinal, to soften her, assured her; it was impossible he should ever love such a *Switzeress*, as the Queen; and that he only feigned a Passion to her. The young Lady boasted of this Compliment so unwarily, that it came round to the Queen; who, fired with Resentment, vowed the Ruin of *De Retz*. In consequence of this, *Mazarin* was recalled, and the Liberties of *France* destroyed.

No 133. *Monday*, June 29. 1719.

Ἁ βάρβιτος δὲ χοὐδαῖς
Ἔρωτα μῦθον ἠχεῖ.

ANACR.

THIS is the third Miscellany of Poems, I have collected for my gentle Readers. The following short Epistle will best introduce the first Piece;

Piece; when I have obſerved to my Correſpondent, that I have omitted Part of his Hymn, chiefly to ſhorten it: Beſides, I am of opinion, that blank Verſe appears to a great Diſadvantage in ſmall Pieces of Poetry; for which Reaſon, I would adviſe him on ſuch Occaſions at leaſt, to accuſtom himſelf to Rhyme.

SIR, *Cambridge*, April 26. 1719.

"I Am always your Reader: And as the poetical "Performances, which have appeared in your "Papers, have met with a very good Reception; "I have ventured to ſend you the Amuſement of "a few leiſure Hours; preſuming you ſo far my "Friend, that you will freely correct what you "may think amiſs. I am,

Mr. *Free-Thinker*,

Your very humble Servant,

LUNATICUS.

A HYMN to the MOON.

HAIL, Cynthia, *ſilent Empreſs of the Night,*
With all thy ſpangled Train of burniſh'd Stars;
Celeſtial Equipage! Etherial Lamps!
Whole Myriads, twinkling round thy lucid Sphere.
How doſt thou gild the pitchy Brow of Night!
Cheer'd by thy Orb, we ſcarce regret the Sun:
Though, in a gayer Dreſs, he ſets off Nature,
And paints the Welkin with a riper Day.

The Traveller, now, diſmiſſes every Care
Of treacherous Quick-ſands, and ſeducing Fires:

Yet

Yet often, as he ſpeeds his Way, looks up,
Bleſſing the kindly Influence of thy Beams.

You ſturdy Brotherhood of ſtately Elms,
That nod their Heads high o'er the lonely Plain,
Tipt with the Silver of thy heatleſs Light,
How bright they ſhine! How ſolemnly they wave!

Now, whilſt in all thy ſhadowy Glory dreſt,
Thou rideſt triumphant in thy higheſt Noon,
The languiſhing Philander *wings his way*
To meet his Sylvia, *in the conſcious Grove.*
There, in each other's Arms, compleatly bleſt,
They breathe the melting Accents of their Loves;
Call every Star to witneſs to their Vows;
But, dread the Dawn, and chide the morning Lark.

While thus the faithful Pair prolong their Joys,
Imparadis'd, on Earth, in mutual Bliſs;
Inſpir'd by thee, the wakeful Nightingal,
Leaning her tuneful Breaſt againſt a Thorn,
Improves their Paſſion in each tender Note;
Warbling the ſofteſt, ſweeteſt, Airs of Love.

O, thus for ever beautify the Night!
Brighten its Gloom, and make its Horrour ſmile:
Nor ever may, henceforth, the obtruding Earth,
Nor Clouds invidious, intercept thy Glories;
Our milder Phœbus, *and nocturnal Queen!*

SIR, May 21. 1719.

"THE following Lines were occaſioned by a "Friend's falling in Love with a Lady, becauſe "ſhe approves of him. If they happen to merit "your Notice, I ſhall be proud of having ſub-"ſcribed my ſelf

Your very humble Servant,

PHILOMUSUS.

1.

STrephon *the God of Love defy'd;*
Careleſs on Cloe's *Form he gaz'd:*
In Celia's *Air, no Goddeſs ſpy'd;*
And Mira's *Wit, with Judgment, prais'd.*

2.

The ſlighted God at laſt decreed,
His brighteſt Nymph the Youth ſhould love.
What Stratagem will then ſucceed,
A ſtubborn, generous Soul to move?

3.

His Arrow pierces Sylvia's *Heart:*
Said Strephon *(ſtanding near) I find,*
The Gold, that points the fatal Dart,
Has wounded both; and, both has join'd.

I fear, the Ladies will not be pleaſed (at firſt Sight) with the Verſes, that come next. The Authour of them muſt be ſome very impatient young Gentleman: But, notwithſtanding the Frankneſs of his Declaration; if I have any Skill in the Language of Lovers, his Paſſion will not abate, though his Miſtreſs ſhould continue coy, till this Time Twelvemonth.

1.

YE *little Loves, that round her wait,*
To bring me Tidings of my Fate;
As Celia *on her Pillow lies,*
Ah, gently whiſper, Strephon *dies.*

2.

If this will not her Pity move,
And the proud Fair diſdains to love;

Smile

Smile, and ſay, 'Tis all a Lye,
And haughty Strephon *ſcorns to die.*

THE following little Tale was deſigned, as a Compliment to two reigning Beauties in *Ireland*.

CUPID in LOVE.

AS Cupid, *from his cruel Sport,*
Return'd, to grace his Mother's Court,
In Triumph leading bleeding Hearts,
All over Love, all over Darts;
He wander'd through a Myrtle Shade,
And ſaw a lonely, lovely, Maid.

No ſooner did young Maſter ſpy
The Virgin's ſoft, refulgent Eye,
Than down his Arms and Hearts he threw;
And, languiſhing full in her View;
'Tis done, he ſaid! See, Mars *and* Jove,
See, all ye Gods, ſee Cupid's *Love!*

To Venus, *when, at laſt, he came,*
Without his Tackle and his Game;
Without his Bow, without a Dart,
Without his own, or any Heart;
The Goddeſs cry'd, Alas, my Son,
Where haſt thou been? What haſt thou done?
He ſigh'd, and anſwer'd with a Groan,
She ſtole my Hearts; She ſtole my own.
The matchleſs Beauties of her Face,
The Wonders, that her Perſon grace,
The Charm in all ſhe does or ſays,
Her killing Smiles, her winning Ways,
Her Wit, her Coyneſs, all agree,
In ſpite of Fate, to vanquiſh me.

Leſs

Less angry, Venus, *at her Son,*
Than to find herself out-done,
Cry'd; this is Fanny G--d, *I know well!*
Ah, no; Mamma! 'Tis Jenny St---l.

The Nineteenth ODE of the first Book of *Horace*; translated by Mr. *Welsted.*

THE Queen, who gives soft Wishes Birth,
The youthful God of Wine and Mirth,
And wanton, libertine Desire,
My Mind afresh with Love inspire.
Bright Glycera *revives the Smart,*
The Flame, that kindles in my Heart.
The Polish of her Neck out-shines
The Marble of the Parian *Mines:*
Her girlish Wantonness has Charms;
And with her froward Play she warms.
Doating on her Face, I die;
A Face too dazling to the Eye.
All Venus *rages in my Breast;*
And leaves her Cyprian *Groves unblest:*
Nor, will she suffer me to write
Of hardy Scythians *put to Flight;*
Or Death, from Parthian *Quivers sent;*
Or Things, to Love not pertinent.
Here, Boy, to cruel Venus, *here,*
Of living Turf an Altar rear:
Sweet Herbs, and Frankincense bestow;
And let the Winy Offering flow:
These Rites the Goddess will appease,
And give my frantick Bosom Ease.

N° 134. *Friday*, July 3. 1719.

Ἡ Παιδεία τοῖς μὲν νέοις σωφροσύνη, τοῖς δὲ πρεσβυτέροις παραμυθία, τοῖς δὲ πένησι πλοῦτος, τοῖς δὲ πλουσίοις κόσμος ἐστί.

PLUTARCH.

To the *FREE-THINKER*.

Dear SIR, June 23. 1719.

" I Proteſt, I love and honour you; and heartily " wiſh, it were in my power to make an ade- " quate Return for the ſenſible * Pleaſure, you " have given me. I hope, I ſhall have Reſolution " enough to follow your Advice; and that I ſhall " be able, hereafter, to inform you of the Succeſs " of your Preſcription.

" In the mean time, I beg Leave to ſet you " right in the meaning of an Expreſſion in my " Letter, which you ſeem to have miſunderſtood. " When I told you, *I was far gone in the Plea-* " *ſures of a Country Life*, I only meant; that my " Mind had a turn towards the innocent and ſe- " date Satisfactions, which are peculiar to Retire- " ment. I had not, then; in my Thoughts thoſe " rough and boiſterous Recreations, the adventu- " rous

* N° 123, 130.

" rous Rural Gentlemen are ſo fond of. Theſe
" are a diſtinct Race of Animals, a Breed of Crea-
" tures reſembling Men, not to be found (as I am
" told by Travellers) out of this Iſland; and, me-
" thinks, they are juſtly ſuppoſed, by our Philoſo-
" phers, to have a nearer Affinity to their Dogs,
" than to the human Species: Inſomuch that, it
" might give Occaſion to one, who has Faith in
" the Tranſmigration of Souls, to conſider the
" leading Hound at a Hunting-Match, as animated
" by the ſame Syſtem of Spirits, that once invi-
" gorated a defunct Sportſman. Aſſure yourſelf,
" Sir, I am not ambitious of aſſociating myſelf
" with this fleet Society: Nor, ſhall I ever affect
" a Fame for leaping over Hedges and Ditches:
" Nature has not formed me for ſuch arduous
" Undertakings; nor qualify'd me to ſhine in ſo
" conſpicuous an Eminency, as the top of a Quick-
" ſet.

" WHAT, therefore, I intend by a Retreat, is
" to enjoy the more ſublime Pleaſures of Know-
" ledge, and Friendſhip, and a good Conſcience:
" For, I think it would be a criminal Humility
" to perſuade myſelf, that I am equal to no Grati-
" fications, but ſuch as inferiour Animals purſue.
" You will not diſapprove of my doing this juſtice
" to my Character.

" I have ſo great a Deference for Mr. *Free-*
" *Thinker*'s Judgment, that I would fain have him
" point out the particular Study, he thinks moſt
" proper for me to make my firſt Eſſay upon. But,
" I tranſgreſs: I am aſhamed of the Debt, I have
" already contracted, without a poſſibility of diſ-
" charging it: For this Reaſon, I ſhall urge my
" Suit no farther: Only, let me beg your Accep-
" tance of the ſincere Gratitude of an honeſt

" Heart

Heart for the Favours, you have conferred upon,

Worthy Sir,

Your moſt obliged

E. W.

To Mr. E. W.

July 2. 1719.

My HOPEFUL DISCIPLE;

YOUR correſponding with the *Free-Thinker* (who is an inviſible Fairy Philoſopher) is like holding an Intelligence with Spirits; and you have employed a powerful Charm, which has bound me to your Service. The whole Tenour of your three Letters is ſo very uſeful to the generality of young Gentlemen, eſpecially to elder Brothers, who ought to be the Ornament and Support of their Families, that I ſhould be greatly wanting to the Publick, did I not comply, throughout, with your Requeſt.

I rejoice at my own Miſtake; I acknowledge it, with Pleaſure: And I wiſh, your Example may reſcue all our young Heirs from the noiſy Foreſt-Chaces, to the ſilent Purſuits of Philoſophy; that, when they arrive to the Maturity of Manhood, they may be able to recount a Number of ſublime Truths acquired, and unruly Paſſions ſubdued; inſtead of boaſting of the Foxes and the Stags, over which they have ingloriouſly triumphed. To ſave the preſent forlorn Hope of Squires (ſtrong in Body, and weak in Underſtanding) and to influence them, yet more, to emulate you; I ſhall, here, entruſt an uncommon Obſervation to their Mirth; till, by Reflection, they come to be ſenſible of the Truth of it. Gentle Exerciſes are, doubtleſs, requiſite to maintain and improve Health, and to

recreate the Mind; and even a moderate Chace, ſparingly uſed, may be requiſite for ſome robuſt Conſtitutions. But, a conſtant Habit of violent Exerciſes impairs the Underſtanding, at the ſame time that it brings the Body into Decay. A downright Sportſman is not in a Condition to think ſedately and conſequentially in Matters, that require a more than ordinary Attention: His Thoughts are tumultuous; his Spirits are foul; the perpetual violent Motions, he repeats daily, trouble his Faculties, and hinder his Mind from fining.

SINCE you deſire, I ſhould be particular in adviſing you to ſome Study, that may improve your Attention; I can recommend nothing more proper to a Gentleman of your Fortune and Education, than the careful peruſal of the Controverſial Writings of Mr. *Chillingworth*; which, after recollecting the general Rules of Logick, you will read with Pleaſure and Advantage. They will not only inſtruct you in the important Queſtion, which he canvaſſes, but likewiſe enure you to a juſt Method of Reaſoning: And, I the rather chuſe to initiate you by this judicious Authour, becauſe the Number of true Proteſtants diminiſhes, daily among the Country Gentlemen.

BUT, Sir, you will pardon my Freedom of Speech (a plain uncourtly Vertue) which I am bound never to forfeit; when I chide you, for your Intentions to lead a retired Life. Your Country claims her Share in you: The Nation wants young Men of a good Capacity, in Independent Circumſtances. The Intereſts of a Proteſtant, Free-born People require, you ſhould qualify your ſelf to ſerve the Community, of which you are a Member, in Parliament: And you ought to merit your Retirement, before you can have an equitable Right to enjoy it. Remember, that

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a single Commoner, who devotes himself to the Welfare of the Publick, may stem the Outrage of Faction; and preserve his own Estate, while he secures the Property of Millions. In a word; the present Age stands in need of a few Gallant Spirits, who dare to think and act, in the utmost Liberty of Reason.

BESIDES; you will find yourself greatly deceived in the End, if you think an early Retirement is a Blessing: It will pall upon your Hands; neither can any one be properly said to retire, who has never been engaged in Business. Before you are Forty, you will wish, you had once been busy in the World. The great and pleasurable Retreat is towards the Evening of Life, after a glorious Series of Actions. To conclude; Retiring in the Inexperience and Vigour of Youth, is like putting on a Night-Cap, and going to Rest, in the Morning. I am with Sincerity and Respect,

SIR,

Your most Obedient Servant,

The FREE-THINKER.

BIBLIOTECA BODLEIANA

N° 135. *Monday*, July 6. 1719.

Plenus rimarum sum; hac atque illac perfluo.
TERENT.

ON the twenty-sixth of the last Month, I gave my Disciples a general View of *Unaccountable Ministers*: And, since it cannot be expected, I should undertake to enumerate the Particulars of a Species, infinite as the Folly of Mankind; I proceed to consider the Conduct of the Statesmen, whose Actions are Comprehensible: And, of this Species there are but two Sorts; the honest Men, and their Opposites.

SUCH is the Weakness of Human Nature, that it is incapable of Perfection (if I may be allowed the Word) in either Vertue, or Vice. Our Understanding, or our Power of Action, is perpetually limited. The Imperfection of Man, as to Goodness and Justice, has always been a Subject of Complaint: And if we judge impartially, we shall find his Faculties equally bounded, as to Wickedness. A compleat Villain is as extraordinary a Creature, as a Man compleatly honest; though the Degrees of Approximation to either of these Characters may be, in a manner, infinite. However, this is common to both; that, supposing their Capacities to be equal, and the Iniquity of the

the one to bear an exact Proportion to the Integrity of the other, their Actions are equally accountable.

If we consider Transactions of State, only as Proofs of the Abilities of the Minister, who has the Direction of them; it may be laid down as a certain Rule, equally applicable to the honest and the dishonest Man; that all Measures, and all Actions, are, or are not, Errours in Politicks, according as they are well or ill calculated to obtain the End, proposed by them. The only Difference in this Point is, that as the Actions of the one are projected to answer an honest Purpose; so the Actions of the other are contrived, with equal Prudence, to compass some sinister Design.

From what I have observed in History, I can compliment but few Ministers with being compleat, in either of the above-mentioned Characters. An Affectation of appearing a crafty designing Statesman, or a plain artless Minister, is indeed frequently to be met with: But, what seems most remarkable is, that a Man tolerably honest shall immediately, as he advances in Power, affect the Reputation of Subtilty and Cunning; and a Knave naturally studies to acquire the Reputation of Simplicity and Integrity. Most Men are so liable to be deceived with the bare Appearance of Honesty, that it is the Lure, a finished Courtier throws out, upon all Occasions: Neither is there any Artifice, against which, I ought more strongly to precaution my Disciples, in their Intercourse with Politicians, than against the smooth Professions of Honesty and Sincerity.

I believe, it will be allowed me, that it is not only more natural, but even more obliging, to suspect the Honesty, than the Understanding, of any Man: The Reason is, Want of Honesty may,

but Want of Senſe cannot, be ſupplied. The Circumſtance in Life, the moſt inſupportable, is to be deſpiſed: The Fear of which, makes weak Men turn Rogues, to vindicate their Underſtandings. The Apprehenſion of paſſing for a Miniſter of ſmall Abilities, had ſo powerful an Effect upon *Vaſer*, that it was obſervable of him, if two Methods of performing even an Indifferent thing (the one direct, the other indirect) were propoſed to him; he always choſe the latter, to convince the World of his Sagacity: Not conſidering, that it is the Height of Political Folly, not to be ſincere, at leaſt, in Trifles; and a judicious Gameſter will not falſify the Dice, but when he plays for conſiderable Sums.

A Knave naturally purſues his own Intereſt: And therefore, when he is in Power, if the Publick Good happens to claſh with his private Advantage, it is certain his Dear Country muſt ſuffer in the Conflict. But, ſuppoſing (as it often happens) the private Intereſt of a Miniſter is not only conſiſtent with, but thrives by, promoting the Glory and Proſperity of his Prince; then it may be made a queſtion, whether in ſome Circumſtances of Affairs, a refined Knave is not more proper to be employed in the Direction of the State, than a Perſon, who is ſcrupulouſly honeſt.

I obſerved in my Eighty-firſt Lecture, that it is requiſite a Stateſman ſhould have a Penetration into the Weakneſs and Corruption of all his neighbouring Nations; and likewiſe, that he ſhould have the Reſolution to take advantage of them, on proper Occaſions, for the Good of the Publick: A Method of proceeding, which in private Life is plainly inconſiſtent with the Rules of Honeſty; and which a Man of ſtrict Probity would ſcruple to exerciſe in a publick Capacity. And yet, in an

an Age, wherein it is almoſt become the Glory of States to circumvent each other, who does not for the Neceſſity of playing upon the Square? And what Miniſter would not deſerve to be diſgraced, who ſhould neglect any Opportunity of corrupting the Miniſter of a ſuſpected Potentate, to betray the Counſels of his Maſter? a Knave, therefore, in Politicks often proves (as the World goes) a moſt uſeful Member of Society; provided, Care be taken to reconcile his Intereſt to the Welfare of the Community. And, Princes ſeem to be univerſally convinced of the Reaſonableneſs of this State-Doctrine, by their allowing vaſt Salaries and Perquiſites to thoſe, who have the chief Direction of their Affairs, hoping thereby, not only to purchaſe their Fidelity, but to give them likewiſe an Equivalent for their Probity, ſacrificed in their Service.

BUT, even private Men ſeem tacitly to juſtify this Conduct of Princes; and can never find in their hearts to condemn an Artifice, that turns to their advantage, in the Guilt of which they are not concerned. Let a Miniſter but convince the People, that all his Actions tend to the Good of the Publick; and he needs not fear loſing the Eſteem of his Country-men, who reap the Benefit of his Iniquity. The vaſt Reputation and Eſteem the great *Cecil* acquired, is at leaſt as much owing to his paſſing for a Crafty, as to his being thought an Honeſt Miniſter. The moſt upright private Men take a pleaſure in hearing and relating the maſterly Contrivances of the Miniſters of different Princes, to abuſe one another. There is a Charm in Intereſt, which reconciles the Hearts of even Honeſt Men to the Lucrative Ingenuities of others. The graveſt Perſons, upon the Relation of civil Stratagems, betray an inward Eſteem for a Stateſman,

who has been the Contriver of a very notable Piece of Political Management; at the same time that they are, in decency, obliged outwardly to censure the Immorality of the Action.

THIS Disposition in Mankind at least to suffer Iniquities that turn to their advantage, brings to my Memory a Story, related of the Duke of *Luxemburgh*. His Success against the late King *William*, during his Wars with *France*, has made his Name sufficiently known. His Person and Aspect was so deformed and unpromising of the Greatness of his Actions, that he passed amongst the Populace of *France*, for a Wizzard; and they supposed the Devil assisted him in all his Undertakings. The Duke took an occasion from this Imputation, to make the highest Compliment to the late *French* King, that ever was made to a Prince. It happening once to be the Subject of Discourse, Who of all the *French* Generals had done most for the Service of that Monarch; *Luxemburgh* affirmed, that he had given his Majesty stronger Proofs of his Attachment to his Interests, than all his other Officers together: For, Sir (says he) they have done nothing, but what is common; they have indeed ventured their Lives and their Fortunes in your Service; but, I have sold myself to the Devil, for the Advancement of your Empire and Glory.

N° 136. *Friday*, July 10. 1719.

Connubio jungam ſtabili, propriamque dicabo.

VIRG.

NOtwithſtanding the great Number of Letters, Poems, and Eſſays, which I receive; and notwithſtanding that I take every Thing kindly, which comes from my ſeveral Correſpondents; yet, I am obliged to be more ſparing in making their Thoughts Publick, than perhaps is agreeable to ſome of them. I deſire them, therefore, to conſider this Paper in the Nature of a Lottery; and that, as it appears but twice in the Week, the Prizes can be but few. Without regarding Perſons (ſince they are all Latent Friends) I, now and then, make choice of ſuch Letters and Compoſitions, as I judge to be moſt proper to my purpoſe; ſo as, not over-much to retard the Progreſs of my main Deſign. Let this ſatisfy the Gentlemen and Ladies, who are apt to think, either that their Letters miſcarry, or that they are neglected: And particularly I deſire the Lovers to conſider, that I have done more for their Service, than for any other Perſons in Diſtreſs; becauſe I know, They, of all Men, are the moſt impatient under their Sufferings: Nevertheleſs, I muſt not permit my Paper to be over-run with Love; and much leſs, can I comply with printing Complaints, that

are parallel, in the main, with the lamentable Cases, to which I have effectually prescribed.

London, July 2. 1719.

Mr. FREE-THINKER,

"I Had fully resolved to send you a Messenger, "immediately after your Answer to my last; "and now, to apologize for myself to you, and "the Batchelour Candidates, I shall give you the "true Reason of my long Silence.

"THE Day after your last Correspondence with "me, I was happily engaged in an agreeable Circle of Friends: Your Papers, and particularly "those relating to *Miranda*, took up a considerable Share of our Discourse. An intimate Acquaintance, to whom I had communicated the "Secret of my writing to you, whispered a Gentleman in the Company; that I was the very "*Miranda*, in the *Free-Thinker*. The Gentleman "took the first Opportunity of addressing me in "the most passionate Manner; and has, from that "time, proved very assiduous in his Visits; insomuch, that I believe his Affection to be sincere. "He is a Person, who (upon strict Enquiry) fully "answers the Character, I desire in a Husband: "And, on *Monday* next, our Nuptials are to be "celebrated.

"I thought it a Duty incumbent on me, to give "you this Notice; and at the same time, to make "my publick Declaration of Thanks to Mr. *Free-Thinker*, and to the several Gentlemen, who "were pleased to honour me with their kind "Wishes: And I must conclude with owning, "that

* N° 108.

" that the Credit of your Paper gave birth to this " Marriage. I am, Sir,

Your ſincerely obliged humble Servant,

MIRANDA.

SEEK till you find; and you will not loſe your Labour: Miranda has diligently ſearched the Town and Country, for a Husband; and her Diligence is, at laſt happily rewarded. At the ſame time, it is a great Honour to the *Free-Thinker*, that he has been able to ſave the Longings of a Virgin, in the moſt important Deſire of Life: And, as this is the firſt Match, in the making of which I have been inſtrumental, I hope it will not be the laſt. I will not doubt of the Goodneſs of *Miranda*'s Choice: Nevertheleſs, as there are often unforeſeen and ſtrange Revolutions in the State of Matrimony; if the Gentleman ſhould infringe any of the Articles of Marriage, as ſhe is my Ward, I deſire her to appeal to me for Redreſs; whoſe continual Study it is to reduce the Men to Reaſon. Moreover, I expect a Letter of Thanks from the Bride-Groom, for the ineſtimable Bleſſing I have thrown into his Arms; and, beſide the uſual Allowances made to good Wives, I inſiſt on his giving her Credit upon Mr. *Roberts*, to have my Papers regularly ſent her; in which, they will both find many things for their mutual Edification and Comfort.

I cannot help compaſſionating the Croud of diſappointed Batchelours, who will ſigh over *Miranda*'s Letter. What Numbers of gallant Youths will be reduced to wear the Badge of forſaken Lovers! I am apt to believe, Willow may bear as good a Price in the Market to-morrow, as Oak-Branches have born for the three laſt Years, on

the twenty-ninth of *May*. It is the hard Fate of our Sex (to which, nevertheleſs, every honeſt Man will think it reaſonable to ſubmit) that, though a vertuous Woman be a world of Happineſs, yet her Charms are not diffuſive; and ſhe has it not in her power to bleſs more than one Man.

IF, amongſt the Admirers of *Miranda*, there happens to be a Poet, whoſe Heart is proof againſt the ſad Tidings of this Day; I hope he will call upon his Muſe to endite my fair Pupil's *Epithalamium*; that there may be no Ceremony wanting to do honour to ſo extraordinary a Marriage: The Subject is new; and promiſes no ſmall Glory to the Genius, who ſhall verſify upon it, with ſucceſs.

N° 137. *Monday*, July 13. 1719.

Illa; Quis & me (inquit) miſeram, & te perdidit, Orpheu?

VIRG.

To the FREE-THINKER.

SIR, June 18. 1719.

"THERE are now about ten Months ex-
"pired, ſince I departed from *Aleppo*, to
"return to *England*. When I left that City, the
"following Account of a Love-Adventure was
"the reigning Subject of Diſcourſe; and I can
"myſelf

" myself atteſt the Truth of the greateſt part of " the Relation I ſend you.

" THERE was a Merchant in *Aleppo*, whom " I ſhall conceal under the Name of *Lucius*, who " lived (ſix or ſeven Years ago) in *Florence*; where " he made his Addreſſes to a Lady of ſingular " Beauty and Modeſty. By his conſtant Care to " oblige her, and by repeated Aſſurances of his " unalterable Love and Fidelity, he at laſt entirely " gained her Eſteem, and engaged her Affections. " By degrees, their mutual Love grew to ſuch a " height, that it became a Proverb in *Florence*; " and every fond, faithful Pair of Lovers were " dignify'd by the Names of *Lucius* and *Marcia*. " For Reaſons beſt known to themſelves, they " thought it proper to defer their intended Mar- " riage: In the mean time, Affairs of an extraor- " dinary Concern forced *Lucius* into diſtant Coun- " tries; and, at laſt, obliged him to make *Aleppo* " his Place of Reſidence.

" AT ſo great a diſtance, his Thoughts were " never abſent from his dear *Marcia*; he conveyed " them to her by Letters, in the moſt paſſionate " Language; and ſtill aſſured her, that he impa- " tiently longed to reviſit *Florence*, to compleat " his Happineſs. But, notwithſtanding he wrote " frequently, yet (to his great Surpriſe) he receiv- " ed no Anſwer from the Lady. This unaccount- " able Diſappointment became very grievous to " him; and nothing but the Embarraſſment and " perpetual Hurry of his Buſineſs could, in any " meaſure, have diverted the Uneaſineſs of his " Mind.

" IT happened in the mean time, that he grew " into an Acquaintance with a Perſon of great " Note in *Aleppo*, who was happy in a Daughter " that was the Wonder of her Sex, for Beauty and

Sweetneſs

" Sweetneſs of Temper. Crouds of Admirers made " their Addreſſes to her, daily; but, in vain: " For, ſhe tacitly loved *Lucius*; and could not pre- " vail upon her Heart to approve of any other " Man. He ſoon perceived *Lavinia*'s growing Paſ- " ſion; and as ſoon armed himſelf with the firmeſt " Reſolutions, never to forfeit his Fidelity to his " beloved *Marcia*: Though in ſecret, he blamed " her cruel Silence; and to himſelf reproached her " the more, becauſe he could not ſo much as gueſs " at the Cauſe of it.

" PERPLEXED with continual Doubts and " Fears; he at laſt wrote a long tender Epiſtle to " her, full of the moſt endearing Expoſtulations, " which he put under cover to an intimate Friend " in *Florence*; deſiring him to wait on *Marcia*, " and deliver the encloſed, with his own Hand, to " the Object of his Deſires. When this Gentle- " man came to acquit himſelf of the Commands " of the abſent Lover; to his amazement, the " Lady refuſed to receive the Letter he brought: " And, without explaining herſelf, left him with " an Air of Diſdain. By the firſt Poſt, he ac- " quainted *Lucius* with the Manner of his Recep- " tion; who behaved himſelf with all the ſeeming " Moderation of Mind, under his Affliction; tho' " it inwardly preyed upon his Spirits. He knew " not which way to turn his Thoughts; nor " what Reſolutions he ſhould take. The Vehe- " mency of his Love preſſes him to leave *Aleppo*: " But the Urgency of his Affairs forbids his De- " parture.

" THE Uneaſineſs of his Mind encreaſed, from " day to day; inſomuch, that his Melancholy " was obſerved by all his Friends, and particular- " ly by *Lavinia*. She would often tell him, that " undoubtedly he was in Love; and, at the ſame

" time,

" she, endeavoured to hint to him, by every " Motion of her Eyes, and every Accent of her " Tongue, that she herself was tormented by the " like Passion, which she had catched from him. " *Lucius* began to like her Conversation; preserv- " ing still his Truth to *Marcia*. *Lavinia* finding " him insensible to all her Charms, is at last no " longer able to support her Love; and she sick- " ens to a degree, that the Physicians despair of " her Life. Her Maid (the only Confident she " had) seeing her Lady in this desperate Condition, " goes of her own accord to *Lucius*, and discloses " to him the Cause of *Lavinia*'s Indisposition. " Hereupon, *Lucius*, filled with a generous Com- " passion, instantly visits the suffering Virgin. By " the Kindness of his Speech, and the Gentleness " of his Behaviour, he composes her restless " Thoughts; revives her Spirits; and restores her, " by degrees, to perfect Health.

" *Lavinia*'s Charms now shine out, in their full " Lustre; and *Lucius* feels their Power: Yet, " still he resolves not to injure *Marcia*; and to " stand justified in all his Conduct. For this Rea- " son, he writes the following Letter; which I " copied from what was said to be the Original, " in *Italian*.

" HOW have I deserved such unkind Treat- " ment, from my dearest *Marcia*; in whose " Smiles are all my Joys; Can it be true, that you " should reject me with Scorn? Was it kindly done, " to refuse Admittance to the Messenger of Love? " Was it like *Marcia*; in whose Breast, I thought " Love and Constancy made their abode? Is it " possible? And, am I then deceived? How shall I " believe it, while I am able to recollect the happy " Moments, we employed in the Extasies of Love?

" I re-

" I remember well your Vows, and tender Pro-
" teſtations; your endearing Looks, and ſoft Em-
" braces; together with the gentle Sighs, and
" tumultuous Raptures, of your Breaſt. Then,
" one Soul ſeemed to animate us both. But, why
" do I cheriſh the Remembrance of my paſt Happi-
" neſs; ſince they only encreaſe my preſent An-
" xiety? I ſhould rather wiſh to renounce all Me-
" mory; and endeavour to forget *Marcia:* Then,
" ſhall my Mind be in peace, again. Accuſe not
" my future Conduct: *Marcia* only is to blame,
" if ever ſhe lives forſaken by

LUCIUS.

" LUCIUS waited long, to know the Succeſs
" of this Letter: But, no anſwer came. *Lavinia,*
" in the mean time was induſtrious to engage his
" Heart by the whole Power of her Beauty, and
" the Pleaſantneſs of her Converſation. *Marcia*'s
" Unkindneſs helped to improve *Lavinia*'s Charms;
" and in the end, *Lucius* (tired with fruitleſs Ex-
" pectations) reſigned himſelf to marry *Lavinia.*
" When the News of this Marriage reached the
" Ears of *Marcia,* her former Scorn forſook her;
" and Rage, and Love, and Reſentment, over-
" powered all her Reaſon. In her Phrenzy, ſhe
" vowed the Unhappineſs of the diſtant Lovers.
" She immediately left *Florence;* and embracing
" the firſt Opportunity of a Paſſage, ſhe arrived
" at *Aleppo,* in the Apparel of a Man. She ſoon
" found out *Lucius;* who knew her not, through
" her Diſguiſe. She deſired to impart her Buſineſs
" to him, in private: *Lucius,* hereupon, retiring
" with her into a ſeparate Apartment; ſhe drew
" a Piſtol out of her Boſom, and ſhot him dead;
" then, with a Dagger, ſhe immediately ſtabbed
" herſelf to the Heart.

" WHEN

" WHEN I left the Place, *Lavinia* was in a most " deplorable Condition; insomuch, that it was " feared, she would not long survive the sad " Disaster. The mighty Dispute amongst the Love- " Casuists was; whom most to blame? Some " thought *Lucius* in the wrong to marry, before " he had seen, or heard from, *Marcia*: Others " blamed the whole Conduct of *Marcia*: But, all " agreed in compassionating poor *Lavinia*.

N° 138. *Friday*, July 17. 1719.

——— *E cœlo descendit, γνῶθι σεαυτὸν.*
JUVEN.

ON the Eighth of *May*, * I promised *soon to open a fresh Parcel of Knowledge*; which I shall, this day, begin to distribute among my Disciples. I have already finished my *Preliminary* and *Supplemental* Discourses; whereby I hope, I have prepared the Minds of many of my Countrymen to take the Dye of common Sense; that their Understandings may be engrained in Reason, and the Stains of Prejudice lost in the full and bright Tincture of sound Philosophy.

To change my Metaphor, and to give this Set of Lectures a proper Denomination, by which they may be distinctly remembered; I shall call them the *Porch of Knowledge*: The which, I shall now open to my Disciples, as the immediate Entrance into the *Temple of Philosophy*; into which I shall hereafter introduce them.

* N°. 118. SOCRA-

SOCRATES mentions a Story of *Thales*, one of the wise Men of *Greece*, to whom the Precept at the Head of this Paper is ascribed; that, as he walked, one Night, with his Eyes intent upon the Stars, he fell into a Pit. Hereupon, *Thratta* (a smart, facetious Female) who attended him on this Occasion, said to him; It is an unpardonable Oversight in you, to fix your whole Attention on the Heavens, so as to neglect more obvious Things of a nearer Concern, that lie beneath your Eyes, just at your Feet. *Thratta*'s Raillery is a Lesson of Wisdom, that admonishes us, in our Pursuit of Knowledge, to begin with the Study of Ourselves; before we carry our Searches on, to Contemplations more remote.

A compleat Knowledge of Thyself is the most solid Foundation, on which to raise the Superstructure of every other kind of Knowledge. Know Thyself, therefore, in the first place; that is, make a diligent and exact Scrutiny into the Disposition and into the Integrity of thy several Faculties; that thou mayest judge, how compleatly they are qualified for the Discharge of their respective Offices; and observe, on the other hand, the Defects, as the Weakness, Narrowness, or any other Imperfection, under which they may labour.

THE Endowments of all Persons are not equal: And since, the Abilities of no Man can ever exceed the Degrees of Excellency and Perfection allotted to them by Nature; our first Care and Study should be to discover, and make a just Estimate of, the true Force of our natural Powers; and then, to enquire into the Improvements, they may be capable of; and how far they may be enlarged by, or what additional Strength they may receive from, Discipline. And, there is the greater Necessity to proceed in this important Scrutiny into ourselves

deliberately, by ſevere and impartial Reflections; ſince, on the Juſtneſs of our Obſervations herein, will depend the proper Uſe and Application of our ſeveral Faculties, as well as the Certainty of the Opinions, we ſhall (in any future Studies) adopt for Truths.

It is from the general Omiſſion of this Self-Examination, that Mankind (almoſt univerſally) either miſapply their Talents; or fall upon wrong Methods of regulating and improving their Faculties; or run into various Abſurdities; or laſtly, take Appearances for Realities. Hence it is, that *Pamilio*, a light-timbered, dapper Youth, who might make an eminent Figure upon a Race-Horſe at *New-Market*, would give any Price for a Commiſſion to ſtrut before a Company of Grenadiers. *Therſites*, who has a Genius admirably turned to excel in Languages, affects to expoſe his aukward Shape in publick Dancings; and, inſtead of covering Himſelf with a *Domine*, dreſſes for Maſquerades in the Habit of a Running Foot-man. *Philanthes*, who has all the Extravagancy of Imagination, that makes a Groteſque Poet, inſtead of endeavouring to tame the Wildneſs of it by the Study of Logick or Mathematicks, enflames it by reading *Rablais* and *Orlando Furioſo*. *Flavus*, who has a peculiar Talent for Mechanicks, and has a perpetual Jaundice in his Conſtitution, is unfortunately bent upon the Contemplation of Colours: And *Paris*, who ranges nothing methodically, but a Cabinet of Medals, has of late turned his Head to Politicks, and aſpires to regulate the State.

MOREOVER; ſince the Diſcoveries, we make by enquiring into and experiencing the Force, and Extent, and Aptitude, of our Abilities, are of ſuch moment, that without this Knowledge we muſt remain under Uncertainties, with relation to all

our

our future Attainments; it ſeems not ſufficient, that we have once made a diligent Search into Ourſelves: Becauſe, we cannot be ſure, that our Faculties continue in the ſame Condition, unleſs we perpetually renew our Enquiries about them. And the Neceſſity of recurring (from Time to Time) to a ſtrict Review of our Faculties appears, not only from the Alterations, which Diſtempers, and other Accidents, may introduce; but even, from the ſlow Changes, that (like the Shadow upon the Dial) inſenſibly ſteal upon Nature, in her ordinary Courſe.

THE ſucceſſive and gradual Variations of Nature are viſible, throughout the whole Creation; and may be obſerved in all Beings, whether Animate or Inanimate. But, to take a general View of them in Man, who is the Subject of my Diſcourſe; How weak and inconſiderable are the Abilities of Infancy; equally infirm, in Body and in Mind! In the Seaſons of Puerility and Adoleſcency, our Apprehenſion is only ſufficient to obſerve what our Teachers point out to us, as it were with a Feſcue; without being able to diſcern, whether the Notices, placed before us, be True, or Falſe. In the next Stage of Life, we grow adult; an Age, in which the Prejudices of Education begin to be confirmed, and we reſolve to believe and to defend the Opinions and Conceits, inculcated by our Preceptors; or which come recommended by the Authority of our admired Friends and Companions; or which are eſpouſed by a prevailing Party of Men. Then, we climb up into Manhood; and (as from an Eminency) we look down upon our former favourite Nations; and think of enquiring into the Validity of the Opinions, which before we implicitly adhered to, in the moſt poſitive manner. Now, we claim the Right of reaſoning,

and

and of judging, for our ſelves. Hence, Doubts begin to riſe; and we grow jealous of ſome latent Impoſition or Colluſion, in the Doctrines we have not examined. Such is the Dawn of Manly Senſe; and, as it riſes with an Increaſe of Light upon the vain Fables of Nurſes, the abſurd Leſſons of ignorant or diſhoneſt Teachers, and the crude Notions of empty Companions; the whole Croud of viſionary Ideas vaniſh, as Spectres are ſaid to diſappear before the Sun: And real Truths only remain viſible, within the clear Horizon of Reaſon. After this, there is nothing more to be expected from Man, but to keep up and improve this Maturity of Senſe, as long as the Vigour of Nature laſts; till his Abilities decay, towards the Evening-Twilight of Life.

N° 139. *Monday*, July 20. 1719.

Iſtud autem Γνῶθι σεαυτόν, noli putare ad arrogantiam minuendam ſolum eſſe dictum; verum etiam, ut bona noſtra norimus.

CICER.

MY laſt Lecture did require a ſtrict Attention in my Readers; to which I muſt beg leave, this Day, to ſubjoin another, equally Philoſophical; ſince (as it is the Sequel of the former) they will, by ſtanding together, reflect a Light reciprocally on each other.

Now,

Now, because it generally happens, that the Morning of Life is wasted, before Men seriously enter upon the Study of Themselves; and yet, we can hardly be stiled reasonable, before we have made some progress in this important Knowledge: I advise my youthful Disciples, not to neglect the Task of Self-Examination, from the first Moment they begin to reflect, and to be conscious that they are endowed with Faculties, which rise above mere Sensation. The Powers of Reason should be summoned early, and commanded betimes upon Duty; that the Animal Life, which commences long before the Rational, may be shortened; and that, Men may enjoy the greatest Portion of their Time, in the Distinction and Dignity of their Nature.

PHILOSOPHY teaches us to compute the Life, the Age and Growth, of Man, not from his Birth, not by his Stature, nor bodily Strength; nor by the Perfection of his Limbs; but, from the Point of Time, in which he commences Rational; or is able (in other Words) to reflect upon his own Actions, his own Knowledge, and his own Abilities. Neither, are the specious Appearances of Reason to be allowed of, in this Philosophical Method of computing the Age of Man. Who knows not (for instance) that the common Transactions of Business, and the ordinary Affairs of Life, may be carried on (by Persons bred in them from their Childhood) and brought to a Conclusion, by habitual Forms and Modes of Acting, that can hardly be said to flow from any Degree of Reflection. Quotidianary Words, and Actions, and even set Forms of Thinking, which Education or Custom may have prescribed, do not rise above the Powers of Mechanism, more than the Soul of a Minstrel exerts it self, when his Fingers move regularly upon his Instrument, in his wonted Performances

of Muſick. Neither, does the ordinary Courſe of Converſation, of Reading, of Writing, or even of Speaking in Publick, give convincing Evidence, that any Perſon has begun a Rational Life. Theſe Operations may be all performed, chiefly by the Aſſiſtance of the Animal Spirits, without the Intervention of Reaſon; which is the Reſult of Reflection. And the Man, who has unfortunately compleated Thirty, or Forty, or perhaps Fifty Years, without employing his Faculties to nobler Purpoſes, is but a ſenſitive Being; an Animal, upon the Level with a managed Horſe; and has not ſo much as been born into the Life of a Philoſopher.

THE Treaſures of the Mind lie very deep; buried under a confuſed Heap of Rubbiſh, thrown over them by Paſſions, Pleaſures, Intereſts, Cuſtom, Education, and other Enemies to Reaſon. It is an *Herculean* Labour to remove this Lumber, and to clear the Soul of her Incumberances; ſo as to come at the Riches, that lie concealed beneath this manifold Heap of Prejudices. And even then, it will not be eaſy to make a diſtinct Inventory of the Furniture of the Mind: Her various Riches will be found to lie in great confuſion; ſome accumulated, others diſperſed, without Order, Connexion, or Relation to one another; ſo that, a conſiderable Portion of her valuable Stores will eſcape the negligent and incurious Obſerver: And, even when they are diſcovered, a Quickneſs of Thought (like the Livelineſs of an acute Sight) is neceſſary, to ſeize on the firſt Notices of them; Sagacity to purſue them, in all their Shapes; and Prudence, to make the proper uſe of them: Qualifications, which ſeldom concur, but in the advanced Seaſon of Life. Laſtly, Time and Leiſure is required to clear up all Ambiguities; and impartially

to

to weigh the Objections, which are conceived and urged against new or revived Speculations, thro' Prejudice or Interest; by which means many excellent Hints and Discoveries have been extinguished, with their Authours; and many kindling Truths smothered, before they could be raised into a bright Flame, and delivered to the Care of an Inquisitive Masterly Genius, who might be able to defend them, and bring them to shine out, in their full Heat and Splendour.

THE Man, who searches diligently into his own Fund of Real Knowledge, and has nicely computed the Stock of Ideas, he has to set up withal in Philosophy, will not be satisfied with skimming over the Surfaces of Arts and Sciences; nor with dwelling only on the Fashionable Writings, so as to keep pace with the Philosophers of his Age; but, will penetrate farther, and cut out his Passage through all the Obstacles, that would bar up his Communication with Truths; even though they lie never so far out of the ordinary Road, and never so remote from the Observations and Opinions of his Contemporaries. As he goes deeper into himself, he will meet with fresh Mines; in which he will discover Veins of Knowledge, branching out diversly, and inserted into others; which though they spring not from the same original Sources, yet nevertheless, maintain a secret Correspondence among themselves. But these curious Discoveries, indeed, cannot be made without the Assistance of certain Preparatory and Auxiliary Knowledges; nor, before we have familiarized our Minds to Attention, and Steadiness of Thought, by repeated Exercises, and a long Habit of Recollection.

THE Understanding of every Man is, at first but poorly furnished with a few Simple Ideas; when

[illegible] in time, by long Reflection upon one or two [illegible] Hints, its Riches visibly encrease: Upon this Fund, we enlarge our Commerce; and launch out after distant Truths; steering our Course, thro' the wide Ocean of Errours, by the Compass of Reason. *Happy is the Man* (says *Solomon*) *that findeth Wisdom; and the Man that getteth Understanding: For, the Merchandise of it is better than the Merchandise of Silver; and the Gain thereof, than fine Gold: She is more precious than Rubies; and all the Things, thou canst desire, are not to be compared unto her.*

UPON the whole; Multitudes of Men of great Abilities have lived useless to the World, merely for want of knowing, in time, the natural Strength and the proper Improvement of their Faculties; and, through not applying their Thought to the Investigation of the concealed Treasures of their Mind: And many likewise, by a wrong Application of their Talents, have been able to propagate, and to authorize such Falshoods and Superstitions and Inhumanities, as are the perpetual Bane of Society: So that, their perverted Abilities and Diligence have proved the Calamity of Mankind. A great Genius is a fertile Soil; and should be sown, early, with the most useful Seeds of Knowledge: Otherwise, it will be overrun with the insignificant, or the poisonous Weeds, that shoot up in Understandings, warmed by the Interests, the Prejudices and the Passions, of a vicious World. In this Cultivation, there are almost infinite Degrees: And, though the common Herd of Men (like the vulgar Husbandman in Agriculture) stop short, and never think of exceeding the Improvements, to which they are limited by Custom; yet, a Person of a more than ordinary Capacity should run through all the Art

of Culture, to embelliſh the Garden of his Mind with Exotic, as well as Native, Curioſities; and ſhould ranſack every Seaſon and every Climate of Philoſophy, for any Plant or any Flower of Knowledge, that may be of uſe, or may prove an Ornament, to himſelf, or to his Country.

N° 140. *Friday*, July 24. 1719.

Sic, ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis,
Ad vada Mæandri concinit albus olor.
Nec, quia te noſtra ſperem prece poſſe moveri,
Alloquor: adverſo vovimus iſta deo.

OVID. *Epiſt.*

To the FREE-THINKER.

SIR, July 6. 1719.

" THE lovely *Mira* is a Collection of Charms; " a compleat Syſtem of Beauty: Her Hu- " mour, her Air, her Speech, her Perſon, and her " Features, conſpire to diſtinguiſh her, amongſt " the Daughters of *Britain*. I ſaw her; I admi- " red her; and I loved her: Neither, did I love " in vain. *Cynthia*, through one whole Revolu- " tion, ſhone not upon a Swain more bleſt, than " *Thyrſis*; and every Morning in *May* opened to " my Eyes, not half ſo mild, not half ſo bright " and blooming, as *Mira*. Succeſsful, to the " Fond-

" Boldness of my Wishes; my growing Passion,
" fed by Hopes, did scarce admit a Fear. But,
" Oh, how deceitful are the Joys of Lovers!
" The Charming *Mira* disappointed my Visit, one
" Evening; and left the following Billet for me,
" which awakened me from my flattering Dream
" of Happiness.

" *SINCE, the good Qualities, which soon and*
" *effectually recommended you to my Esteem, have*
" *been already rewarded by a Woman of Merit; I*
" *must beg of you, that we may become Strangers,*
" *for the future: For, I am firmly resolved, that*
" *the united Perfections of your whole Sex shall ne-*
" *ver influence me to alter my Condition with any*
" *Man, less a Novice in* Hymen's *sacred Rites,*
" *than*

MIRA.

" WORDS cannot express the Concern, I felt
" upon reading these Lines. *Mira* had listened to
" malicious Insinuations; and the Possession of a
" vertuous Woman, for a few Months, was adjudged
" sufficient to exhaust a young Man's Affections;
" or, at least, to damp them to such a degree,
" as to render them not worth the Acceptance of
" a Virgin. What could I do? Or rather, What
" did I not attempt? I sent, I wrote, I visited, I
" hunted her; but, all in vain. She vanished still,
" as I appeared; nor, ever vouchsafed to make
" the least Reply to my fond Expostulations, and
" my daily Complaints.

" How often is the natural Current of our In-
" clinations driven back, by a Tide of Prejudice?
" And how disproportioned do the most beautiful
" Objects appear through the deceitful Glass of
" false Opinion? If Youth, and Faith, and an

" unfully'd Fame, could have engaged the
" nice Heart of *Mira*; then, had *Thyrsis* never been
" wretched. But, a Lover's Merit subsists wholly
" ly in the Opinion of the *Fair*. *Mira* is lost;
" and *Thyrsis* now, left to count his Sighs, and
" hope, must love, no more!

" THIS Morning's Sun beheld the beauteous
" Maid resign her Charms, for ever, to another.
" All Nature seemed to smile on her Nuptials,
" with auspicious Omens. The ruddy Streaks of
" Light, which beautified the Dawn, seemed to
" foretel the Blushes of the Bride: The Sun rose
" with unusual Lustre; rejoycing to run his Course,
" like the Bridegroom coming forth from his Cham-
" bers: The fresh Stillness of the Air betokened
" the future Peace and Happiness of the loving
" Pair: The flowery Fiels vied with their Nup-
" tial Dress: The Birds warbled out their Hyme-
" neals: All was gay; and nothing sad, but *Thyr-*
" *sis*. Neither, did ungenerous Passions disturb his
" Breast; nor, was his Grief of a malignant Na-
" ture. Indeed, he often accused his own hard
" Fate; yet, still he blest the lovely Bride; nor,
" even encouraged one unkind Wish to *Dama*;
" since, he now was Part of *Mira*. Unable to
" improve, and yet unwilling to disturb, those Joys
" he could not share; *Thyrsis* reitred into a soli-
" tary Grove: Where, to sooth the Anguish of
" his Heart, and justify his Sorrow, he addressed
" the following Lines to the fortunate Ravisher of
" all his Hopes.

To

To my Succesful RIVAL.

THRICE happy Damon! to thy longing Arms
Has Mira, now, resign'd her Virgin Charms!
O, may she still improve thy rapturous Joy!
Sure, never can her chaste Endearments cloy.

Thrice happy Lover! prize thy beauteous Store;
For Heaven can grant, nor Mortal covet, more.
And, when that Face (where blooming Innocence
Mildly'd shines) less Lustre shall dispense;
Nay Time, for every Charm he weakens there,
With some new Vertue recompence the Fair:
That so, thy riper Passion still may find
Fresh Beauties, in her undecaying Mind.
So, shall enamour'd Mira find in Thee
That Love, that Faith, she might have found in me.

Thy Rival once, thy Rival now no more,
Unenvied bids thee, all her Sweets explore;
And, curst by thy prevailing Destiny,
Still showers down Blessings on thy Bride and Thee.
Compell'd by Fate, the Charmer I resign;
Nor will I, at thy happier Lot, repine:
The Love of Mira has my Soul refin'd;
And, from ungenerous Passions, purg'd my Mind.

Had Heaven bestow'd the glorious Prize on Me,
And you like Thyrsis lov'd, if that can be;
Imparadis'd within the Fair One's Arms,
Blest in her Smiles, and Lord of all her Charms,
Even then, reflecting on the Joys you lost,
A generous Sympathy some Sighs had cost:
By my own Joys I should have guess'd your Pain,
And almost wish'd, you had not lov'd in vain;

To Fate alone have given the dear Succeſs,
Nor thought my Merit greater, nor yours leſs.

O! if a Wretch dead-frozen by Diſdain,
Can e'er by ſunny Love be warm'd again;
Then quickly, Heaven, bright Mira's *Loſs repair*
By ſome kind Nymph, Compaſſionate as Fair.
May Mira's *milder Glances arm her Eye;*
Her Cheeks may Mira's *modeſt Crimſon dye;*
Her Smiles, may Mira's *winning Sweetneſs grace;*
And Mira's *Lillies bleſſom in her Face:*
The ſame her Features, be her Mind the ſame;
And Mira's *Vertues add to* Mira's *Frame.*

Then, to compleat the Workmanſhip divine,
Give her a Heart as true and fond as mine:
With mutual Flames our faithful Boſoms warm;
Let her like Thyrſis *love, like* Mira *charm.*
I ask no more; in Love compleatly bleſt,
Let Avarice and Ambition take the Reſt,

"THE charming *Mira* needs not bluſh, I hope, "to find herſelf diſcovered in ſo reſpectful a Man- "ner; when I inform you, that *Mira* and *Mi- "randa* are the ſame. A Flame, ſo pure as her "bright Eyes have lighted up, may ſtill be cheriſh- "ed without Blame: Nor, can my juſt Eſteem "for her great Merit be any Wrong to *Miranda*, "to *Damon*, or to myſelf.

"THE Publication of theſe artleſs Lines will "be ſolely attributed to a neglect in Mr. *Free- "Thinker*'s ingenious Correſpondents, on the Oc- "caſion of *Miranda*'s Marriage. Rather let the "Dictates of an unpractiſed Muſe ſink into Obli- "vion, together with that ſucceſsleſs Paſſion, "which gave birth to them, than ſuffer them to "interrupt your more uſeful Studies; which ſo

"much

« much oblige and edify the reasonable World,
» and in particular,

SIR,

Your profest Admirer,

THYRSIS.

Miranda gave Notice, * in the last Letter I received from her, that she was to be married on the sixth Instant. I have, since then, received several Letters with Verses, to celebrate her Nuptials; which are very much to her Honour, and to the Credit of her Lovers. There is a peculiar Spirit of Gallantry in the Passion, with which she inspired her Admirers: At the same time, that each expresses a sensible Concern for his own Disappointment; they all conspire to wish her Happiness, with their fortunate Rival. I have not room to insert their several Performances; and the Reason, why I have fixed upon that of *Thyrsis*, is because he seems to be the most tender-hearted of all the complaining Candidates.

I know, my Readers are very inquisitive about the Lady, who has held this long Correspondence with me; and, many still imagine the whole to be an Invention of my own: But, I must once more assure them of the contrary. The several Letters of *Miranda* came to me in the same Female Character; and I am as much at a loss, as any of my Readers, to guess who this fair Pupil of mine may be.

* N° 136.

N° 141. *Monday*, July 27. 1719.

Κεῖνος μὲν πανάριστος, ὃς αὐτῷ πάντα νοήσῃ.
Ἐσθλὸς δ' αὖ κἀκεῖνος, ὃς εὖ εἰπόντι πίθηται.

HESIOD.

I Have raiſed the * firſt Column of *the Porch of Knowledge*; and, I own, I am impatient to erect the ſecond: This done, I ſhall allow my Scholars a ſufficient Leiſure to ſtudy the Characters inſcribed on theſe two Pillars, before I make any farther Advances in this Philoſophical Piece of Architecture.

UPON a diligent and impartial Enquiry into ourſelves, we ſhall find that a Mind rightly qualify'd for the Reception of Truth, ſhould be capable of taking the Repreſentations and Images of things ſet before it, in as lively, as diſtinct, and exact a Manner, as a Mirrour of fine Glaſs (exquiſitely poliſhed and adjuſted) reflects the Objects preſented to it, without any Alteration. A wrong Mind, like a falſe Glaſs, does either magnify or diminiſh, the Figures of Things; or, poſſibly, it multiplies or leſſens their Number; or inverts their Situation, or confounds their natural Order: Sometimes, it falſifies the Proportions of an Object, breaks all its Symmetry; divides Parts, that are connected; and connects

* N° 138, 139.

connects those, which in reality are divided. And, as we may observe in a Glass, that is either not truly wrought, or the Metal of which is stained with some Tincture in its first Composition, perhaps by the Design of the Artisan; that, it will always cast its own inherent Falsity, or complexional Colour, upon the various Forms it reflects; so an Understanding, discoloured or debased by any Alloy or impure Mixture, casts its false Glosses and Misrepresentations on all the Notions and Images, that come under its Observation.

MOREOVER; a just and faithful Apprehension gives no adventitious Lustre to dark, nor any imaginary Beauty to deformed, Originals: Neither does it tarnish, or sully, or darken Originals, which in themselves are fresh, or fair, or bright. Lastly; a sound Understanding does not encrease or diminish the Motion of any Objects, nor shorten or lengthen their Distance, nor extend or contract their Dimensions; neither does it enliven dead Pieces, or deaden the Activity of Beings full of Life and Spirit: But, all the Representations, rising in the intellectual Mirrour, do (in all respects) compleatly and precisely resemble, and correspond with, the Originals, of which they are the Types.

SUCH is the Mind happily qualify'd to receive the sublime Truths of Philosophy, in their real Shapes and Colours; and to reflect upon them without deceiving others, or being itself deceived: Such a Mind alone admits of Impressions, which are at once just and strong: and, when it is thoroughly clear in the Discernment of them, is enabled to communicate them distinctly, and as it were to point them out by proper Language, to inferior Understandings, who (of themselves) comprehend Things but darkly; and yet, are able to make considerable Improvements, and to see clearly,

when they are enlightned by the Inſtructions of a ſuperior Genius.

As it is very rare to find a Glaſs, that does Juſtice unexceptionably to Objects, in every nice Circumſtance; ſo likewiſe, is it yet more uncommon to be bleſt with an Underſtanding, in which all the Repreſentations of Things are abſolutely adequate to the Forms themſelves. But, notwithſtanding this exquiſite Juſtneſs of Conception is granted to very few (if to any) Mortals; yet ſhould it be the Ambition of every Lover of Truth, to endeavour to approach this Standard of a Right Apprehenſion, as near as the Perfection of his Nature will allow.

THE Philoſopher *Heraclitus* was famous for ſaying, that he ſearched into, and conſulted himſelf, on all Occaſions; that he was Self-taught; and traced out the ſubtil Operations of Nature, by obſerving the Appearances or the Reſult of them, in his own Mind. This Habit of Reflection gained him ſo great a Veneration, that the Hiſtorians ſpeak with admiration of his great Authority amongſt the People. When his Fellow-Citizens of *Epheſus* baniſhed his Companion *Hermodorus*, who had governed their Affairs with the greateſt Wiſdom; he declared it to be his Opinion, That all the Adult *Epheſians* merited Death: And, that the City ſhould be left to the riſing Generation; ſince there was hopes, They might receive Inſtruction: But, that he diſpaired of the Citizens of Maturity, who had conſented to baniſh their Benefactour for no other Reaſon, but becauſe he was the beſt Man amongſt them. *Heraclitus* diſdained to be the Law-giver of this degenerate People, who could not bear the Preſence of Men of great Abilities and Vertue, in their City; rightly judging, that the ſame Perverſeneſs and Narrow-

neſs

ness of Mind, which made them jealous of entrusting Men of Sense and Merit with the Government, would very probably defeat all his Counsels, and obstruct the Influence even of the wisest Laws. Therefore, he retired to the Temple of *Diana*; and thought it more honourable to play there with the Children, than to sit at the Helm of Government with their abandoned Fathers.

THE World was once blest with an Emperour, who professed Philosophy: He (as it appears by his Excellent Writings) endeavoured to rectify his own Mind, by the continual Observation of what passed within it; and, by this means, to found the Knowledge of Men and Things, and the Government of the World, in the Government and Knowledge of himself. In him, was Wisdom honoured; and in him, was actually seen, what *Plato* was thought extravagant for imagining, that Philosophy could even cast a Lustre upon Majesty, and give an additional Dignity to the greatest Prince. But then, it is to be lamented, that the Reign of the Imperial Philosopher, *Marcus Antoninus*, was not sufficient fully to shew, how happy Society might be made under such a Governour. The speedy Defection from the Precepts of Philosophy under *Commodus* (countenanced by his dissolute Manners) shewed, the Multitude were not, in a small Compass of Time, to be made so thoroughly acquainted with the Charms of Wisdom, as to reject sensual Enjoyments, for the refined Pleasures of Reason; which are the sublime and elegant Satisfactions only of Persons, who are (from Reflection) conscious of their own Worthiness, and of their Pre-eminence over the unthinking Part of Mankind.

N° 142. *Friday*, July 31. 1719.

Τὺς μαθηματικὺς ἀποβλέπειν μὲν πρὸς τὸν ἥλιον καὶ τὴν σελήνην, τὰ δ' ἐν ποσὶ πράγματα παρεῖσθαι.

DIOGEN. *Sinop.*

AS it is not in the power of Art to express an exact Mathematical Line; so, probably, no Human Understanding ever came up to the Justness of Apprehension, I have described. Nevertheless, the Standard ought not to be altered, and brought down to our Imperfections; since, the most finished Model should always be proposed as a Pattern: And, there must be a fixed Point of Perfection settled, before we can calculate the Degrees of Deficiency or Variation from it, in our own, or others, Understandings. There are First, Second, and Third Rate Capacities; from which we may count downwards through the lower Orders, till we descend to Minds almost wholly destitute of Apprehension, and which reflect no Resemblances of the Objects presented to them. These Things considered, I thought it necessary to give my Disciples an Idea of a Right Understanding; to the Accuracy of which every Free-Thinker should endeavour to approach, as near as he can. There is no Danger of my Scholars learning to think too justly, or (in my Phrase) too freely; nor, that Men will too nicely examine into the Truths of Philosophy; nor, that they, who are naturally unqualify'd, will labour beyond their Strength

Strength after an Excellency, which is set far out of their Reach.

EVERY Eye is not made to discern all visible Objects, nor to bear every Degree of Light; neither, is the Mind of every Man formed to conceive all intelligible Notions: And, yet every Eye, that has the ordinary Power of Sight, sees sufficiently for a thousand common Uses; and the weakest Sight may be assisted by Glasses: In the like manner, there are few Apprehensions, which may not be brought to conceive many useful Truths rightly.

THERE are Understandings, which are by Nature formed incapable of making Advances in Knowledge, answerable to the reasonable Desires of the Will, even with the Assistance and Direction of the ablest Teachers. Such limited Capacities are not qualify'd to enlarge the Bounds of Philosophy; to explore the unknown Regions of Learning; to discover what remains yet to compleat Arts and Sciences; nor, even to win back lost Provinces of Knowledge, from the Encroachments of Ignorance. However, these subordinate Understandings, in their several Ranks, not only may be, but actually are, serviceable; when, by a previous Self-examination, they apply their Attentions to such Portions of Learning, as lie level to their Abilities, and come within the Sphere of their Activity. Though their Speculations are confined within narrow Boundaries, yet there is still sufficient Employment for their Ingenuity, by studying to perfect and clear up their Notions on such Subjects, as fall within their Comprehension. The Glory of new Inventions belongs but to few; the Praise of adding to them may be acquired by many: And he, who cannot extend his Thought to great and general Views of Knowledge, may be very accurate in some particularl Study. It is not for

every

every Muſician to enrich his Art with original Compoſitions; though, he may learn to perform on a particular Inſtrument to Perfection.

THUS, in the intellectual World there are Objects, Scenes and Proſpects, to employ the Variety of Underſtandings, ſuitable to their ſeveral diſcerning Faculties; either, as the Sight of the Mind is ſtrong or weak; or, as it ſees Objects diſtinctly at a diſtance; or, can only diſtinguiſh Thoſe, which are near. The Philoſopher of an open, dilated Genius may, ſafely, launch out into the boundleſs Expanſe of Thought; and range with Pleaſure through the vaſt Regions of Speculation; in which, a little Genius would be loſt. Standing as it were in the Center, the Man of Genius views the immenſe Ocean of Space, to which Nature has decreed no Bounds. He contemplates the Line of Duration, without any End forward, and backward without any Beginning. Where the Penetration of the Eye fails, he calls in the Aſſiſtance of Glaſſes, by which he is enabled either to diſcern the minuter Curioſities of Nature; or to lengthen out his Sight through Tracts of *Æther*, and to ſurvey the Encloſures in Space, ſet out into Worlds, behind which unnumbered Worlds exiſt, out of the Juriſdiction of Human Knowledge.

IT is in Philoſophy, as it is in Trade: There are (and it is fit there ſhould be) Wholeſale and Retail Dealers, in the one and in the other. The great Merchant does not attend to little Advantages; and the Philoſophers of ſuperiour Faculties, and of the moſt univerſal Knowledge, frequently overlook the ordinary Powers and Materials of Nature, and the more common Methods of employing them; ſo that, by omitting to apply the more obvious Parts of Knowledge to the Uſe of Life, they frequently fail in conſummating the glo-

rious

some Projects, of which they had planned out the full Design. Here then, properly comes in the Assistance of Persons, whose Studies have not led them into the Mazes of general Science; but, whose whole Observation has been confined within a narrow Compass, and the Forces of their Mind contracted into one Point of Attention. They (as they respectively apply themselves) are able to reduce into Practice the large speculative Notions, which Men of refined Spirits, and of a comprehensive Thought, are obliged to leave to their Ingenuity in Mechanicks.

When, upon the Proposition, mentioned in my Hundred and Eleventh Lecture, *That Water will rise almost to the Height of the Fountain-Head in a crooked Tube*, large Pipes of Lead were at first made use of to convey Water through the Streets; in time, Artists of inferiour Knowledge improved upon this Invention, by introducing bored Elms to be laid under Ground; which were neither so expensive, nor subject to so many Accidents, as Tubes of Metal; reserving the Leaden Pipes for the small *Feathers*, laid into the several Houses. The late Mr. *Savery* likewise, though he has merited largely from Posterity by the Invention of an Engine, to perfect which he was encouraged by a Law in his favour; nevertheless, through his Want of Knowledge in inferiour Workmanship, he was not so happy as to succeed in compleating his fine and useful Project of raising and discharging Water out of the deepest Mines, by the Force of Fire, so as to prevent all Inundations of the Works under ground. Whereas, since his Decease, a Person, who was possibly not capable of forming such a Project, but yet had good Experience in Works of that nature, has reduced his whole Design into Practice, and per-

perfected this curious Engine so far, as to make it of extraordinary Service, for throwing up Water on all Occasions.

N° 143. *Monday*, August 3. 1719.

——So. *Moveo.* Ch. *Video*; *sed nil promoves.*

TERENT.

Mr. FREE-THINKER, July 15. 1719.

"GIVE me Leave to recommend to your "Consideration a Subject, which may in- "struct one Part of your Readers, while it diverts "the other. The Subject, I mean, is *The Wrong "Turn, many Persons give to their Industry.* I "know an honest Gentlemen, who has lived upon "Promises, till he is Grey; and is grown wither- "ed in the fruitless, assiduous Search of a publick "Employment. He is a Man of very mode- "rate Parts; of a Mercantile Education; but, dili- "gent to a prodigy; and is already blest with a "competent Fortune. With these hopeful Ta- "lents, he could not have failed of raising a great "Estate in a Nation of Commerce, had he bent "his Industry and Ambition to shine upon the "*Exchange.* But, Alas! he has broken his natu- "ral Rest to attend Levées; had the Misfortune "to be whispered by a Lord Treasurer; and un- "luckily (about seven Years ago) his Name was "pub-

" publickly annexed to a good Place, by a Mi-
" stake in the *Post-Boy*.

" Since the fatal Publication of that flatter-
" ing Article of false News, he has doubled his
" Misapplication; and at present, he sits up Three
" Nights in a Week, poring over, and transcri-
" bing out of Books and Papers, what can never
" be of the least use to himself, or any body else.
" His Family who are Witnesses of the Fatigues
" he undergoes, and are told by him, his Labours
" tend all to the Service of the Publick, are a-
" mazed that his Merit should go unrewarded;
" and impute the long Neglect of him to the Cor-
" ruption and Ignorance of the Great.

" The Man has a Formality in his Behaviour,
" and a Severity in his Countenance, which the
" Vulgar mistake for Wisdom; he lives, deceiv-
" ed into the same Opinion by their Applauses;
" carefully avoiding such Company, as might a-
" waken him out of this Dream of his Abilities.
" He had once the Misfortune to print a Twelve-
" Penny Specimen of his Labours, which brought
" an Explanation upon his Ingenuity, no way to
" his Advantage; though I hear, he has the Judg-
" ment of his Barber still on his side. Pray,
" Mr. *Free-Thinker*, undeceive this indefatigable
" Gentleman, by letting him know, as he pretends
" to a publick Spirit, that his Diligence might
" prove extreamly advantageous to himself, and
" not useless to Society, would he humble his
" Thoughts to their proper Pitch: Whereas, by
" his present Applications, he may grow blind;
" but, never famous or wealthy.

" The Son of *Sirach* has finely set forth the
" Usefulness of the inferiour Occupations, in Life;
" in order to take Men off from Pursuits, which
" are not suitable to their Condition or Education.

" After

" After a very elegant Deſcription of ſeveral Me-
" chanical Trades, he ſays; *All theſe truſt to their*
" *Hands; and every one is wiſe in his Work: Wit-*
" *out theſe, cannot a City be inhabited. And they*
" *ſhall not dwell where they will, nor go up and*
" *down. They ſhall not be ſought for in publick*
" *Counſel; nor ſit high in the Congregation: They*
" *ſhall not ſit on the Judges Seat, nor underſtand the*
" *Sentence of Judgment: They cannot declare Ju-*
" *ſtice and Judgment; and they ſhall not be found*
" *where Parables are ſpoken. But, they will main-*
" *tain the State of the World; and their Deſire is*
" *in the Work of their Craft.*

" BEFORE I conclude, I muſt farther intreat
" you, for the Good of the Community, to admo-
" niſh all the plodding, indocil Incumbents over
" Folios, not to waſte their Time and their Mo-
" ney, henceforward, upon Books; but, to provide
" themſelves with proper Tools and Inſtruments,
" to anſwer the Purpoſes of Nature, by *truſting to*
" *their Hands*, and relieving their Brain from Stu-
" dies, to which they were never deſtined. I am,

SIR,

Your Obedient Servant and Well-wiſher,

J. T.

I poſtponed the Letter of this ingenious and friendly Correſpondent to this Day; foreſeeing, it would farther illuſtrate the Doctrines inſcribed on the * Two Columns, I have newly finiſhed. As this (to the beſt of my Remembrance) is the firſt Sample, I have yet received, of the good Senſe of Mr. *J. T.* I make it my Requeſt to him (for my Emolument, and his own Improvement) that he

* N° 138, 139. 141, 142.

he will frequently look into himself and others; and transmit his Observations, of every kind, to me.

THIS Gentleman's Letter plainly shews, how necessary it is for every Man to become acquainted with himself, that he may not bowl through Life with a wrong Biass. A diligent Hand doth not always make rich. The abovementioned mistaken Man is laboriously idle; the more pains he takes, the less he thrives; and unless he can learn to know himself, he is in a fair way to impoverish his Family, by the Sweat of his Brows.

BUT, beside the foresaid Misapplication, there is another sort of faulty Diligence, which is as impertinent, though not so common, as the former. How many Men are there of incredible Application, whose whole Ambition is to excel in Trifles, as difficult, as they are useless? One shall practise incessantly to acquire the Habit of striking a true Circle, by the Gauge of his Hand; another, to gain the Knack of slinging a small Grain through the Eye of a Needle; and a third pride himself upon the Renown of being able to lead a Flea captive in Chains: When, with the same Industry rightly employ'd, each of these Virtuoso's might have grown eminent in some useful Dexterity.

THERE are, likewise, some Persons of overabundant Care, who for want of previous Reflection, give themselves up to a superfluous Diligence; and labour, without Relaxation, to accomplish what is already done to their hands. I remember to have heard of a remarkable Instance of this kind of Folly in a zealous Protestant, in the Reign of King *James* the Second. When the Popish Priests began to appear openly in their Habits, in the Streets of *London*; he concluded the *English* Bible would not only be soon excluded the Churches, but

but totally destroyed, in a short time. Therefore, in the Sincerity of his Heart, he set himself the Task of transcribing every Day a Portion of the *Canonical* Books: And when he had finished his Work, he communicated to a Friend the great Service, he had done to Religion; shewed him his Manuscript, and said, he was going to bury it secretly under ground; in hopes, it might in future Times be providentially brought to light, when all the other Copies were reduced to Ashes. Hereupon, his Friend asked him; whether it would not have cost him less pains, and answered his Intentions more fully, to conceal a Number of printed Bibles in different Places? To which, the poor Man reply'd, with astonishment; That he never thought of the Expedient.

N° 144. *Friday*, August 7. 1719.

Utile dulci.

IT is said of the late Duke of *Buckingham*, who was famous for being equally lavish of his Wit and his Money, that when he invited a sprightly mixt Company to dine with him, he would often have a concealed *Amanuensis* to take Minutes of the Table-Talk; that in the Evening, he might divert his more intimate Companions with the several Digressions, Incoherences, and odd Notions, which were started at Dinner. It happened one day, (as my Story goes) that one of the Guests, who

who was a Chymiſt, while he was over-eager in an Argument, eat Salt with powdered Beef, which the reſt of the Company thought had lain, too long, in the Brine. Hereupon a Muſician, who ſat over-againſt the Chymiſt, asked him; if he could give a Reaſon for his extraordinary manner of Diet; The Virtuoſo (thinking it a Reflection on his Profeſſion to ſeem ignorant in the Uſe of Salts) replied; the Beef was over-ſeaſoned: And, a general Laughter ariſing upon his Anſwer, he gravely added; That Salt Beef, eaten with Salt, was as freſh as freſh Beef; and in ſome reſpects, freſher: This Aphoriſm, when it came to be read at Night, was (for the Singularity of it) thought worthy to be recorded, as a ſtanding Jeſt upon the Adepts.

This Practice of the Duke's might be improved, to very good purpoſe, in the Evening-Converſations of ingenious Men; who, in the Run of Diſcourſe, often ſtrike out Obſervations, which they would be glad to recollect, the next Morning. To explain my ſelf, by an Example: Six Gentlemen (well met) ſate one Evening, over a moderate Bowl of Punch. "A Standiſh and a Sheet of "Paper lying on the Table (ſays *Bianco*) will be "no Interruption to Good Fellowſhip: Who knows, "but we may give the *Free-Thinker* a Holiday, by "throwing one Hour's Converſation into ſome Me-"thod? We have not ſtudied, to converſe only "like Brocaded Things. Do we not know, that "Men accuſtomed to think, can raiſe uſeful "Reflections out of the ſlighteſt Hints?" The Motion was a greed to: When *Fidelio* propoſed, for a Trial of Skill, that every other Perſon ſhould tell a ſhort Story; upon which, his Right-hand Man ſhould be obliged to furniſh ſome uncommon Remarks. This Motion was likewiſe aſſented to; and they drew Lots: Whereby, it was *Bianco*'s Chance

Chance to begin with a Story; which he introduced in the following Manner.

" I congratulate myself doubly upon the Favourableness of my Lot; first, in that the labouring " Oar does not lie on me; and next, that I have " a Partner, whose Invention can adorn the most " barren Subject. Therefore, I shall not have re- " course to either History or Fiction, for a Story " fraught with Instruction; but, give you a late " Incident in Low Life (the Truth of which I " can attest) seemingly of little significancy. A- " bout the Time of the late unnatural Rebellion, " there were Two Foot-Soldiers in *Ireland*, who, " upon a Rejoicing Day, were greatly distressed for " want of Powder, to express their Joy. To their " misfortune, they contrived to get, by stealth, " into the Magazine belonging to their Barracks; " where, finding no loose Powder, one of them " had the Ingenuity to pierce a Barrel, with a red- " hot Iron: Instantly, the whole Store of Powder " was blown up; and both the poor Wretches de- " stroyed.

" I am pleased, says *Eubues*, to observe the " struggle there is between Mirth and Compassion, " in all your Countenances, upon this ridioulous " Disaster. But, my Friend has set me a Task, of " which I know not how I shall be able to acquit " my self." Then, pausing a while, he said; " We " need not be very much surprised at the awk- " ward Ingenuity of this simple Fellow, if we con- " sider; that Politicians, Courtiers, Divines, Law- " yers, Physicians, and Merchants, are often guilty " of as obvious and fatal Oversights, in their diffe- " rent Ways of Reasoning. How many go to " work with improper Tools? How many think " by Halves; and (like the Soldier) do not see an " Inch before them? How many Controversialists

" (of

" (of late) have blown up the Cauſe, they undertook " to defend? In a word; every raſh, inconſide- " rate Man runs a red-hot Iron into a Barrel of " Gun-Powder.

When theſe two Gentlemen had received the Thanks of the Company, *Irenarchus* took his turn next, ſaying; " I ſhall follow the Example of " *Bianca*, by taking likewiſe a Story in Low Life, " to which I happened to be a Witneſs; and I " queſtion not, but my Right-hand Man, will an- " ſwer our Expectations, in animadverting upon it. " On the Eighth of *June* laſt, there was an Exe- " cution of five Malefactours; and a Surgeon ob- " tained one of the Bodies, to be diſſected. The " Body was conveyed to his Houſe; though not " ſo privately, but ſome of the Populace got no- " tice of it; and the Widow of the Deceaſed was " ſoon informed, where the Corps of her very " late Husband lay. The Woman came imme- " diately to the Surgeon's Houſe, attended with a " clamorous Retinue, to reſcue the dead Body of " her Husband from the Terrours of Anatomy. " The Surgeon thinking ſhe might be miſtaken, " ſuffered her to go up into the Garret to view " the Corps. She immediately threw herſelf up- " on the Body, embracing and kiſſing it, with the " utmoſt Signs of Grief and Fondneſs; and was " not forced from it, without great difficulty. In " the mean time, the Family being apprehenſive of " Miſchief from the unruly *Poſſe* without doors; " they gave the poor Woman a Shilling to aſſuage " her Paſſion, and ſend her away in better Tem- " per. Hereupon, her Countenance inſtantly " changed; ſhe ſpit in her Hand; put the Money " into her Pocket; and ſaid, *It was the only Shilling " ſhe had ever got by him, ſince her Marriage.* She " conſented to let them uſe the Body, as they

" pleaſed;

" pleaſed; and promiſed to come the next day, to " ſee the Operation.

" MY Leader's Narration (ſays *Laertes*) has " juſtly thrown a Mixture of Indignation and Sur- " priſe into your Smiles. The ſtrange, and almoſt " incredible, Behaviour of this Woman, brings " to my Mind ſome Reflections, I have formerly " made upon Mankind. Perſons of refined Spirits " and ſublime Notions, and whoſe Birth and Edu- " cation has placed them too high to look into the " Meanneſſes of their own Species, cannot readily " conceive there ſhould be ſuch a Vulgarity in hu- " man Nature, as has been ſhewn us by *Irenarchus*. " On the other hand; baſe, degenerate Souls, bred " in Ignorance and Diſhonour, are incapable of " comprehending the Excellencies and the Sublı- " mities of an Heroick Mind: And, when ſuch " Earthlings hear, or read, of a gallant Action or " a noble Paſſion, they immediately conclude it to " be all Romance; invented to lead the Credulous " out of the Practice of the World. Thus, one " part of Mankind is placed, as it were, out of " ſight of the other: And the Philoſopher only, " who reflects much upon the Virtues and the Vices " of Men, can diſtinctly diſcern the two Extremes " of Life.

" THESE two Gentlemen were, likewiſe, ap- plauded for their Performance: And when the Company had drank round, *Fidelio* began, as fol- lows. " The Story, which occurs to me, is in " high Life: Nevertheleſs, it ſhall not riſe in Dig- " nity above either of the two foregoing Pieces; " that my Aſſociate may not be deprived of the " Glory of throwing out uſeful Reflections, on " no important Subject. A Correſpondent of " mine in the *Northern* Parts of *Europe*, in one " of his Letters, entertained me with an Account

" of

" of ſome Rope-Dancers, that came (laſt Winter)
" to the City, where the Court then reſided. Theſe
" Vagabonds had the Honour to ſhew their Feats
" of Activity before the Sovereign of the Country;
" And, his Majeſty being highly delighted with
" their Performances; the Nobles likewiſe, in
" complaiſance to their Maſter, attended theſe
" Exerciſes: But, their Hearts were ſorrowful,
" when they perceived their Prince took a par-
" ticular liking to theſe Foreign Agilities. And
" why? Truly, becauſe they feared his Majeſty
" would oblige them, at the hazard of their Limbs,
" to learn to dance upon the Ropes, for his Diver-
" ſion.

" YOU have juſtly applauded this ſhort Article
" of News with a genuine, unmixt Laughter;
" ſays *Eutrapelus*. I can hardly perſuade myſelf
" to interrupt your Mirth with any thing ſerious
" upon it. However, to conform to Rules; What
" endleſs Fears and Jealouſies muſt alarm the Sub-
" jects of a Deſpotick Prince, who is no great
" Philoſopher! They die beneath his Frowns; and
" they live in Terrour under his Smiles: There
" is no certain Method of ſoftening the one, nor
" of fixing the other; ſince, they are both influen-
" ced by the Capriciouſneſs of a Will, that acts
" without Controll. The *Grandees*, who are more
" immediately under his Eye, are in more conſpi-
" cuous Danger than the inferiour People, who
" eſcape his Notice. All are Slaves alike; and
" the Nobleman is but the Fore-Horſe in the
" Team."

N° 145. *Monday*, Auguſt 10. 1719.

Nil noſtri miſerere? mori me denique coges?
VIRG.

To the FREE-THINKER.

SIR, July 30. 1719.

"BY how much the Soul is more noble and "generous, by ſo much is the Force of Paſ- "ſion more dangerous. There lived not a braver "Man than *Dorillus*. His Senſe, his Good-Na- "ture, and his Affability, highly recommended "him to all, who knew him. In the Field, there "was not a more intrepid, nor a more judicious, "Officer: Affectionate towards his Friends; di- "verting and inſtructive in his Converſation. The "only Unhappineſs of his Life was, his adoring "the only Woman, that diſregarded him. As "his Admiration and Love, ſo her Scorn and "Averſion increaſed: Till at laſt, ſhe told him; "if he would make her happy, he muſt reſolve "never to ſee her more. He vowed; then, ſhe "ſhould be happy: And, immediately withdrew. "He no ſooner came into his own Apartment, but "(the Lady's Unkindneſs over-powering his Rea- "ſon) he writ the following Letter; and ſent it "by his Servant.

CRUEL

CRUEL EUDOSIA,

" *THE unfortunate* Dorillus *has effectually per-*
" *formed his Promiſe, and ſecured your Happi-*
" *neſs. In the agreeable Moment, you ſhall read*
" *This, I am ſtruggling with the Pangs of Death.*
" *The ſame Hand that guides the Pen in theſe Lines,*
" *will, before you have peruſed them, guide a truſty*
" *Sword, to the Part where all my Torments dwell.*
" *O,* Eudoſia, *you have made my Sufferings great;*
" *but you have taken care, they ſhould not be laſting!*
" *I bleſs my Deſtiny pronounced by you; ſince, it re-*
" *lieves me from the Unkindneſs of one, I loved beyond*
" *all the Joys of Life. My lateſt Wiſhes are, that*
" *your Merit may make you happy with a Man, wor-*
" *thier of your Affections, than*

DORILLUS.

" THE Lady having run her Eye haſtily over
" the Letter; the Servant who brought it was in-
" ſtantly diſpatched away, to prevent his Maſter's
" Purpoſe: But, alas, too late! For, he found him
" dead, upon his Sword. When the unwelcome
" News was carried back to *Eudoſia*, her Heart
" was troubled beyond meaſure, and her Eyes
" overflowed with a fruitleſs Compaſſion. But ſtill,
" in the midſt of her Grief, ſhe declared it impoſſi-
" ble for her, ever to love *Dorillus*; though ſhe
" believed him, the braveſt Man on Earth: Ne-
" verthleſs; ſince it was not in her power to place
" her Love upon the Perſon who moſt deſerved it;
" No Man living ſhould ever poſſeſs it. From the
" gayeſt Woman, ſhe became the moſt reſerved
" and retired; gave not the leaſt Countenance to
" the Addreſſes of any of her numerous Admirers;

" and, in a ſhort time ſecluded herſelf from the " World, in a Nunnery."

WHETHER this Tragical Love-Story be old or new; whether it may be a Fiction (as I hope it is) or a true Account; I am not able to determine. The Perſon, who addreſſed it to the *Free-Thinker*, has not cleared up my Doubts by any Circumſtance, nor ſupported his Narration by any Authority more, than what appears to my Readers. Nevertheleſs, as there is nothing improbable in this ſhort Narrative, and as the reading of it furniſhed me with ſome Reflections, which I cannot afford to loſe; I reſolved to give it to the Publick. Beſides, there is not any Occaſion of Thinking, in which I take greater delight, than in Philoſophizing on the Paſſions: Since the Knowledge, and the Government of them is equally difficult; at the ſame time that, both the one, and the other, is univerſally of uſe to every Age, to either Sex, as well as to every Rank and Profeſſion.

1. A great and generous Spirit (as we ſee in *Dorillus*) is indeed liable to vehement Paſſions; as a full and vigorous Health is ſubject to the moſt outrageous Fevers. A more than ordinary Temperance is requiſite to preſerve ſuch a Conſtitution of Body; and ſuch a Temper of Mind is never ſafe, but under the conſtant Checks of the ſobereſt Reflection. A high-mettled Horſe requires a skilful Rider; and a gallant Soul, the Management of a Philoſopher. Learn, therefore, to know thy ſelf betimes; that thou mayeſt not raſhly apply the Spur to a prevailing Paſſion, which perpetually demands the Curb. This is a hard Leſſon; but, the Task is glorious: Subdue thy own Deſires; be the Sovereign of thy Paſſions: And, let who will boaſt of conquering the World; thou haſt ſet thy ſelf above it.

2. *Eudoſia*'s

2. *Eudoſia*'s ſettled Scorn ſhews us, that Merit is no Plea in Love: A Truth manifeſted by numberleſs Examples; and known, time out of mind, in this Iſland, as appears by our Proverb, That *Liking goes by Favour*. Upon this Topick, the Fair Sex has been conſtantly ſatyrized, by their Admirers: Neither will it ſuit with my Impartiality to attempt to clear them of this Reproach; but, I can ſafely obſerve, that the Men are, in this Failing, as frail as the Women; as unaccountable in their Averſions, and in their Likings; and, that Love blinds as many Males, as Females. In vain often, do both Sexes plead their Merit, either from their long Services, or the Conſtancy of their Paſſion. In vain often, is Birth and Education, Wit and Beauty, good Senſe, Comelineſs of Perſon, Sweetneſs of Temper, Vertue, Integrity and Fidelity, conſpicuous in the Nymph, as well as in the Swain. Many Ladies doat on a Fop, or a Coxcomb; and as many Gentlemen die for a Wanton, or a Coquette: And the ſame idle Charms, by which the gay *Pamphilus* enſnared the Prude-like *Honoria*, are as powerful in *Corinna* to captivate the grave *Euphorbus*.

3. ALL, who read the foregoing Story, will immediately condemn the Raſhneſs of *Dorillus*: But, few (I doubt) are free enough from Prejudice, to conſider the haſty Reſolution of *Eudoſia*, in its true Light. *Dorillus* is guilty of an irreparable Injury to his Family, to his Prince, to his Country, by cutting ſhort a valuable Life: *Eudoſia* has likewiſe thrown away a valuable Life; is loſt to her Family, and become unprofitable to Society. The one lies immured in a Monument; the other, buried in a Cloyſter; and both are dead to the World. Few will dare to imitate the unwarrantable Practice of *Dorillus*: Multitudes will

glory in the unreasonable Superstition of *Eudoxa*: But, to an impartial Judgment, these are, in effect, two Instances of Self-Murder; only under different Appearances.

Nº 146. *Friday*, August 14. 1719.

Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt;
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus; &, quæ
Imberbes didicere, senes perdenda fateri.

HORAT.

THERE is no preventing Mistakes and Irregularities, in any kind of Business. The following Letter came not to my hands, till the sixth Instant; for which Neglect, I have reason to be more concerned, than the Gentleman, who wrote it: Since, I have lost the Interest of a Piece of good Sense, for near three Months.

SIR, *Oxford*, May 11. 1719.

" AMongst the several *Discouragements of Learning*, which you have considered in an ingenious * Course of Lectures, on that Subject; I do not remember, that you have taken any Notice of one, which is too common: I mean the Imputation of being *Wise in our own Conceit*.

" As *Free-Thinking* (which is the impartial Use of our Reason) consists in throwing off all the Prejudices

* Nº 85, 87, 89, 91, 111, 113, 115, 117.

" Prejudices and wrong Impreſſions of Cuſtom and " Education, and in examining the Nature of Things, " without admitting a Majority of Opinions for " the Evidence of any Truth; ſo it will, for ever, " meet with Oppoſition from thoſe narrow-mind- " ed Men, who are reſolved to know no more, " than their Fathers knew, and to reject every No- " tion, that innovates upon their Underſtanding. " Accordingly we find, that when any Perſon, " out of a benevolent Regard to Mankind, endea- " vours to improve or enlarge the ſcanty Stock of " human Knowledge, and ſteps over the common " Line of Prejudice; he draws upon him a malig- " nant Multitude of *Scioliſts*, who grow jealous of " his ſuperiour Abilities, and reward his generous " Labours for them, with the invidious Character " of being *Wiſe in his own Conceit.*

" THIS ungrateful Treatment of learned and " ingenious Men deſerves the utmoſt Contempt of " every one, who does not wiſh to ſee us relapſe " into the ſame deplorable State of Ignorance and " Barbariſm, from which we have been recover- " ing, but a few Ages. It cannot be doubted, " that the World has been deprived of many noble " Productions, by this prevalent Maliginty: For " the Fearfulneſs and the Modeſty of a great many " Gentlemen, of the fineſt Parts, will not ſuffer " them to run the riſque of becoming Authours; " which obliges them to carry their Knowledge a- " long with them to the Grave. It is very pro- " bable, the Number of great Men, who have " enlightened the Nation, would have been more " than double, had they not been deterred from " publiſhing their Knowledge, by the unpleaſing " Reflection that they ſhould be thought *Wiſe in* " *their own Conceit.*

" BUT, there is no Study, in which a Man is " more liable to this Imputation, than in his En- " quiries into Religion. It being a common Opi- " nion, that no Government can subsist without " some particular *Established Form of Worship*; it " too often happens, that Ambition in some, and " Ignorance in others, perverts the Original Insti- " tution of Religion from Divine, to Human, Pur- " poses: And, when once such a Corruption is be- " come general among the Clergy, how easy is it " for them to implant in the People any Principles, " that may be most serviceable to their selfish De- " signs? We may see, in *Pagan*, in *Mahometan*, " and in *Popish* Countries, how zealous the People " are for the Absurdities in which they have been " educated; and how implacably active against " those, who attempt to shew them either the Er- " rours, or the Impieties, of (what they call) their " *Established Church*.

" REFORMATIONS in Religion, how just " and reasonable soever, are always attended with " the severest Difficulties and Discouragements. " The Man, who enters upon a Work so dange- " rously Good, must arm himself with Courage " and Resolution; so as to be able to support the " worst Usage, the most inhuman Persecution, as " well as patiently to bear the keenest Reproaches, " and the vilest Calumnies, from Superstitious " Bigots. It was an Objection against *Christ* and " his *Apostles*; it was an Objection against our " glorious *Reformers*; and it still continues an Ob- " jection against some excellent *Prelates* and *Di- " vines*; that they are *Wise in their own Conceit*.

" THESE Thoughts, Mr. *Free-Thinker*, were " occasioned by a Sermon, preached yesterday " before this University. I was sorry to find a " Man of Character for good Sense and Learning

" give

" give into the indecent Practice of railing in the " Pulpit againſt his Superiours, by giving an Edge " to a general Text, and directing it againſt parti- " cular Perſons. I would only deſire this Prea- " cher to conſider, that the Accuſation, be brought " againſt ſome worthy Perſons, of being *Wiſe in* " *their own Conceit*, might with much greater Ju- " ſtice be fixed upon another Tribe. Let any " impartial Man determine, who are more *Wiſe in* " *their own Conceit*; Thoſe, who with a rational " Humility (as fallible Men) entertain in their " Breaſts a *Religious Doubting*, and judge charitably " of all Chriſtians, that differ from them; or they, " who preſumptuouſly pronounce themſelves, a- " lone, *in the Right*; and command all, under " Pain of Damnation, to ſubmit to their arbitrary " Deciſions. I am,

SIR,

Your conſtant Reader,

PHILALETHES.

My Fellow-Labourer, Auguſt 13. 1719.

IN that continued Line of Lectures, which tends more immediately to the ſupport of Truth, and to promote the free Study of Arts and Sciences, I have diſcourſed hitherto only in very general Terms; that the Multitude of my Readers may more readily comprehend me, when I ſhall (in due time) deſcend to Particulars. If, then, you will be pleaſed to turn to the ſecond Sec- tion of the hundred and thirteenth, and to the Concluſion of the hundred and ſeventeenth, Pa- per; you will find, that I have in general Words hinted at the Diſcouragement of Learning, which

you have particularized with great Judgment and Ingenuity.

THERE is, indeed, in the Republick of Letters, a ſevere *Oſtraciſm*, eſtabliſhed by an almoſt univerſal Conſent; by which the Men of a diſtinguiſhed Merit, are, in a manner, baniſhed from their Studies. The Ignorant and the Diſingenuous Students have entered into a ſhameful Combination againſt the Free Enquirers. What Expedient, then, remains for us Philoſophers, but to exhort one another (as *Cicero* exhorted his Fellow-Citizens never to deſpair of the Common-wealth) more earneſtly to fight the Battles of Truth, and to raiſe our Reſolution above the ſeeming Deſperateneſs of our Cauſe. Let us cloſe our Ranks, and bear down the undiſciplined Multitude, in a firm, compacted *Phalanx*. Let us riſe, and quit our ſelves like Men. If our Hearts fail us in the Day of Adverſity, our Courage is but ſmall. We are Free Men, and Proteſtants: Neither the Laws of our Country, nor the Religion we profeſs, oblige us to lay down the Weapons of Reaſon, and to ſign a diſhonourable Peace with the Bond-Men of Ignorance and Superſtition. At leaſt, if we cannot yet extend our Conqueſts; let us maintain the Provinces of Knowledge, which our Fore-Fathers gained by dint of Argument, in defiance of the Diſcouragements of Bigotry, armed with Perſecution.

I ſhall, in a proper time, conſider the Art, the Uſe, and the Abuſe, of Preaching; as I have already * promiſed: For which Reaſon, I at preſent omit the Obſervations, which I might juſtly make upon the latter Part of your Letter. I hope the Accident, which has ſo long deprived me of the Satisfaction of acknowledging the Favour of your

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your Correſpondence, will not incline you to be (hereafter) unmindful of,

SIR,

Your moſt obliged and

moſt obedient Servant,

The FREE-THINKER.

N° 147. *Monday*, Auguſt 17. 1719.

Artibus ingenuis forma juvanda bona eſt.

OVID.

FOR *the farther Encouragement of my Female Diſciples* (ſays the *Free-Thinker* in the third Paper) *I propoſe, in the Progreſs of my Lectures, to enlarge their Faculties, and open their Thoughts by degrees; ſo as, in the End, to ſet them upon the Level with my own Sex, in our boaſted Superiority of Reaſon.*

EVER ſince I made this Promiſe, I have been mindful of the Ladies in all my Philoſophical Lectures, by delivering the moſt abſtracted Notions in familiar Terms. I have likewiſe employed the colouring of Metaphors, Similitudes, Illuſtrations and Alluſions; ſo as, by the Lights and Shades of Language, to image out the Principles of Know-

ledge, and to paint to the Underſtanding thoſe Truths of Philoſophy, which are darkly traced in the Works of the Learned. For this Reaſon, I have (from time to time) called upon my Country-Women to give me their Attention: And, it is with pleaſure I learn, that my Labour is not loſt. However, ſince I am informed, that many of my Fair Pupils have, by undervaluing their Capacities, wholly neglected thoſe Diſcourſes, which would turn moſt to their Advantage and Glory; before I proceed farther in the general Openings of the Mind (which I hope to finiſh, when I have compleated the *Porch of Knowledge*) I ſhall, in this and the enſuing Paper, endeavour to excite all, but the Dunces of the Sex, not to ſlight the Opportunity offered to them of embelliſhing their Underſtandings; and to conſider themſelves, not only as beautiful, but likewiſe as rational, Creatures.

AND, why ſhould not Women learn to philoſophize? It would be a new Faſhion: But, that Objection (methinks) is alone ſufficient to recommend the Propoſal, were it never ſo extravagant. It would, indeed, be a new Faſhion in *Great Britain*: But, it was common amongſt the *Greek* and *Roman* Ladies. It was likewiſe very faſhionable amongſt the *French* Ladies, till of late, to apply themſelves to Knowledge; and ſeveral Treatiſes of Philoſophy were written, for their Inſtruction, in their Native Language. And, ſhall our Females, who have copied moſt of the *French* Levities to admiration, not attempt to rival their Neighbours in one Excellency? Let them but try the natural Force of their Ingenuity in liberal Amuſements; and I dare engage, they will as far exceed the Female Students of *France* in every kind of Learning, as they ſurpaſs them in all the genuine Charms of Beauty.

IF

If our lovely Spinſters, who have as much Leiſure and as good Eyes for Reading as our Youths have, did but know the Pleaſure of ſound Knowledge, they would find the Fictions of Novels and Romances to be inſipid Amuſements, compared to the Realities of Philoſophy: And, by that time the *Free-Thinker* grows as Voluminous, as the *Grand Cyrus*: he does not queſtion, but he ſhall be honoured with a Shelf in every Virgin's Cloſet; and be thought a more entertaining Author. When this deſirable Period of Time ſhall be accompliſhed, our young Gallants ſhall no longer glory in their Ignorance; but, every Lover ſhall think it requiſite to furniſh himſelf with a Competency of Common Senſe. The frank Philoſopher ſhall be the favourite Suiter; and the rich Heir, ſurrounded with Prejudices, ſhall be reckoned a hideous Creature in his gilt Chariot.

BY this Means, a mutual Emulation will be kindled between the refined Part of both Sexes; each contending, which ſhall become moſt Reaſonable. Love and Wiſdom ſhall dwell in the ſame Breaſt; Domeſtick Jars be converted into pleaſing Debates; and Children improve in Vertue and Knowledge, from the Table-Talk of their Parents. Then, do I ſee the Declenſion of Piquet and Ombre, of Baſſet and Hazard; the Reduction of Hoop-Petticoats; and the final Abolition of Maſquerades.

THE groundleſs Fears and Apprehenſions, the ſuddain Frights upon trivial Accidents, the tyrannizing Paſſions, and the Dejection of Spirits, to which Women are ſubject, in a more extraordinary Degree than Men, are ſtrong Motives to induce them to fly early to Philoſophy, for Refuge from theſe dreadful Calamities, which grow more importunate by being indulged. A delicate Imagination,

nation, that is not fortify'd on all ſides by Reaſon, is perpetually haunted with a thouſand idle, diſtracting Appearances: and by how much a Female Mind, is of a more delicate Make, than the Male; by ſo much, does it ſtand more in need of a rational Habit of Thinking, to ſecure its Happineſs.

To inſpire my fair Pupils with the Love of Truth, and to make them ambitious after Knowledge; I have (for their next *Friday*'s Entertainment) extracted from Ancient Hiſtories the ſhining Character of an Empreſs, who excelled the Men of her Age in Learning, and the Women in Beauty. In the mean time, I ſhall cloſe this Half-ſheet, by applying my ſelf to Parents in general, to turn the Hearts of their Daughters *to know Wiſdom, and Inſtruction, to perceive the Words of Underſtanding.* There is no Deformity in Knowledge; it neither diſfigures the Features, nor wrinkles the Skin, nor ſpoils the Complexion: On the other hand, a beauteous Simpleton never opens her Lips, but the Charms of her Face all vaniſh in the Preſence of Reaſon, like Snow before the Sun. Let it likewiſe be conſidered, that Learning is the cheapeſt Amuſement; and that a good Book may be purchaſed for the Price of a Pack of Cards. The Maſters of Sciences are, likewiſe, to be procured at very reaſonable Rates: The *Free-Thinker* teaches regularly a whole Family twice a Week, for Four-Pence; and a Dancing-Maſter (I ſpeak it with Regret) is paid for one Leſſon more, than he receives for a Quarter's Inſtruction. Laſtly, to animate the young Ladies to be ſedulous in the peruſal of my Philoſophical Lectures; I will undertake to enable them, in a few Months more, I do not ſay to poſe their Brothers; but to judge, whether they have miſ-employ'd their Time at the Univerſities.

N°

N° 148. *Friday*, Auguſt 21. 1719.

——— *Non illa loco, neque origine gentis*
Clara, ſed arte fuit. ———

OVID.

WHEN the Emperor *Theodoſius* (the Younger) had reſolved upon making Choice of a Conſort; he would often adviſe with his Siſter *Pulcheria Auguſta*, concerning a proper Perſon. *Pulcheria* gave up her whole Time and Attention to enquire out a worthy Partner of her Brother's Bed, amongſt the Number of young Ladies, of Noble or of Royal Blood, whom ſhe (in this View) educated within the Palace, under her own Inſpection. *Theodoſius* had declared to his Siſter, that his Deſire was to have a Virgin of ſuch extraordinary Beauty, as might eclipſe the Luſtre of all the bright Damſels of *Conſtantinople*; and, if beſides, ſhe was of a Royal Lineage, that he ſhould be the better pleaſed: But that, in his Eſtimation, neither Nobleneſs of Birth, nor Royal Deſcent, nor the Addition of Wealth ſhould come in competition with Beauty. For that, upon the Whole, let her Family be never ſo obſcure, the Virgin of the moſt finiſhed Charms, ſhould be his Bride. The Emperour's Reſolution being fully known, in this Particular; *Pulcheria* diſpatched Perſons of Judgment into all Parts of the World, in queſt of Beauty: And *Paulinus*, a young Favourite Courtier (who had been educated in the Palace

Palace with *Theodosius*) ſtudied likewiſe to gratify his Maſter's Inclinations, and made his Addreſſes every where among the Ladies, to find out a matchleſs Maid.

ABOUT this time, it came to paſs, that *Athenaïs* (a *Greek* Virgin, of exquiſite Make and Feature, and extraordinary Learning) came to *Conſtantinople*, upon the following Occaſion. Her Father, who was a very learned Man, had inſerted the ſubſequent Clauſe in his Will: "I give, to my dearly "beloved Daughter, only one Hundred Pieces of "Money; becauſe her Beauty, and her Erudition, "in which ſhe excels her whole Sex, will be a ſuf-"ficient Portion to her." When the Will came to be opened, upon the Father's Deceaſe, and *Athenaïs* ſaw, ſhe was in expreſs Words cut off from her full Share of the Inheritance; ſhe apply'd herſelf for Redreſs to her two Brothers, who were made Co-heirs. She hung upon their Knees, beſeeching them, that they would not inſiſt upon the Inequality of the Will; but, ſuffer her to come in for the Third Part of her Father's Eſtate; ſince they knew, ſhe did not deſerve to be diſinherited by the leaſt Forfeiture in her Duty towards him. Nevertheleſs, her Brothers were inexorable: They not only ſlighted the Petition of their Siſter; but, in their Anger, turned her out of her Father's Houſe.

HEREUPON, *Athenaïs* fled to her Aunt, by the Mother's ſide, who not only entertained her, as her Ward; but gave her Protection, as a Virgin. This Lady conducted her to her Father's Siſter; and, both the Aunts agreeing to undertake the Cauſe of their fair Niece, they commenced a Suit againſt her Brothers. They acquainted the moſt religious Princeſs *Pulcheria*, of the ſevere Uſage, ſhe had met with from her own Brothers; and, at the ſame time,

took an Opportunity to commend *Athenaïs* for her Eloquence.

WHEN *Pulcheria* found she was a Damsel of extraordinary Beauty, Learning, and Eloquence; she asked her Relations, whether she was a Virgin? The Princess being thoroughly informed of the great Care the Father of *Athenaïs* had taken of her Chastity, and how she had been trained up, by him, in a long and regular Institution of Philosophy; Orders were given, she should be entertained in the Palace amongst the Ladies, whom *Pulcheria* had assembled: And her Aunts were dismissed with an Assurance, that their Petitions should be granted. When the Princess heard the beautiful Stranger make her own Complaint, and relate the Circumstances of her injurious Treatment, and her Conduct upon it; she was sufficiently convinced of her Eloquence, of her Prudence, and the admirable Dexterity, with which she had managed her own Affairs. Upon this, she determined to use her Endeavours to marry *Athenaïs* to the Emperour: And to promote her Design, she acquainted him, that she had at last found an unblemished young Virgin, of an Exquisite Form: HerFore-head fair and smooth; her Lineaments lovely; her Features regular; her Skin white as Snow; her Eyes large; her Hair flowing in yellow Curls; her Air uncommon; Womanlike in her Motion; Learned, and of a *Greek* Extraction.

THE youthful *Theodosius* was fired with the Description of so compleat a Beauty: When, sending for his Friend and Favourite *Paulinus*, he desired his Sister to appoint *Athenaïs* an Audience in her Apartment, under the pretence of speaking with her about her own Business; that, by this means, He and his Favourite might behold her unveiled. She was accordingly introduced into the Apartment of the

the Princess; where *Theodosius* viewed her, with Raptures; and *Paulinus*, with Astonishment. Soon after, she was converted to Christianity; for, she had been bred a Pagan, of the *Greek* Religion. Hereupon, *Pulcheria* sent for *Atticus* the Bishop to baptize her, by the Name of *Eudocia*: And, immediately after, she was married to the Emperour.

EUDOCIA, the Empress, was a Person of very extraordinary natural Abilities; which she had improved by all kinds of *Latin*, as well as *Greek*, Literature. She was Mistress of both the Active and Contemplative Parts of Philosophy: She perfectly understood the Art of Speaking eloquently, and of Reasoning justly; and knew the Methods of Proving and Convincing by Arguments, as well as of Refuting Adversaries; in which, no Man was ever so great a Proficient. She attained to a more perfect Knowledge of Astronomy, of Geometry, and of the Proportions of Numbers, than any one could boast of, in her Time. To these Accomplishments, she added the Skill of Poetry: And, while many famous Oratours published Panegyricks on *Theodosius*, for his Victory over the *Persians*; the Empress composed Poems in Heroick Verse, on the same Occasion. For these and other Poetical Works, she was so much celebrated, that two of the Historians style her *the Poet*, while the rest call her *the Philosopher*.

I must not omit to mention one Passage more, to the honour of *Eudocia*; which will at once shew the united Force of her Philosophy and her Christianity. She preferred her two Brothers to the two most considerable Employments in the Empire; and, instead of reproaching them, she said; If they had not obliged me to leave my Country, I should never

never have visited *Constantinople*, where I am adressed to Empire.

I have already shewn how highly Philosophy has been honoured in the Male Sex, by * *Marcus Antoninus*: And in *Eudocia*, we see, it has been raised to as great Dignity, by a Woman. So that, I hope, the Ladies will not, for the future, suffer the Men to arrogate to themselves the whole Glory of Learning and Wisdom.

N° 149. *Monday*, August 24. 1719.

——Animum Pictura pascit inani.

VIRG.

IN distinguishing the Merits of Men, as no Allusions are more natural and easy, more clear and expressive, than those taken from weighing their different Pretensions in a Balance; so we find this Figure made use of, by the most ancient and best Authours. In the Book of *Job* (which is allowed to be one of the Oldest, as well as one of the Sublimest, Pieces of Poetry) *Job*, in one Place, pathetically cries out; *O, that my Grief were thoroughly weighed, and my Calamity laid in the Balances together!* In another place, he prays; *Let me be weighed in an even Balance, that God may know mine Integrity!* In the *Psalms* (which are bold and noble Compositions in the Lyrick Kind) the wicked Man is said, *to be deceitful upon the Weights*; and, *to be lighter than*

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than Vanity itſelf. Daniel (who was the greateſt and moſt accompliſhed Man of his Age) declares to *Belſhazzar*; *Thou art weighed in the Balances, and found wanting. Homer*, in his *Iliad*, repreſents *Jupiter* weighing in his golden Scales, at one Time, the Fates of *Greece* and *Troy*; at another, the Deſtinies of *Achilles* and *Hector*. It is well known, that *Virgil* has herein almoſt tranſlated *Homer*; and that *Milton* has copied, and, at the ſame time, added new Beauties to, the Fiction of the *Greek* and *Latin* Poet. But, the moſt beautiful Imagery of this ſort, is that mentioned by *Plutarch*, in a Tragedy of *Æſchylus*; wherein, at the ſingle Combate of *Achilles* and *Memnon*, the Mother-Goddeſſes (*Thetis* and *Aurora*) appear, one on the Right, the other on the Left, ſide of *Jupiter*'s Scales; each anxiouſly imploring, that her Son's Fate might prevail in the Balance. From this Incident, the Tragedian gave to his Play the Name of *Pſychoſtaſia*; which is ſufficient to warrant my calling this Paper by the mechanical Term of *Pſychoſtaticks*; or, in plain *Engliſh*, the *Weighing of Souls*. And our own Language favours me yet farther in this Metaphor, which calls a Perſon of ſuperiour Worth, *a Man of Weight*.

CEBES has repreſented Human Life in general, by a Picture in a Temple at *Athens*: In imitation of this ancient and lively way of Allegory, I ſhall figure out ſome particular Inſtances of weighing the Merits and the Demerits of Perſons, in a Hiſtory-Piece, proper to adorn an Apartment in the Houſe of any *Britiſh* Nobleman, who thinks he can bear it. Let me, therefore, allot two ſpacious Rooms to this Deſign: In the Outward, ſhall be repreſented the Weighing of Falſe, and in the Inward and more retired, the Weighing of True, Merit.

ME-

METHINKS, as I enter the outward Room, a glaring Light dazles my Eyes; when looking up to the Roof, I behold (at the farther End) a *FAME* of a monſtrous Size, like the Figure deſcribed by *Virgil*: She blows a large Trumpet, ſeemingly of Gold; but, the Gilding is laid on ſo thin, that the Braſs underneath may be eaſily diſcovered, by a judicious Eye. The reſt of the Cieling is filled with the Battles of *Alexander*, and the Conqueſts of *Lewis* the Fourteenth, in the moſt glittering and gaudy Colours. One half of the Compartment is full of *French* and *Engliſh* Cavaliers, fighting Duels; the other half, of ſeveral Perſons with Rage and Deſpair in their Looks; ſome with Bowls at their Lips, others with Daggers at their Breaſts; and, in the Middle ſits *Cato*, with a ſullen Brow, holding in one Hand *Plato Of the Immortality of the Soul*, and a Sword in the other. The Corniſh is emboſſed with Medailions of Modern Dramatick Writers, Smatterers in Natural Philoſophy and Mathematicks, Pretenders to Free-Thinking, Party-Patriots, and the noiſy Zealots of every Communion.

ON the Walls, are various Experiments of *Pſychoſtaticks* repreſented: Either Side diſplays a Number of Scales erected on Eminences, each at a proper Diſtance, with a human Figure in every one of them, mounted up to the very Beam; and underneath ſtands Crouds of Spectators, in whoſe Faces appears the Surpriſe of Diſappointment. On the Right, in the moſt diſtinguiſhed Point of View, is ſeen a grave, ſolemn Figure of a ſanctify'd Look, with Eyes and Hands lifted towards Heaven. His Garb is a long Robe, like that which the *Phariſees* wore; and in his Lap lies a Book of Devotion, ſpread open. The Reaſon, why this venerable Perſon weighs ſo light, is ſoon diſcovered, by looking into the lower Scale, that preponderates by virtue

tue of a final Weight of Gold, on which is engraved *SINCERITY.*

BENEATH this *Pſychoſtatical* Experiment, one may ſee a mixt Multitude, made up of ſeveral of the Religious Orders in the *Romiſh* Church; of Ladies in Hoop-Petticoats, with White Roſes in their Boſoms; of Men, ſome in Gowns with long ſlit Sleeves, and large Black Roſes in their Hats; others, in ſhort Cloaks with little Ebony Canes in their Hands; and hard by, is drawn a ſeparate Groupe of Men and Women, in Habits plain and unfaſhionable, and of peculiar Countenances.

ON the Left of the Room, the moſt conſpicuous Portraiture is an elderly Man, with a Gold Chain about his Neck; his Shoulders are loaded with three Bags, on each of which is inſcribed *a PLUMB*; but nevertheleſs, the Scale, he is placed in, riſes to the utmoſt Height: And, in the prevailing Balance, lie two Boxes; the one containing the Writings of an Orphan's Eſtate, to whom he was Guardian; the other an account of Money put out at Fifty *per Cent.*

CASTING my Eye directly forward, fronting me appears a large Pair of Golden Scales, hung to a Silver Beam; in one of which ſtands, in danger of falling, a pert Figure, with a Scarlet Hat on his Head, in a Purple Robe; Holding in one Hand a Roll inſcribed, *A League with the Turks*; in the other, a little Scrap of Paper, indorſed, *The Hopes of the Pretender.* Amazed to ſee this important Figure kick the Beam, I caſt my Eyes into the weighty Scale; and in it, I find Four Parchments tied together with a Ribbon; in which was wove in Capital Letters, *The QUADRUPLE ALLIANCE.*

N° 150. *Friday*, Auguſt 28. 1719.

Orandum eſt, ut ſit Mens ſana in Corpore ſano.
JUVEN.

CLEANTHES may ſee, I have * lately anſwered the Intention of his Letter (which I received the Third of *July*) by exciting the Ladies to become Students in Philoſophy. I thank Mr. *A. B.* for the following ingenious Obſervation, in his Letter of the Seventh of *July*: "Notwithſtanding, that Nature forms the Muſcles and the Sinews alike on both ſides of the Body; yet, the Right-Hand and Arm of moſt Men are ſtronger and more adroit, than the Left; becauſe they are more exerciſed, on all Occaſions. Thus, *the Forlorn Hope of Squires* (mentioned in your Hundred and Thirty Fourth Paper) prove generally *ſtrong in Body*, and *weak in Underſtanding*; not from any Natural Incapacity in their intellectual Faculties; but, becauſe they chooſe to make the Body their Right, and the Mind their Left, Side."

THIS leads me to make my moſt grateful Acknowledgments to a worthy Country-Correſpondent, whom it is my misfortune not to know. To him, am I obliged for two excellent Letters; one in the Forty-Fifth, the other in the Seventy-Second Paper:

Paper: To which, he now gives me an Opportunity to add a Third. The Method, which I have all along obſerved in ſorting the Letters, I receive, puts it in my power to aſſure my Readers, that *Icenus*, *Mnemonides*, and *Philonöus Icenus*, are but one and the ſame Latent Philoſopher; though, his good Senſe is alone ſufficient to betray him under every Diſguiſe.

Mr. FREE-THINKER, July 25. 1719.

"YOU have need of all the Help and all the "Encouragement of Honeſt Men, to enable "you to go through with the Task, you have un- "dertaken; I mean, to perſuade your Diſciples to "conſider, that they are made up of Mind as well "as Body; and that the one deſerves (at leaſt) as "much Attention and Cultivation, as the other. "You work under great Diſadvantages: The In- "fluence of Education and Example, and the Cur- "rent of the Multitude, bear ſtrong againſt you. "Beſides, the greateſt Number of the Minds, you "have to inſtruct, are full grown, and ripe in pre- "poſſeſſions, before they come into your hands. "Many a bad Habit and diſorderly Paſſion you "will have to pluck up by the roots, and others "to prune; and many a good Inclination you will "find choked up by unnatural Weeds.

"IF the Perſons to whom the Care of Youth "is entruſted, do not perform their Duty, by giv- "ing their Scholars early Impreſſions of the Beau- "ty of Truth and Deformity of Errour, and by re- "ſtraining the Diſorders of the Mind, when they "firſt appear; your Labour will, in a great mea "ſure, be loſt. A headſtrong Humour, or a vici "ous Inclination, deſerves a ſeverer Correction "than a falſe Concord. But, Sir; they are no

"Children

" Children, but Men, for whose Improvement your " Discourses are calculated: And they are to be " taught by Precept; and the only Correction you " can give to these overgrown Boys, must be by " shewing them the Ridiculousness, or the Danger, " of the Course they are in.

" DID a Man but believe or imagine (what is " undoubtedly true) that his Inclinations and his " Understanding are as visible to all that are well " acquainted with him, as his Person is; he would " take as much care to adorn his Mind, as his " Body: A Gentleman would then be as much a- " shamed to give opprobrious Language, as to ap- " pear in dirty Linnen; he would be as nice in ad- " justing his Words, as his Wig; he would take " the same pains to correct or to conceal a Weak- " ness in his Soul, as to amend or hide a Defor- " mity in his Body. But, so far are the Genera- " lity from thinking after this Manner, that it is re- " puted a more essential Part of Good-Breeding, to " know how to enter a Room with an Air, and to " go out of it with a Grace, than to be qualified " to speak pertinently, and bear a rational Share in " Conversation.

" NOW, the Qualifications of the Mind are as " discernible as the Beauty, Vigour, or Sprightli- " ness, of the Body: And the Company of one, " who has no other Accomplishment to recom- " mend him, but the first and last Flourish of a Leg, " must needs be very disagreeable to Men of Sense. " How is it possible to bear the Insolence of *Cos-* " *metes*; who, because he fancies he is admired, says " and does Things every Quarter of an Hour, for " which all the Company (excepting himself) are " ashamed? Can a Man with patience see the Airs, " he gives Himself in speaking *French*; when every " one knows, he cannot utter ten Words of Com-

" mon Senſe in his Mother-Tongue? Would not " an *Engliſh-Man* be provoked to hear the ſame " Perſon cry up the Softneſs, the Politeneſs, the " Copiouſneſs of that Tittle-Tattle Language, and " find fault with the Roughneſs and Barrenneſs of " his own; when, at the ſame time, he cannot, " without the Help of a Spelling-Book, write one " true Line in either? I wiſh likewiſe, for my Qui- " et, I did not often meet with Men, who can talk " Hours together on the good Qualities of a Favou- " rite Hawk, or Hound, or Gelding; and yet, ask " them an obvious Queſtion concerning their own " Actions, or the Actions of any of their Species " (to which they ought to think they have at leaſt " as near a Relation as to their mute Companions) " and they can make you no Reply.

" THIS Abuſe of Thought, by a ſhameful In- " attention to what moſt immediately concerns us, " muſt be owing to a wrong Turn at firſt; which " is afterwards, encouraged and indulged. How " elſe ſhould it come to paſs, that a Man, who " has Reaſon, ſhould uſe it about every Thing, " but what is properly himſelf, his Mind? Why " ſhould he not cultivate his Underſtanding, and " keep it as clear of Weeds, as he keeps his Garden? " Why ſhould he ſuffer his Thoughts and Affec- " tions to be the only Furniture, belonging to him, " in Diſorder? Let him look into himſelf, as often " as he looks into his Glaſs; and, if he corrects " what by Reflection he finds amiſs, he will appear " moſt beautiful to a judicious Eye, and may go e- " very Day abroad, compleatly dreſt.

" THIS Self-Inſpection would be of great " advantage: For, by obſerving the Workings " of his own Mind, a Man would ſee, not only " how often it is out of order; but likewiſe whence

" every

" every Diſorder proceeds: He would perceive, " that upon ſuch a particular Occaſion ſuch a Paſ- " ſion kindles, and inflames the Mind, as certain- " ly as a Fever heats the Blood; that one Thing " ruffles, that another compoſes, his Thoughts; that " by one Accident he ſhall be wrought up to a " Pitch of Madneſs, and by ſome Circumſtances " let down gradually into the profoundeſt Indo- " lence.

" MOREOVER; for want of obſerving the Pro- " greſs, which the Mind makes in vicious Habits, it " is often laid waſte and wholly ſubdued, before it is " aware of having ever entertained any ſuch Habits. " How comes it to paſs, that ſcarce any one thinks " himſelf paſſionate, proud, or covetous; when " all the World ſee it, beſides himſelf? It is, be- " cauſe he is the only Perſon, that does not reflect " upon his Words and Actions. The proud Man " overlooks himſelf, as well as others; otherwiſe, " he would diſcover his peculiar failing: The paſ- " ſionate Man is never angry with Himſelf; if he " were, he would not long remain inſenſible of his " own Temper: And the covetous Man might " as eaſily know he is covetous, as he knows he " is rich; if he would enquire into Himſelf with " the ſame Aſſiduity and Exactneſs, as he examines " his Accounts.

" IT is through this prevailing Inadvertency, " that, in theſe notorious Inſtances, Men are ſo ſcan- " dalouſly ignorant of themſelves: By this Negli- " gence, a Man becomes a Slave to his Paſſions; " and his Life grows a Burden to him, before he " ever once reflects on the Cauſe of his Miſery. " This is an Evil, Mr. *Free-Thinker*, the Remedying " of which requires and deſerves your Labour. " Some of the Inconveniencies ariſing from the " Neglect of Self-Inſpection, I have ſet down

" only to incite you to profecute the Work, for " the Benefit of your Readers; among whom, I " defire you would number,

Your Humble Servant,

PHILONOUS ICENUS.

N° 151. *Monday*, Auguſt 31. 1719.

Lætus in præſens animus, quod ultra eſt
Oderit curare. ———

HOR.

WHoſoever thoroughly conſiders Human Nature, will agree with the Moral Philoſophers, who obſerve; that Man, without the Reſtraints of Reaſon, would by his natural Affections and Inclinations become the moſt miſerable of all Creatures: And of all the diſquieting Paſſions, to which we are ſubject, a violent Deſire to foreknow the Events of Things, and to pry into Futurity, is not the leaſt vexatious.

THIS vain Deſire has been the Source of all the ridiculous Arts of Divination, which we read of, amongſt the Antients; and ſtill keeps up, amongſt us, the Reputation of Judicial Aſtrology and Fortune-telling: And though, in the preſent Age, only the more ignorant part of Mankind are ſatisfy'd with theſe Methods of Enquiry; yet, there are very few (or none) who are not, in ſome degree,

gue, affected with an anxious Curiosity about Future Events.

On many Occasions this troublesome Passion may be moderated, and even subdued, by Reason: But in Things, which nearly concerns our Live or Fortunes, our immediate Happiness or Misery; the Desire of Fore-knowledge (however vain it may seem) is not to be absolutely quelled; since it flows from the Principle of Self-Preservation. Now, of all the needless Anxieties, that disturb the Minds of Men, there is not any so universal (at least in this Island) as the impertinent Solicitude we daily give ourselves, about Affairs of State: Therefore I shall, in this Lecture, endeavour to cure my Countrymen of their uneasy Fore-bodings in Politicks, by shewing them how incapable they are of making any reasonable Guesses concerning the Consequences of Things, whose real Causes are hid from their Eyes; and by convincing them, that they perpetually argue to what will be, from what is not.

Why a Prince, or a Minister of State, acts after this or that Manner, no Man (if he pleases) can know, beside himself. But, when a Design is executed, and becomes the Object of Publick Speculation; a Reason is to be given out, that shall make the World believe, the Good of the Nation was consulted in it. An Amour, a private Family-Grudge, Revenge, Lucre, or Ambition (as I have intimated * in a former a Paper) are often the chief Motives of a Political Action; which, if it turns to the Advantage of the Publick, we call glorious; if otherwise, we condemn it as infamous; notwithstanding that, in both Cases, it may proceed from the same concealed dishonourable Cause.

My Readers know that the important Affair, which made all *Greece* enter into a tedious War

* N° 132.

againſt the *Trojans*, was only the Frolick of a Coquette, who eloped with a Prince ſhe took a liking to; and the Credulity (probably) of a fond Husband, who (Good Man) might imagine his dear Wife was carried off by Force; and that ſhe was miſerably uneaſy, and impatiently expected her Spouſe to deliver her from the Raviſher.

MONSIEUR *Balzac* informs us, that the Omiſſion of two or three civil Syllables in the cloſe of a Letter was the Occaſion of the Death of above a hundred thouſand People: *Bien humble & tres affectioné*, in a Subſcription to the Duke of *Olivarez*, inſtead of *Tres humble & tres obeïſſant* (which the Duke thought was his due) made him ſwear, in tearing a Prince's Letter, that his want of Breeding ſhould prove the Ruin of his Country. This was the firſt and the real Motive to what followed; though, at that time, very few knew it: And (no doubt) All, who were not in the Secret, made very learned and elaborate Conjectures (which had never been once thought of in the Cabinet) concerning the Cauſes and the Events of the War, that enſued.

THOSE, who are acquainted with the *Engliſh* Hiſtory, know to what Springs, and to how trifling an Accident, the glorious Reformation under King *Henry* the Eighth was owing; which, a little time before, it was as impoſſible to foreſee, as it would lately have been thought Madneſs to prognoſticate, that after the many ſucceſsful Battles in *Flanders* during the laſt War with *France*, any *Engliſh* Miniſtry could be brought to fruſtrate all our Victories by a diſhonourable, diſadvantageous Peace.

THERE have, indeed, been ſome Perſons, ſo happy in their Preſages, as to foretel Events of great importance, long before they came to paſs: But then, they have either themſelves been inſtrumental

mental in bringing their own Predictions to bear; or have at least been near the first Movers, and well acquainted with their Interests and their Schemes. *Cicero* boasts, that he foretold the Ruin of the *Roman* Commonwealth, and the Change of the Government into a Monarchy, fourteen Years before it happened. But then, *Cicero* had been a Consul, and was a Senatour; and the Management of publick Affairs continued, many Years, in the hands of his Friends or Relations. I could mention two or three more of these political Prophets, were I not afraid of encouraging my Fellow-Subjects by such Instances to believe, they are able to denounce Destruction upon us from the North and from the South. My Readers are not all *Cicero's*; and, how plausibly soever they may declaim in Coffee-Houses, I have shewn them, that they want the necessary Qualifications for this sort of Divination.

I do not mean, by what I have said, to hinder my Countrymen from looking into a *Gazette*, or asking a Neighbour (when they have no other Business) what News from the *Mediterranean*. I would not extinguish in them that generous Concern for the Good of their Country, which it is an Honour to them to have very much at heart. But, I would fain persuade them to moderate the Extravagancy of their Surmises; which produces Impatience after News, ridiculous Judgments about publick Affairs, an Affectation of being in the Secret, Quarrels amongst Friends and Relations, intolerable Impertinencies in Conversation, blind Wagers, Law-Suits, and Neglect of Business, to the ruin often of themselves and their Families.

N° 152. *Friday*, September 4. 1719.

Improbe Neptunum accuſat, qui iterum naufragium facit.

PUBL. SYR.

Mr. FREE-THINKER, Auguſt 7, 1719.

"I Queſtion not but you intend, in the progreſs "of your Labours, to point out to us the ſe- "veral Prejudices, that give a wrong Biaſs to our "Reaſon. In the mean time, give me leave to "put you in mind of a very general Prepoſſeſſion, "which, I hope, in time, will not eſcape your "Notice; ſince the Conſequences of it are very "pernicious in a Trading Nation. I mean, the "Opinion moſt Gentlemen entertain of Traders, "as a Mercenary People, of diſingenuous Minds, "incapable of Science, and Strangers to Genero- "ſity. This Prejudice deters many young Men "of a Liberal Education from applying them- "ſelves to any kind of Traffick; by which means, "the three learned Profeſſions are over-ſtocked. "I muſt confeſs, that I cannot apprehend, why "Trade ſhould debaſe the Soul, or weaken the "Underſtanding, more than Divinity, Law, and "Phyſick. If there are a great many mean Prac- "tices in Merchandiſe, there are Dealings as mean "in the Profeſſions mentioned; not chargeable, "however, on the Profeſſions; but, on the Per- "ſons,

"sons, who are guilty of them. As for Abilities "equal to the Affairs of State, have not the *Dutch*, "for many Years, excelled their Neighbours in "the Arts of Government? And, have not the "*Venetians* been formerly great Politicians? And, "have they not declined in Arts and Sciences, in "Power, and in good Government, in proportion "as they have diverted their Thoughts from Trade? "It is farther obſervable, that Trade flouriſhes "moſt in free Countries; which ſhews, it is not "of a ſervile Nature. Laſtly, Sir, as an Argu- "ment of the Ingenuous Diſpoſition and good Taſte "of my Fellow-Citizens, I can aſſure you, that "moſt of us approve of your Lectures.

Yours,

S. S.

I entirely fall in with the Notions of this worthy Citizen; and have, as an *Engliſhman*, ſo great a Regard for the Honour and due Encouragement of Trade, that I have all along intended to allot a conſiderable Share of my Time to make an impartial Enquiry into this profitable Branch of Knowledge. I hope therefore, the Perſons, whoſe Experience muſt have furniſhed them with advantageous Schemes, and uſeful Obſervations, in this Science, will enable the *Free-Thinker* to treat of it rationally, by communicating their Thoughts to him; which he will endeavour to methodize and explain, for the Service of his Country.

THE Prejudice, this Gentleman complains of, is chiefly owing to the Perverſeneſs and the Ignorance of the Landed Men; not conſidering, that the Wealth, the Strength, the Liberty, the Learning, and even the Politeneſs, of the People depends

upon Traffick. But, I am importuned, by Compaſſion, not to defer the Requeſt of another Correſpondent; ſo that I have, in this Paper, room only to obſerve; That a Nation, advantageouſly ſituated for Commerce, can never be overſtocked with Traders.

To Mr. FREE-THINKER.

SIR, *London*, Auguſt 25. 1719.

"I Am under a Cloud of Adverſity, being incapable of anſwering all the Demands of my "Creditors. I ſend you a particular Account of "my Concerns; that it may appear, I have not "been extravagant: Which, when my Creditors "ſhall ſee, I hope they will the more readily "commiſerate my Caſe.

"I began to trade for myſelf, in the Year ſeventeen hundred and four. My Wife's Fortune "and my own amounted to four hundred Pounds: "one hundred of which was expended in Houſhold Goods, and in fitting up the Shop: So that, "I had then three hundred Pounds left. From "the Beginning, I have traded for a thouſand "Pounds *per Annum*, one Year with another; "and, my Dealing being in the Retail Way, I "truſted little: So that, I thought my Trade was "a good Living Buſineſs; and that I rather added "to, than diminiſhed, my Stock. But, ſince my "preſent Misfortunes, I have ſate down, and ſeriouſly reflected how I ſhould run out; upon "which, I made the following Calculation.

"Expended

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
" Expended each Year, *viz.* " Rent — — —	25	00	00
" A Child at Nurſe, and Lying in —	20	00	00
" A Man Servant — — —	10	00	00
" A Maid Servant — —	04	00	00
" Houſe-keeping, and wearing Apparel	70	00	00
" Coals, Candles, Waſhing, Small- " Beer, and other Contingent Charges	10	00	00
" Church and Poor, Water, Watch, " Window and Convex Lights, " Pariſh and Ward Offices, Com- " pany Charges, *&c.* one Year with " another — — — —	10	00	00
" Pocket Expences annually —	08	00	00
" Bad Debts 6 *l. per Annum* —	06	00	00
	163	00	00

" Gained in 15 Years Trade 120 *l.* " each Year is — —	1800	00	00
" Caſh, when I began —	300	00	00
	2100	00	00

" Expended, as *per* the above Cal- " culation, 163 *l.* every Year; " which in 15 Years amounts to - " Expended — —	2445	00	00
" Gained — —	2100	00	00
Bad--	345	00	00

	l.	s.	d.
" Upon the Casting up of my Stock, &c. I find that I have Shop-Goods — —	420	00	00
" Housholld Goods, valued at — —	50	00	00
" Good Book-Debts — — —	126	00	00
	596	00	00

" AND I find, that I owe my Creditors 941 *l.*
" By which I find, I am capable of paying but
" twelve Shillings in the Pound.

" BY this Calculation of my Affairs, I have
" two Purposes in view. The first is, that when
" my Creditors, and the rest of Mankind, shall
" see this faithful State of my Account, they will
" the more cheerfully comply with the Composi-
" tion, I offer.

" MY second Purpose is, by way of Advice
" to my Fellow-Citizens in general; That they
" would, before it is too late, sit down and make
" an Estimate of their Affairs; and if any find,
" the Profits arising from their Trade do not an-
" swer their present Charges, that they would time-
" ly endeavour to extricate themselves from their
" growing Difficulties. This early Circumspection
" would prevent the filling of our *Gazettes* with
" such Numbers of Statutes of Bankruptcy.
" This prudent Calculation is necessary, at least
" once in the Year, for all Traders, though ne-
" ver so considerable: And the Shop-Keeper
" or Merchant, who finds his Affairs do not an-
" swer his Expectations, should in time contract
" his Expences proportionably, or fall upon some
" other Expedient to make good the Deficiencies
" owing to his Inadvertency. Your Thoughts

" upon

" upon this Subject would be ſerviceable, as well " as acceptable, to the Town. I am,

SIR,

Your conſtant Reader,

and humble Servant,

J. H.

MY unfortunate Correſpondent has in his own Words, ſufficiently cautioned his Fellow-Citizens, not to trade without-book: And as the Warnings of a Sufferer are the moſt effectual; inſtead of attempting to enforce his Admonitions, I ſhall turn Advocate for him with his Creditors; ſuppoſing the above-written Account to be fairly ſtated.

WE are liable to Overſights in every Condition of Life; and Traders are, of all Men, the moſt liable to fail in their Endeavours. Every Imprudence is not to be treated with Rigour: And, I ſpeak it to the Honour of the City, that an unſucceſsful Dealer generally meets with Compaſſion there; whereas, a Failure at Court is uſually purſued with unworthy Reproaches and Contempt.

METHINKS, the firſt Failure of every Man calls for Indulgence. But, that I may not be guilty of Partiality, even in pleading for the Diſtreſſed, I think it reaſonable, the Creditors ſhould, in their Determinations, have a Regard to the Character of their Debtor. A fair Character generally is (and always ſhould be) the viſible Reward of Vertue, by the Support a juſt Man may hope for, from it, in Adverſity. I know not whether I mention this Conſideration to the Advantage or Diſadvantage of Mr. *J. H.* who is an utter Stranger to me: And it is my Deſire, that all, who apply to me, may keep themſelves concealed; that I may be the more free in my Judgments.

BUT,

BUT, should the Persons, concerned with my Correspondent, generously comply with his Terms; he must not think the Composition a due Satisfaction to his Creditors: On the contrary, he thereby becomes doubly indebted; and is obliged, by their Forbearance, to double his Diligence and Frugality; in hopes to put himself in a Condition, one day, to pay the whole: Otherwise, I shall be sorry, that I ever attempted to speak in his favour.

N° 153. *Monday*, September 7. 1719.

Now, by my Love (the greatest Oath that is)
None loves you, half so well as I:
I do not ask Your Love for This;
But, for Heaven's Sake, believe me; or I die.
COWLEY.

Cambridge, July 16. 1719.

Dear Mr. FREE-THINKER,

" I Am a Servant-Maid, in a House frequented " by a great many young Gentlemen, of this " University. I am thought agreeable; and my " Glass makes me think my self so. My Ambi- " tion is to marry a Gownsman; and to that end, " I lay out all my Wages in fine Clothes. I have " (a long time) been upon the Watch, like a Cat " for a Mouse; and began to despair of my Prey. " But, of late, I have an Undergraduate in my eye; " who (I hope) will be my own. Every time he " comes,

" comes, he winks and ſmiles upon me; ſqueezes " my Hand by ſtealth: and, in a Whiſper, ſwears " I am pretty. Sometimes he throws the Sleeve of " his Gown about my Neck; pulls me cloſe to him; " and ſtifles me with Kiſſes. Now, dear Sir, tell " me, whether you think I may, by theſe Tokens, " look upon the Gentleman as my Lover; or as " a Gallant, who has only a Deſign upon my Virtue. " If you think him the former, I deſire you will " teach me how to ſecure him; if the latter, how " to guard againſt him: For, he is a pretty Fellow. " Be ſpeedy, pray, in your Advice; leſt it ſhould " come too late.

I am Yours,

BARBARA THOUGHTFUL.

MANY of my Correſpondents are in haſte, and preſſing for a *Place in my next Paper:* But, by the Dates of almoſt all the Letters I have publiſhed, they may ſee, that I am ſeldom at leiſure to comply with their Impatience. If this Paper comes too late to the hands of the Parties concerned; it may, nevertheleſs, be of uſe to others in the like ticklish Circumſtances.

To ſpeak in the Univerſity-Language, the Tokens this pretty Maid has particularized, are very *Equivocal*; and nothing leſs than a Conjurer can expound their Meaning. In all the Love-Caſes, that come before me, I conſider my ſelf as the Parent or Guardian of the Perſons, who conſult me. Therefore, if *Barbara* will be ruled by a Philoſopher, I adviſe her to moderate her Ambition; to ſave her Wages; to dreſs ſuitably to her Condition; and to break her Glaſs. Many a Damſel, who has marry'd a *Round-Cap*, has dearly repented of her Bargain. By my

my Twenty-First Paper she may see, I do not approve of very unequal Matches: that, perhaps, may not be her Case: But, I would have her consider that the less her Lover knows of the World, the more apt will he be to alter his Mind. A Student is not of Age, at the soonest, before Five and Twenty: And, an Undergraduate should no more be allowed to venture upon Wedlock, than an Apprentice.

To the *FREE-THINKER*.

SIR, *Friday Morning*, July 31. 1719.

"IF I love to a greater excess, than can be approved of by a Philosopher, it is owing in "some measure to the *Free-Thinker*, who is so very indulgent to All, that profess themselves Lovers. You encourage your Disciples to give admittance to a Passion, which soon grows too "powerful a Guest to be resisted, and lords it over "the Host. Thus, at least, has it fared with me: "In vain do I endeavour, by the help of Philosophy, to eject this troublesome Guest from my "Bosom: In vain do I strive to assert my former "Liberty: I find my self every day more and more "a Slave to the cruellest, but to the fairest, of Women. To you therefore, Sir, do I apply for Redress: On your Generosity and Aversion to Tyranny of every sort, do I depend; hoping, you "will not refuse your Assistance to one, under an "Oppression, to which you have partly been accessary.

"I do not expect (a Task impossible!) that you "should instruct me, how to gain any thing from "her I love: My only hope is, that you may teach "me to support her Scorn. And yet, alas, that "too (I fear) is impossible! Patience, which, in

"other

" other Sufferings is a Virtue, here would seem a " Crime. Let me, then, indulge my Sorrow; and " do you, Sir, help to make it pleasing to me, by " your Approbation: Nor could you disapprove " my Passion, did you know the Lady, who is the " Object of my Desires. So excellent a Creature " must justify any Extravagance, whatsoever: And " I wish (for your Satisfaction) I was able to speak " of her Perfections, in Language equal to the " Subject.

" NEVERTHELESS; deserving as she is, so " little sensible is she of her Charms, and so little " Rhetorick have I, that I cannot, by all my Pro- " testations, persuade her either of her Power, or " my Love; which is the only Reward I aspire to, " for my whole Soul, which I have devoted to her. " Dear Mr. *Free-Thinker*, be my Friend in obtain- " ing this Request. Tell her the Fondness of my " Love; and how, in the Anguish of my Heart, " I have entreated you to be my Advocate; or ra- " ther tell her, that you believe me sincere; and then, " I know, she will no longer doubt of my Faith; " so great a Deference has she for your Opinion.

P. S.

" *P. S.* I should have told you her Name is " *Lucinda*."

IN Vindication of my self, I desire this Gentleman to have recourse to the several Lectures and Observations, I have published for the benefit of Lovers; and when he has seriously considered them, I dare say, he will not tax me with encouraging my Disciples to love either to Madness, or without Hope. And yet, at the same time, I think a little Extravagance in a young Man, beyond the Sobriety of Reason, may be excusable in a virtuous Love; and very slen-

der

der Hopes are not to be slighted from a modest Virgin. It is his business to discover, whether the Lady's Indifference proceeds from Diffidence, or Aversion: This will require the utmost Penetration, as well as the Use of the most subtle Stratagems; and to assist his Judgment and Invention in this refined Art, so necessary to embarrassed Lovers, I recommend to him the diligent Perusal of *The Scornful Lady*.

I would not forfeit the favourable Opinion *Lucinda* has conceived of me; nor betray her into Credulity through her Condescension to my Judgment. How long the Gentleman has loved, I know not: How long he may love, perhaps he knows not Himself. I advise her, therefore, to insist upon the most evident Proofs of his Sincerity; which perhaps he has already given, in many Instances. All I can say in his favour is, that his Letter appears to be sincere; and as passionate, as a Woman of Sense needs require. If *Lucinda* consents to marry with him, and he should not prove a fond indulgent Husband to a deserving Wife; his Protestations to the *Free-Thinker* will stand as a publick, and (I hope) a lasting Record against him.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

N° 154. *Friday*, September 11. 1719.

——— *Ah miſer,*
Quanta laboras in Charybdi,
Digne puer meliore flamma!

HOR.

I Fear, my Diſciples, who are impatient after Knowledge, and eager in the purſuit of ſeverer Studies, may not be pleaſed with the Complaiſance I ſhew to my Correſpondents, by giving up three Papers ſucceſſively to their Importunity. And yet, I could not find in my heart to poſtpone the two following Letters, any longer. But, to make amends to my Scholars for the Interruption in their Studies, occaſioned by Family-Misfortunes; I ſhall, on *Monday*, proceed in my Courſe of Philoſophical Lectures; to which I beſpeak their Attention.

Mr. FREE-THINKER.

SIR, Auguſt 24. 1719.

" I Have juſt now received the incloſed, as I ſend
" it you, from an Attorney, with an Account
" of its being the Copy of a Letter written by my
" Son, and found by his Maſter, upon his running
" away from his Service. His Maſter adds (to my
" grief) that he hears, my Son is married to a
" Common Woman of the Town, who is the Sub-
" ject of the Letter; and that he was drawn in by
" the Fellow, to whom he writes: That he ſedu-

" ced

" ced him, under the Appearance of a Friend; and " that he knew the Woman, better than my Son, " in every reſpect.

" THIS Miſtreſs of his went for what, I think, " you call a Coquette; but was at the ſame time " repreſented to my Son, as a very great Fortune. " If, upon your publiſhing this, and my Son's Let- " ter (by which he will know I mean him, for he " reads your Papers) he ſhall immediately leave " the Jade, and his falſe Friend; I may ſtill con- " tinue the Bowels of a Father to him: But I " can never think of anſwering the Expectations " of the other two, by doing for them, who have " ruined my Son. I am,

SIR,

Your conſtant Reader, and

Admirer, though unknown,

R. B.

Dear MICO,

" LAST Night I was moſt agreeably enter- " tained by the charming *M*—. She hath " a ſurpriſing Way of Talk, and enforces every " thing ſhe ſays, by her Looks. She is capable, " amidſt all the Wit, ſhe ſo laviſhly abounds with, " of preferring one of our Sex; but, in the mean " time, hath the Policy of keeping the Secret; and " goes on daily to ſhine, by beſtowing ſome exter- " nal Favours on our whole Community.

" IN ſhort, Friend *Mico*, ſhe hath declared me " the Man; and from this moment, I fear you " will think, you have too happy and powerful a " Rival, to carry on our former Friendſhip, in all " its repeated Inſtances.

" I

" I Laugh, Sing, and Dreſs, and am fitting out " for one of the moſt compleat Beaus in Chriſten- " dom; but firſt of all, the Services are to be " performed; and *M.* is to be conducted to the " Sacred Temple, in ſome plain decent Dreſs, ne- " glecting her very Jewels. An agreeable White- " neſs is to be in her Habit, to ſhew her Inno- " cency; and which may ſerve at the ſame time, " to heighten the Bluſhes, ſhe will be ſure (on " ſuch an Occaſion) to ſpread over her lovely " Face.

" I ſhall not diſobey her Leave, by telling you " thus much. She hath allowed me to bring you " there; where will be a pretty young Innocent " of her Training up, who is let into the Secret; " and with whom, you may very ſatisfactorily paſs " your Time.

" I ſhall hereafter be ſo formal, *Mico*, as to give " you an Account when and where you are to " miniſter to us in Holy Things; for I fear, you " muſt be the Father: But prithee, *Mico*, do " not commit Inceſt with your Eyes on this your " Daughter; but regard her only as a fine Woman, " and my Wife.

" WHAT can the Coxcombs ſay? Where are " your Wits at *Will's*? Poor Amorous *Damon*, " that ſo often ſighed for her! Proud *Honorio*, that " thought his Coach and Six muſt carry her away.

" By the Gods, *Mico*, ſhe is become a Chri- " ſtian; and hath put me upon remembring, I " once had a God-Mother; but I had command " enough of my Memory to tell, I knew ſhe had " likewiſe been educated in the Doctrine and " Diſcipline of the Church of *England*, and had " thereby renounced the Devil and all his Works; " nay, even though he ſhould appear in the ſhape

" of

" of young *Junius*, whom you know to be a pretty " Fellow.

" SHE ſwears ſhe will not ride to the *Park* on a " *Sunday*; that ſhe will even lay aſide Scandal; " and hath deſired me to get her *Tillotſon*'s Works, " and lend her *The Whole Duty of Man*, when I " ſhall carefully have read it over; which ſhe ſtre- " nuouſly exhorts me to do, again and again.

" How this ſuddain Reformation began, God " beſt knows; ſhe ſays, ſhe's weary of her Sex's " Vanities; and believing me meritorious, would " thus reward me: But, ſhe hath not given me " a very particular Account of her new Expe- " riences.

" I am going to her. --- The Gods continue this " Temper in her, till *Tueſday*; which will do, " *Mico*. But, ſhould I find her a Reprobate, and " that after her Houſe was thus ſwept clean, ſeven " worſe Spirits had entered in; --- Farewell Love, " Farewell Wife: --Woman is inconſtant: --Wine " is powerful: --- And I have nothing then to do, " but to get a Place at Court. I am,

Dear MICO,

Partly Your's.

PAMPHILUS.

The Joys of Parents are ſecret; and ſo are their Griefs and Fears: They cannot utter the one, nor they will not utter the other: ſays Sir *Francis Bacon* in his Eſſays. To which I may add; That the Joys and the Griefs of Parents cannot be well conceived by any but Parents. And yet, I ſympathize with Mr. *R. B.* and feel ſomething, which I imagine like the Concern of a Father, upon reading theſe Letters. In the Firſt, may be diſcovered the

the Force of natural Affection in the Parent; in that his Indignation rises only against the Persons, who have ensnared his Son: In the Second, appears the brisk Thoughtlessness, which is too common amongst the Genteel Clerks and Apprentices, about the Town.

I make it my Request to *Pamphilus*, that he will immediately pay his Duty to his Father; and hear, at least, the Proposals he may offer to his Consideration. In the mean time, let me dissuade him from the Project of getting a Place at Court: It will be far more prudent in him to follow the Business to which he is bred. Places at Court are not to be had, for asking. There are People about the Court, who live upon selling Smiles: And he will meet with abundance of *Dear Mico*'s, who will plunge him, a second time, into inextricable Difficulties, with all the seeming Cordiality imaginable. Not to repeat what I have already said; I refer him, for his farther Instruction, to the fifty-first and the hundred and forty-third Papers. But, if he is obstinately bent upon trying his Fortune amongst the Great Men, and the Woman he is supposed to have marry'd, be such as she is represented; her Ingenuity may, probably, be of service to him.

N° 155. *Monday*, Sept. 14. 1719.

Uſus, & impigræ ſimul experientia mentis,
Paullatim docuit pedetentim progredientes.
LUCRET.

TO carry on the * *Porch of Knowledge*: When a capable Underſtanding has, through Reflection, attained to ſo nice a Diſcernment, that (like the moſt diſtinguiſhing Eye) it is able to perceive the unobvious Diſtinctions between Things, which bear a very near Reſemblance to one another; it is, then, in a fit Condition to acquire clear Ideas; which (be they never ſo few) are the ſure (and only) Pledges of future Knowledge.

IT is through the Want of this Punctuality, this Preciſion in our Diſcernment, that our Judgments are confounded; and that, we unwittingly fall into Errours. The principal Perfection, or the Cleverneſs (to familiarize my Meaning) of a right Underſtanding, conſiſts in the Skill of ſingling out the moſt minute, and moſt peculiar, Differences of Notions, ſeemingly alike; ſuch Unlikeneſſes as, by their Subtility, eſcape the Obſervation of Judgments leſs acute. Thus, an expert Jeweller diſcovers a conſiderable Diſproportion in the value of Diamonds, between which a common Eye perceives no Inequality.

THE

* N°. 141, 142.

THE first little Parcel of neat Ideas, which a Man is Maſter of, will enable him to encreaſe his Store; ſince one Truth, clearly apprehended, leads as naturally to another, as one Errour betrays us into more. The Mind proceeds, in the Acquiſition of Knowledge, by comparing all new Ideas (as they preſent themſelves) not only one with another; but likewiſe, with the Notions, it was before poſſeſſed of: and conſequently, if a Man begins to Philoſophize, by acquieſcing in a Set of inaccurate Conceptions; his future Brood of Notions will be moſtly ſpurious, and his Concluſions deceitful.

LET the Candid Student then (who deſires to Think Freely) in the firſt place apply his whole Attention to diſcern the full Truth of a few General Notions; by which (as by ſo many Standards) he may aſcertain the greateſt part of his other Ideas. After this, as he daily looks over his Stores of Knowledge; it may ſometimes happen, that his ſubſequent Thoughts and Judgment of Things will prove inconſiſtent (more or leſs) with his former Reflections; whereupon, ſince both cannot be abſolutely true, he muſt ſpare no Pains to be better informed: And herein, the Accurate Diſcrimination of his Ideas, ſo as to perceive all their Likeneſſes and Unlikeneſſes, their Equalities, and Inequalities, will be of the greateſt Service to him.

HE muſt have a great Averſion to Errour, and a mighty Love for Truth, who has the Candour and the Patience to delight in this Severity of Free-Thinking. But, whether upon this ſtrict Examination, he finds himſelf miſtaken in his old Opinions, and quits them as Prejudices; or, whether he is confirmed in the Juſtneſs of his new Notions, and retains them as approved Truths; in both inſtances, he advances in ſound Knowledge;

Since, the inſuring a Truth, or the deſtroying a Falſhood, in the Mind, is equal Gain to a Philoſopher.

Now, a ſmall Stock of plain General Truths, which are fully and diſtinctly comprehended, together with their Relations to one another, is capable of being applied to a vaſt variety of Uſes; many of which cannot be foreſeen even by the Poſſeſſour of this little, ſignificant Treaſure. Provided therefore, he does not exceed the Limits of his Underſtanding, nor haſtily entertain Novelties, ſo as to ſuffer them unwarily to mix with his Original Standard Notions, with which he is perfectly acquainted; his Judgment will not be perplexed, nor his Sagacity puzzled in the Inveſtigation of ſuch new Truths, as are the immediate Deſcendants from thoſe he already enjoys, or at leaſt bears an Affinity to them.

THUS, the *Algebraiſt* ſets out with a very few ſimple, but clear Principles, which enable him to work out a very intricate Queſtion, to his Satisfaction: While every ſlow Acquiſition he makes, is the Foundation of his ſucceeding Knowledge; of which there often appears not the leaſt Glimpſe, before he comes to the End of his Enquiry; when, the latent Truth, he has patiently purſued, is at laſt manifeſted to him (as it were at once) in its full Evidence. Thus likewiſe (to give a more familiar Inſtance) the Proteſtant, who (after due Reflection) clearly comprehends, That mere Man cannot be infallible in the Concerns of Religion; and that God alone can know the Heart of Man; may, from theſe two Fundamental Principles, not only direct moſt of the Abſurdities peculiar to Popery; but, may alſo come gradually on to be convinced, that, in Matters purely Religious, even we Proteſtants are neither to judge, nor to perſecute,

our

our Fellow-Subjects; but that every Man ought to be indulged in the Religious Liberty of his Conscience.

BUT, to return to the Usefulness of distinct, and adequate Ideas: We are to view our general Notions (which are to conduct us to Particulars) on every side; and to know the full Extent and Dimensions of them; before we venture to confide in them as our Guides to farther Knowledge: Since a Truth, apprehended only by halves, or in part, may as readily seduce us into erroneous Conclusions, as a Proposition, that is entirely False.

To illustrate this Precaution to my more learned Readers: Weight is a known Property of Bodies; and every Man has observed, that a Stone (or Ball of Lead) forced up into the Air, falls down again swifter and more directly, as it has more Weight; while Feathers (or lighter Bodies) are slower and more oblique in their Descent. Thus, the general Notion of the Descent of heavy Bodies becomes, by common Observation, familiar to the Understanding; previous to any Philosophical Examination. Upon this daily Experience of Mankind, did the *Epicureans* reason supinely; taking it for granted, that the *Atoms*, of which Materials (according to them) the World is composed, continued to descend, for ever, in the same direct Line; never considering, that heavy Bodies still tend towards the Earth, on this, or any other, side of the Globe: And, upon this inaccurate Knowledge of the Tendency of heavy Bodies, they thought the Notion of *Antipodes* to be ridiculous; imagining, that a People on the other side of the Earth, with their Feet directly opposite to our Feet, must necessarily fall headlong into the Sky.

IN the like manner, the present Race of *Fanaticks* are strongly deluded. From the universal Con-

ſent not only of this Nation, but of all Mankind, who live under a Monarchical Form of Government, they have learned; that it is commendable in Subjects, to take up Arms in Defence of their rightful King: But then, not having a diſtinct and compleat Notion of the Qualifications requiſite in a rightful King of *Great Britain*; ſome of them have unhappily rebelled merely through want of Reflection: And it is the partial Knowledge of this Queſtion, that ſtill betrays the Inadvertent into Sedition; and ſeveral daily draw upon themſelves the Juſtice of the Laws, by making Inferences from obſcure and confuſed Ideas.

N° 156. *Friday*, September 18. 1719.

Namque alid ex alio clareſcere corde videbant
Artibus; ad ſummum donec venêre cacumen.
LUCRET.

TO compleat my third Column: Let us now ſuppoſe, our Student has (by Dint of Reflection) ſettled in his Mind ſome general Ideas, of which he has a diſtinct and full Conception; and by which he regulates his Judgment of the ſeveral ſubſequent Particulars, that have any Relation to them. Theſe approved and ſettled Notions may be conſidered, as ſo many *Originals*; from which all, or moſt, of his future Notions are derived, in the Progreſs of his Enquiries: And therefore, I ſhall here liken them to the Heads of Families, fruitful in their Progeny, and branching out into numerous Alli-

Alliances: By which Allusion, I hope to explain myself even to my Female Disciples, who shall apply themselves to the Study of this Column.

Now; the Relations between these standing Originals or Parent-Ideas, and the New ones, which are born of them, diminish gradually, and grow more and more obscure, as they are drawn out into Length by many *Removes*: Insomuch that, there often arises much Uncertainty about them, when there are numerous intermediate Descents; each of which must be carefully traced upwards, in order to ascertain their Ancestry, and make out their Degrees of Kindred. In this Enquiry, therefore, into the Relations of Ideas, the same sort of Care is necessary, as is used in order to determine the Consanguinity of Families.

THERE is a Kind of Philosophical Heraldry: And in order to think clearly and justly, my Disciple must register in his Mind the *Generations* of his Notions, with their peculiar Distinctions; that he may be thereby enabled not only to account for the different Relations they bear one to another, but also to know the Degree of Consanguinity, they respectively stand in, with Regard to their Originals.

IN every Family the near Descendents are easily known; whereas, the Degrees of Consanguinity of such, as are at a great distance from their Stock, can be discovered only by examining their Genealogies, with the utmost Accuracy. Thus likewise it is, with regard to Notions; it is no difficult Matter to perceive distinctly the Relations of Ideas, that spring immediately from their Originals; but, as to Ideas far removed from their first Principle, the Chain of Reference must be continued, in the Mind, without Interruption; by which Means the Relation of an Idea, the most remote, may be traced

ced upwards, through all the intermediate Degrees to its true Original.

THIS is a Study, that requires no ſmall Patience and Intenſeneſs of Thought: And yet, no Man can proceed ſecurely in any Method of Reaſoning, without being aſſured of the Relations of his Ideas, and of the Manner in which they do (as it were) derive their Pedigree.

THE Deſcent of ſome Notions is direct: Others run off obliquely, into ſeparate and collateral Channels. This Difference in the Genealogy of Ideas is very much to be conſidered; ſince, their Branching diverſely into ſeveral Lines creates new Difficulties in the preciſe Knowledge of them; and greatly obſcures their Relation to the Head of their Clan.

EVERY Remove in a Family loſes, gradually, the Blood of the Anceſtours; and inſenſibly grows into a ſeparately Family: From which, in Time, a new Race ariſes. So is it, in the Propagation of Ideas: When they are diſtant from their Originals, and are become (as it were) another Stock; they will, at laſt, be found to retain few of the Qualities peculiar to their Firſt Parents.

To explain this Doctrine; I ſhall have recourſe to the Inſtance I gave of the Vulgar (which was the firſt) Idea of the Deſcent of heavy Bodies. Every Mechanick can determine the Weight of Bodies by Scales: But, a Philoſopher experiences a Difference in their Weight, according to the different Fluid, in which they are weighed. Hence ariſes a new Diſtinction of Weight, into Abſolute and Comparative. But, beſide this Departure from the Original Idea; the firſt Notion of the direct Deſcent of heavy Bodies is again altered, or at leaſt limited, by Perſons, who ſuppoſe a large Orb to be comprehended within the Terraques Globe;

Globe; to which, rather than to the Center of the Whole, weighty Bodies have a direct Tendency. And again; when we proceed to regard this Principle of Gravitation as producing the Powers of Impulse and Elasticity; we so far lose sight of that Idea of Weight, which the Mind had primarily conceived, as to consider Impulse and Elasticity, as original Ideas, distinct and abstracted from any Consideration of their First Parent.

BUT, that my Readers may not imagine, it is only in Philosophical Enquires that the Mind is apt to deviate from its Original Ideas, I shall give them a more obvious Example; observing first, that this kind of Inadvertency in Philosophical Questions leads a Man only into Errours; whereas, when it happens in Questions relating to common Life, it betrays us often, through Mistakes, into Misfortunes. The first Notion of Government (which Men of any Reflection form to themselves) is, That it is intended for the Good of the Whole Society: The Proposition which naturally rises in the Mind out of this Principle, is; That Individuals must obey their Governours: The not attending strictly to the Relation, which this Proposition bears to its first Principle, and the considering it as a primary Truth, detached from its Original, has been the Foundation of all the Tyranny, that was ever exercised in the World; and is the fatal Mistake, which infatuates Multitudes to believe, they are in Conscience obliged to be Slaves.

N° 157. *Monday*, September 21. 1719.

Hic manus, ob patriam pugnando vulnera paſſi;
Quique ſacerdotes caſti, dum vita manebat.

VIRG.

ON the Twenty-Fourth of *Auguſt*, I began a Piece of Painting: And now I take up my Pencil, with an Intention to finiſh it. The Subject, therefore, of this Day's Paper is the Second Part of *Pſychoſtaticks*; the weighing of *True Merit*: Which (to purſue the Allegory) is to be repreſented in Picture on the Walls of the inner and more retired Room.

As Poetry and Painting are Siſter Arts; ſo there is a particular Affinity between Hiſtory-Painting and Epick-Poetry. This will juſtify my taking the whole Deſign of the Imagery from a Paſſage in the ſixth Book of the *Æneid*: The Place is, where the Poet peoples his *Elyſium* with a Colony of Inhabitants, worthy of thoſe bliſsful Regions. His Sentiments are noble and delicate; and he has, with the niceſt Judgment, here ſhadowed out the diſtinct Kinds of true Merit and Excellency, which juſtly entitle Men to ſuperior Degrees of Eſteem and Glory.

I have taken Part of the Verſes in the Original for my preſent Motto: And, as in the entire Paſſage, *Virgil* ſpecifies five Kinds of great Merit: anſwerable to his Diviſion, I ſhall diſtribute this Second Part

Part of *Pſychoſtatical* Experiments into five Hiſtory-Pieces: Two of which ſhall be the Entertainment of this Day.

THE firſt Piece is much the largeſt; and fills the whole fronting Wall, at the upper End of the Room. Here, we ſee a Proſpect of the Sea: And far off, on one ſide, is extended a flat Coaſt, full of Shoals, and fenced with Dykes; behind which, appears (in Perſpective) a level Country; in which thick-ſpread Cities riſe, many of them ſurrounded with Water, and the Streets adorned with Trees and Canals. On the Shore of this Country ſtand Crouds of the Inhabitants, with Tears in their Eyes; looking on a numerous Fleet, which ſails from them; and ſeems to direct its Courſe towards a large neighbouring Iſland. This Iſland riſes out of the Sea, encompaſſed with white Rocks; on which ſwarms a mixt Multitude, of every Rank and Condition: By their Countenances, and the Spying-Glaſſes, which ſeveral of them uſe, it may be gueſſed, that they wait for the Arrival of the Fleet, with no leſs Concern, than the oppoſite Nation laments its Departure. The Face of the Iſland is agreeably diverſified with Cities, Towns, Villages, Hills, Rivers, Woods, green Meadows, and Corn-Fields; and the very Mountains are cloathed with Graſs.

ON the level Top of one of the Mountains, is erected a large Ballance: In the aſcending Scale hangs, tottering, a tall Perſon, of a long, dejected Viſage; with a Crown falling from his Head, and a Male-Infant in his Arms. Below him, on the Ground, ſtands a huge Monſter (like that, by which the Poets repreſent *Faction*) with a Multiplicity of Heads and Hand: Some of the Hands tug at the Cords of the Scale, endeavouring to pull it downwards; others appear open, with Heaps of *French*

Piſtoles in the Palms. The weightier Scale deſcends as low as poſſible; and in it ſits, on a Throne, a Princely Figure: His Look is Majeſtick, Wiſe, Reſolute, and Honeſt; with an high Forehead, and piercing Eye. On the right and left ſide of this Scale, are placed two Portraitures, that ſeem attentive to every Motion of the Prince. The Figure, on the Right, diſcovers in his Aſpect great Penetration and Affability: A golden Mace lies by him; and he holds in one Hand a large, embroidered Purſe, with the Arms of *England* emboſſed upon it; in the other, a Baron's Coronet, with this Device, *PRODESSE QUAM CONSPICI.* On the Left, is the Figure of a Perſon, much younger: In his Face appears a lively Bloom, with an uncommon Mixture of Fire and Judgment; to which is added a Dignity, that declares him to be of Noble Birth: He is array'd in a Robe of Black Silk adorned with Loops and Buttons of Gold; and the whole Figure ſeems to be the Original of a Picture, I have ſeen (at full Length) in *Trinity*-College Library, at *Cambridge*.

AT a little diſtance, ſtand three Females, of Importance. The firſt is a grave, beautiful Matron; in whoſe Face may be remarkably diſcerned Meekneſs, Humility, Devotion, and Sweetneſs: Her Dreſs is plain, and decent; and her Head is bound with a white Fillet, in which is woven in red Characters, THE PROTESTANT RELIGION. The Charms of the ſecond are of another Kind: Her Limbs ſhew an unuſual Vigour; her Complexion is fair and bright; her Eye lively and ſparkling: But, though her Air is free and chearful; yet it is modeſt, and not diſcompoſed: Her Garb, which ſits eaſy, but not looſe, is a Silver Brocade; on which the various Emblems of LIBERTY are wrought in Needle-Work of Gold. The Beauty of

of the third fills the Eye; and she bears a smiling, contented Countenance: Her Drapery is of the finest Woolen Manufacture: A Chaplet of Ears of Wheat wreaths her Temples; and she holds in one Hand a Mariner's Compass, and in the other, a Golden Coin, on which is stamped PROPERTY. These three Ladies fix their Eyes on the Prince in the prevailing Scale; looking up to him, as their Patron and Defender.

THE four remaining *Psychostatical* Pieces are set in distinct Pannels, on a Side-Wall of the Room. In the first Pannel an Angel, with Wings expanded, holds an Azure Beam, that Poises two Scales. In the weighty Scale, is represented a Person attired in a Black-Sattin Robe, with Sleeves of the finest Lawn: His Countenance is ingenuous, good-natured, and pious: He holds a Bible, open, in his Hands; and seems speaking to an attentive Audience, strook with Concern. At his Feet, are placed three *Folio Volumes*; the uppermost lies open; and the Title at the Top of the Page is, THE RULE OF FAITH. It is amazing to see the mounting Scale, seemingly, so loaded; and yet, in effect so light: It is filled with a Massy Triple-Crown, Golden Crosiers, Silver Crucifixes, Keys, Dead Mens Bones, Scourges, Beads, Wafers, and one Velvet embroidered Slipper.

N° 158. *Friday*, Sept. 25. 1719.

Quique pij vates, & Phœbo digna locuti:
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes:
Quique ſui memores alios fecere merendo.

VIRG.

Monday's Paper was cloſed with an allegorical Hiſtory-Piece, which fills the firſt Pannel in a Side-Wall of the Inner Room: And, now, I ſhall point out the Repreſentations, which adorn the three remaining Pannels. The Subject of which will be found anſwerable to the three Verſes I quote from *Virgil*: Of whom it may be proper, in this Place, to obſerve; That no Writer ever delivered more juſt and more ſublime moral Notions, than thoſe, which ſhine throughout this admirable Poet.

THE Painting on the ſecond Pannel comes, next in Order, to be viewed. From the Top of the Piece a ſtrong Light ſtrikes the Eye; and, thro' an Opening of the Heavens, appears a Man playing on a Harp. His Countenance is ruddy, and beautiful; and, in it, may be diſcerned the Tranſports of Muſick, Poetry, and Devotion. By him, on one ſide, lies a Sling; and, on the other, are the Helmet, Spear, Sword, and Coat of Mail, of a vaſt Giant: A Glory blazes round his Temples; and, on his Head, is a Regal Crown.

BELOW, riſes an high Mountain, cleft into two Summits: It is ſhaded all over with Bay-Trees; and

and in the Middle, between the two Summits, a Fountain ſprings up into a wide Baſon, which empties it ſelf in a large Caſcade. The Waters, at the Bottom, unite into a Cryſtal Stream; and, on a Bank of the Stream, ſits a lovely Youth, full of Comelineſs, with bright flowing Hair. Acroſs his Shoulders, hangs a Quiver ſtored with Arrows; and by him lies a Silver Bow, and a Golden Lyre. He is attended by nine beautiful Nymphs: Both the Youth and his fair Attendants ſeem big with Expectation and Doubt; and fix their Eyes on two Perſons, weighing before them.

In the Scale on the Right Hand, is a cheerful old Man: There is a Dignity and Boldneſs in his Features; and his whole Aſpect diſcovers great Livelineſs, and an uncommon Sublimity of Thought. His grey Hairs lie almoſt hid, under a Wreath of Bays; and he is covered with a looſe Mantle, which is wrapt over his Hands. In the Foldings of the Mantle, lie ſeveral little Rolls; two of which opening at a Corner, in the one may be diſtinguiſhed theſe Characters; ΜΗΝΙΝ *ἄειδε*; in the other, ΑΝΔΡΑ *μοι ἔννεπε*. The Perſon, in the other Scale, ſeems more ſedate and thoughtful: His Looks ſpeak him a Man of great Application, and conſummate Judgment. On his Head, is a mixt Garland of Bays, Myrtle, and rural Flowers: In his Left Hand, he bears a Shepherd's Crook; at the Top of which hangs, cluſtering, a Swarm of Bees: In his Right Hand, he diſplays a Trumpet, with a Banner hanging from it: On the Banner, is painted a Night-Piece of a City in Flames; and a young Man in burniſhed Armour, leading (through a Street, which goes to a Gate of the City) a Boy, by the Hand; and bearing on his Shoulders an aged Perſon, who carries a Parcel of little Images in his Arms

Arms. The Scales ſeem equally poiſed; or, if there is any ſmall Declenſion, it is on the ſide of the old Man. Cloſe by the Scale on the Right, ſtands (as if he expected to be weighed next) one, who, holds out a Proſpect of a delicious Garden; out of which an Angel, with a flaming Sword, drives a Man and a Woman naked; who, in their Looks, betray all the Agonies of Sorrow and Remorſe. Behind this Figure, advances a venerable Perſon, with a Mitre on his Head. He looks up (with all the Signs of Admiration and Gratitude) towards the old Man, who holds the little Rolls in the Folding of his Garment; and he ſtretches out his Arm, as if he meant to preſent him with a Book, lettered on the Back, TELEMAQUE. Not far off, is drawn a large Groupe of Men; ſome with Buskins on their Legs; others with a particular Kind of ſlight Pumps on their Feet; and two or three with Vizard-Masks on their Faces. At ſome Diſtance, up in the Air, is ſeen a Figure with a Human Face, and the Legs and Body, and Wings, of a Swan: It ſeems to direct its flight to the Clouds: And beneath, on a Plain, are repreſented ſeveral Games of Exerciſe, as Running, Wreſtling, Horſe and Chariot-Races; with Crouds of Spectatours.

In the third Pannel, the Figure, that firſt engages the Eye, is *Aſtrea*, ſitting on a broad blue Arch of a Circle; in which are ſhadowed out darkly, in Miniature, the Likeneſſes of ſeveral Animals. In her Hand ſhe holds the Ballance, of which ſhe was the Inventreſs: In the Scales are human Figures leſſened in due Proportion. In the deſcending Scale is only one Perſon, bearing in his Lap a Sphere; and upon it, lies the Draught of a City beſieged, with ſeveral Engines, of an ancient Form, planted on the Walls. He beckons to a Man of a ſtudious Aſpect; who ſeems intent upon a Priſm of a Glaſs, and holds a Book

Book open, which the Painter's Pencil has entitled *PRINCIP. NATURAL. PHILOSOPH. MATHEMAT.* In the rising Scale is a Cluster of smart Men, in tawdry Dresses, with little Rapiers, cocked Hats, and tied Wigs; holding divers Sorts of Mathematical Instruments. Beneath, are several Persons, whose Merit is distinguished by their peculiar Marks of Honour. This Man leans upon a Plough; that holds a Line and Plumbet, and points to the Plan of an House: One looks through a Telescope; another observes a Mariner's Compass; and a third winds up a Pendulum Clock. Amongst them, are two Women: The first holds a Distaff under her left Arm; and a Weaver's Shuttle in her Right Hand: The second plays upon an Organ; and seems ravished with the Sound of the Instrument. At a proper distance, and in a due Position, sits a Man with a Piece of strained Canvas placed before him; over his Left Thumb is a Painter's Pallet, with a Mixture of Colours upon it; in his Right Hand he holds a Pencil; and he casts his Eyes full upon *Astrea*, and her Ballance.

I come now to the fourth Pannel; which contains the Representation of the last *Psychostatical* Experiment. In the prevailing Scale sits a Man, whose Looks are full of Goodness and Compassion; and, with both his Hands, he scatters Pieces of Silver and Gold to a mixt Multitude of indigent, maimed, and sick, People. Hard by, is erected a neat, plain Building; and, in the Front of it, is opened to the View a long Gallery; wherein young and old, of both Sexes, are employed on various Manufactures. Looking up to the Person in the other Scale, who weighs so light, I find there is a remarkable Blindness in his Eyes, notwithstanding they are drawn wide open; his Features betray evident Marks of Weakness and Fury; and he hugs

in

in his Arms (as apprehenſive of its danger) a carved Model of a Church, on which riſes an exorbitant high Steeple.

ON the Corniſh of this Room, are to be ſeen ſome few Heads of the beſt *Greek* and *Roman* Philoſophers, Oratours, and Hiſtorians. On the Cieling, I behold the Battle of *Blenheim*; The brave Exploits of ancient Heroes, who ſaved their Country from Ruin; and, through Party-Rage, became Exiles, or loſt their Lives: And here likewiſe, does the Story of *Socrates* find place, with the Manner of his Death; together with the Sufferings of the great Inſtructors of Mankind, who (from his Days to our Time) have been *Martyrs*, in the Cauſe of *Truth*.

N° 159. *Monday*, Sept. 28. 1719.

Homo ſum: humani nihil à me alienum puto.
TERENT.

TO-*morrow*, it will be a *Year and half*, ſince the Publick was firſt alarmed with the ſtartling Title of *THE FREE-THINKER*; which, from the Lights it has been ſhewn in (through the Progreſs of this Paper) by this time appears a very harmleſs, ſocial Character.

AMONG

AMONG the *Greeks*, those Persons, who apply'd themselves to the Study of Truth for the Instruction of Mankind, were at first dignified by the Style of WISE MEN. This Mark of Distinction was, afterwards, thought too invidious and assuming: For which Reason, they condescended to call themselves LOVERS OF WISDOM, or PHILOSOPHERS. This Appellation (through the Modesty of it) gained so universal an Approbation, that it was received among the *Romans*; and has since, been naturalized in all the *European* Languages, where-ever Knowledge has flourished.

IN the mean time, while neither the *Latin*, nor any of the living Languages have been able to raise (out of their own Growth) an Expression equivalent to this compound *Greek* Word; the *English* Tongue alone has, by a happy Conjunction of two Ideas, which are the Glory of Human Nature, improved the borrowed Phrase, PHILOSOPHER, into *FREE-THINKER*: A Phrase, which not only denotes the full Sense of the former; but likewise shews, wherein the very Nature and Perfection of *Philosophy* consists.

HE alone is properly a *Wise Man*, a *Philosopher*, or *Lover of Wisdom*, who disdains to submit his Reason to the Prejudices of Custom, of Education, of Authority, of Interest, or of Passion: Who (to the utmost of his Ability) examines into all Things impartially, before he determines either to approve, or to reject them; and who is neither unwilling nor afraid, to enlarge his Understanding, and to exercise the Faculties of his Mind, freely, upon every Kind of Knowledge, which he thinks worthy his Notice, or his Duty to learn, as a Man.

AND yet, notwithstanding the Elegancy, the Dignity, and the Significancy, of this *English* Expression;

sion; had I not undertaken (in many of my Lectures) to rescue it from the general Clamour raised against it, through the Rashness of some Writers, the Malice of others, and the Bigotry of the Ignorant; we had probably, in a few Years more, thrown the Name of *Free-Thinking* out of the Language; which would have rendered it more practicable (in Process of Time) to banish out of the Nation, the manifold Privileges, arising from the *Freedom of Thought*.

I come now to pursue the Method, which (from the Beginning) I determined to observe at the End of every *Half-Year*, for the Advantage of my Readers. The *Supplement* to the *Preliminary Lectures* consists of *Eight* Papers; *Four* of which are pointed out in the third Paragraph of the *Hundred* and *Fifth* Paper; with which I closed the preceding Half-Year: The other *Four* will be found in the *Hundred* and *Eleventh*, *Hundred* and *Thirteenth*, *Hundred* and *Fifteenth*, and the *Hundred* and *Seventeenth* Lecture: But, the second Section of the *Hundred* and *Thirteenth*, and the Conclusion of the *Hundred and Seventeenth*, will be more ample; if the *Hundred* and *Forty-Sixth* Paper be subjoined to them. After the *Supplement*, in the regular Course of Reading comes the *Porch of Knowledge*; *Three Columns* of which I have erected in *Six* Papers: The *Hundred* and *Thirty-Eighth* and *Hundred* and *Thirty-Ninth* Papers make the *First Column*; The *Second* is raised in the *Hundred* and *Forty-First* and the *Hundred* and *Forty-Second*; and the *Third Column* is set up in the *Hundred* and *Fifty-Fifth*, and the *Hundred* and *Fifty-Sixth* Paper: But, the *Hundred* and *Forty-Third*, and the *Hundred* and *Fiftieth* Paper may serve (in some measure) to illustrate the Doctrines inscribed on the *First* and *Second Column*. In the Fifth Paragraph of the last *Closing-Paper*,

Paper, I direct the Student in *Politicks* to *Five* Lectures for his Purpose; to which he may now have the Satisfaction of adding *Two* more, by turning to the *Hundred* and *Thirty-Second*, and the *Hundred* and *Thirty-Fifth* Number: The former of which two Papers (if not both) he will more fully comprehend, by perusing, with them, the *Hundred* and *Fifty-First*.

I have several Times hinted; That the *Free-Thinker* has a *Long Course to run*: My Race seems to grow before me; and so endless is the Pursuit of Knowledge, that (in my Imagination) I am as far from the End of it now, as I was, when I first set out. The Candour and Impartiality, with which I began this Work, I endeavour still to preserve; and shall not, knowingly, forfeit it, in my future Labours. To this Uprightness of my Intentions alone, do I attribute the peaceable Reception, and the indulgent Treatment, which these free Discourses have met with amongst Readers of every Party, and every Persuasion. And, as I speak out plain Truths, with no Intention to offend; my Countrymen (in general) have hitherto been so equitable to me, and so kind to themselves, as not to take Offence at the Dictates of common Sense, uttered with Moderation.

AT the same time; I am not insensible, that there are many Persons, who wish (not through Ignorance) I would not give my self the Trouble of publishing my Thoughts; apprehending, perhaps, I may lower the Price of Errours, and bring them (in a few Months more) to be an unsaleable Commodity. All I have to reply to these Dealers in Trinkets, and slight Ware, is; That I expose my Goods fairly, in the publick Market; that every Buyer has the Liberty of examining and finding Fault, to either the best, or the worst, of his Judgment; that

I do not desire my Opinions should be taken upon my own Recommendation; that I may frequently err, notwithstanding all my Care to the contrary; that I seek only after Truth, and shall always be glad to have any of my Mistakes corrected. The *Fairy Philosopher* is a Man; and desires to be treated, upon all Occasions, as a Man; which is the Treatment he has, all along, given to others: And the most he pretends to, by way of Distinction from the Generality of Writers, is (as he declares in the very *Second* Paper) *Neither to be afraid to avow a Truth, nor ashamed to retract an Errour.*

The End of the Third Volume.

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